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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1864.

No. CCXLV.

ART. I.—*Sir John Eliot: a Biography*, 1590-1632. By JOHN FORSTER. In two volumes. 8vo. London: 1864.

AMONG original contributors to English history, few writers are entitled to a higher place than Mr. Forster. Having chosen for his researches a period abounding in great men and great events, he has illustrated it with solid learning, with a conscientious study of original materials, and above all, with a love of liberty as earnest—we might almost say as pious—as that which characterised the heroes of his worship. In his 'Statesmen of the Commonwealth,' his 'Grand Re-'monstrance,' and the 'Arrest of the Five Members,' he had already wrought out of contemporary records many life-like pictures of the seventeenth century; and now in 'Sir John 'Eliot, a Biography,' he presents us with a full-length portrait of the parliamentary leader of that band of patriots to whose fearless assertion of their rights, in evil times, we mainly owe the present enjoyment of our liberties. And this portrait is invested with peculiar interest as being drawn, in great measure, by Sir John Eliot himself. He has been raised, as it were, from his long resting-place; and standing before us in his natural lineaments, speaks the very language which swayed the men of his own time, and reveals to us, after upwards of two centuries, thoughts which were not even made known to his contemporaries. Nor does he stand alone; but surrounded by a group of illustrious men—by Coke, Hampden, Selden, Wentworth, Bevil Grenville, Knightley, Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Dudley Digges, and Benjamin Valentine—Sir John Eliot is henceforth the central figure of a great historical painting.

These interesting memorials have been derived from the family papers of the Earl of St. Germans—the descendant and

representative of Sir John Eliot—and they comprise original letters. many speeches hitherto unreported, a manuscript memoir, by Eliot himself, of the First Parliament of Charles, and other literary fragments in which he appealed to posterity, in his prison. To these treasures Mr. Forster has applied himself with unwearied energy; and the severity of his labours may be judged from the testimony of a previous explorer in the same field. Mr. Disraeli having had access to a part of Sir John Eliot's correspondence, while writing his 'Commentaries on the 'Life of Charles the First,' tells us 'the autographs of Sir John 'long proved too hard for my deciphering. Days, weeks, and 'months passed, and I was still painfully conning the redun- 'dant flourishes and the tortuous alphabet of Sir John, till the 'volume was often closed in the agony of baffled patience.' Mr. Forster has effectually triumphed over these obstacles; and he has further illustrated this biography with many original state papers and all the printed records and memorials of the time. Hence we are introduced to the opening of the conflict between the Parliament and Charles I., at the commencement of the King's reign, and to the councils of the earlier leaders of the Parliamentary opposition, in a narrative of unequalled fulness and detail. Many new and important facts are brought to light for the first time; and facts already known assume a fresh significance and importance.

The judicial spirit of history is not exacted from a biographer, who generally identifies himself with his hero, joins his party, loves his friends, hates his enemies; and Mr. Forster has espoused the popular cause with heart and soul. That cause, however, in its commencement, commands at once the sympathies and the judgment of most readers of the present day. Those, indeed, who have formed their opinion of these times from Clarendon and Hume, will here read a new chapter in the history of England. But the historians of the Stuarts have already lost credit with posterity; and the enthusiastic champion of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth, with all his zeal, may be trusted as a safer guide to historic truth. If the casual reader should be repelled by the formidable proportions of Mr. Forster's volumes, or wearied by the slow progress of the narrative (which is somewhat overlaid with an excess of minute detail), the student of history will thankfully acknowledge the rare learning and ability which have brought these copious materials to his hand. Nor will he fail to view with friendly indulgence—nay even with sympathy—occasional eccentricities of sentiment and language, which are plainly due to the earnestness of an author intent upon his engrossing

theme, and possessed with the spirit of men of another age,—the companions of his studies. The candid critic, passing lightly over small defects, will dwell with hearty commendation upon the great merits of this work, to which we will now proceed to introduce our readers.

John Eliot was born at Port Eliot, on the 20th of April 1590, of an old Devonshire family, recently settled in Cornwall; and when seventeen years of age, entered Exeter College, Oxford, as a Gentleman Commoner. After three years' study, he left that university—without a degree indeed—but with a mind amply stored with classical learning, as the sequel of his life will show. His education was fitly completed, as an English gentleman, by legal studies, at one of the Inns of Court, and by foreign travel. In 1611, he married Rhadagund, the only daughter of Richard Gedie of Trebursey, a Cornish gentleman of fortune; and in 1614, he entered the House of Commons, as Member for St. Germans. In the second Parliament of James I., to which he was now admitted in his twenty-fourth year, he was associated with many eminent men. Sir Francis Bacon was still sitting, in the Lower House, as Attorney-General. Wentworth was beginning his memorable career of patriotism and perfidy; Sir Edwin Sandys, Sir Robert Cotton, Crewe, Hakewell, Nicholas Hyde, and Sir James Whitelocke—fit examples of gravity and learning to a young statesman—had already espoused the popular cause. It was a short and barren Parliament, but not without significance. Already were the coming struggles between the Stuarts and their Parliaments foreshadowed. The electors had been tampered with by the Court, whose agents, or 'undertakers,' had busied themselves to secure a majority. The Commons resented this interference with the freedom of election; and debates of unaccustomed animation were carried on, amid cheers and interruptions not unworthy of later times.* Jealousy of the influence of the Crown was further shown by a resolution that no Attorney-General, after Sir Francis Bacon, should sit in the Lower House; and Sandys succeeded in obtaining a vote against the King's right to levy impositions. These contentions with the Court, pushed somewhat further than was politic, afforded the King an excuse for an untimely dissolution. 'All good people were very sorry for it,' said Whitelocke, 'and I pray God we never see the like;' but it was to be

* The Chamberlain, writing to Sir Dudley Carleton, said, 'Many 'sat there who were more fit to have been among roaring boys than 'in that assembly.' (Vol. i. p. 24.)

followed by many of those 'unseasonable, unskilful, and preci-'pitate dissolutions' which Lord Clarendon looked upon as the source of 'those waters of bitterness' which were tasted by his own generation.

Eliot, after two months' experience of Parliament, returned to private life, but not to profitless inaction. Public events, in which he himself had no concern, aroused the deepest feelings in his mind. The murder of Overbury in the Tower, the disgrace of the favourite Somerset and Lady Essex, and the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh were, indeed, tragedies which must have moved the coldest natures. Of the latter he was himself a witness, and has left a graphic and touching notice.

'All preparations that are terrible were presented to his eye. Guards and officers were about him, the scaffold and the executioner, the axe, and the more cruel expectations of his enemies. And what did all this work upon the resolution of our Raleigh? Made it an impression of weak fear, or a distraction of his reason? Nothing so little did that great soul suffer. He gathered only the more strength and advantage: his mind became the clearer, as if it had been freed from the cloud and oppression of the body; and such was his unmoved courage and placid temper, that while it changed the affection of the enemies who had come to witness it, and turned their joy to sorrow, it filled all men else with admiration and emotion, leaving with them only this doubt, whether death were more acceptable to him or he more welcome unto death.'*

Such heroism struck deep into the soul of Eliot; and when he came himself to suffer from injustice and tyranny, his spirit was not less lofty than that of Raleigh. Meanwhile his own career was shaped by Raleigh's death. Sir Lewis Stukeley, having been the chief instrument in the sacrifice of that great man, soon fell into disgrace, and was succeeded in his office of Vice-Admiral of Devon by Eliot. It was an office which, in default of political duties, was well suited to Eliot's active temperament. Within his district he represented the Lord High Admiral, in all his varied functions. He was at once judge, administrator, and sea captain. 'He pressed men for

* Vol. i. p. 34. The reader of taste will at once be struck by the extraordinary force and eloquence of Eliot's style in this, and many other passages hereafter to be noticed. It is no exaggeration to say that we know of no truer master of the language. This man wrote like Raleigh, like Bacon, sometimes like Shakspeare; and with a conciseness rare even in the greatest English writers of the seventeenth century. Were the writings and speeches of Sir John Eliot less remarkable than they really are for their substance and meaning, they would deserve to be studied for the beauty of his language, which, indeed, has never been exceeded.

'the public service at sea; he boarded private ships; decided 'upon the lawfulness of prizes; and adjudged salvage claims 'for wrecks.' He now received the dignity of knighthood, and was brought into official intercourse with the King's new favourite, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who having risen, like a vizier in the Arabian Nights, from king's cup-bearer to first minister, enjoyed, with all his other honours and offices, that of Lord High Admiral of England. At first, this connexion promised well for Eliot, who in his continental travels had become acquainted with the youthful Villiers; but it was soon to bring trouble and wrongs upon him.

The Vice-Admiral had no sinecure. To have captured pirates and heard Admiralty causes would merely have afforded congenial occupation for his courage and intellect; but his path was beset with corruption and intrigues, which illustrate the baseness of the times. Pirates had friends at Court, and woe betide the man who should molest them, as Eliot discovered to his cost. Nutt, a notorious pirate, and the terror of the Western coast, was outwitted by the Vice-Admiral, and induced to surrender his ship and cargo. Eliot reported his success to the Council, and stated, at the same time, that Nutt had received pardon for former piracies which appeared, however, to be no longer in force. In reply, he was directed to forward his prisoner to London, without regard to the pardon, and to keep his ship and cargo in safe custody. His own services were highly commended, for which he was promised the honour of kissing the King's hand. But, alas! he was no match for the artful pirate. Intrigues were at work, and unfounded charges contrived against himself. The zealous Vice-Admiral was cast into the Marshalsea Prison, while Nutt received a free pardon under the King's own hand. Eliot lay at the mercy of knaves; and though he had cleared himself of the offences laid to his charge, he was obliged humbly to sue the King for his liberty. Yet he bore himself worthily and would make no mean submission. Writing from his prison to Secretary Conway, he said: 'If I have done anything un-'worthily, I will not wrong the justice of my Sovereign or 'your noble favour to study an escape. Not but that I cast 'myself at His Majesty's feet, and only desire your hand to 'raise me up. But being conscious of my own freeness in all 'that can be alleged, I dare not wave my justification. That 'were to charge it with the implicit confession of a guilt, 'wherein I humbly pray to be excused.' And again, in repelling a monstrous accusation of Nutt that he had himself abetted the pirate in his villanies, he wrote: 'I cannot so much

'yet undervalue my integrity, to doubt that the words of a 'malicious assassin now standing for his life, shall have credit 'equal to the reputation of a gentleman.' Not until after three months was Eliot set free: he had suffered wrong, and borne it bravely; and was nerved to resist oppression, at a later period, with unflinching spirit, and to vindicate the liberties of his countrymen.

Eliot's first use of his liberty was to regain his seat in the House of Commons. After the dissolution of 1614, there had been an interval of nearly seven years without a Parliament; and Eliot was not returned to James's second Parliament, in 1620. In 1623, however, when a third Parliament was about to be assembled, Eliot secured a seat for the borough of Newport. But before we follow him in his renewed career, events which rendered critical this meeting of Parliament must be briefly noticed. Grave issues had lately arisen between the King and his Parliament and people. In 1620, the Commons had been filled with Protestant zeal. They would have laid the wealth of England at the King's feet to wage war for the Count Palatine and the Protestant cause; and if he had responded to their call, James and his people would have been united in a common cause. The English hated the Spaniards abroad and Papists at home with passionate aversion. No prejudice was too gross for their tastes. We find Sir Robert Philips asking, 'Could anything good come out of that land? Was not the 'first rot or scab, that came among English sheep, brought by 'one out of Spain?' But while such were the feelings of his people, the King was bent upon the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Infanta of Spain, and was showing favour and indulgence to the Catholics. The Commons were, therefore, in no humour to vote subsidies; but agreed to grant them on condition that the King would 'turn the point of his 'sword directly against the King of Spain,' marry the Prince to one of his own religion, and press for all due forfeitures against Papists. The King rebuked them for meddling with mysteries of government; and was answered by the memorable Protestation of the Commons.* His Majesty, full of wrath, hurried to town from Theobalds, tore the Protestation out of the Journals, and dissolved the Parliament. In returning home his anger was cooled, for a time, by a tumble from his horse into the New River, 'where the ice brake, so that nothing but his 'boots were seene.' But it was soon rekindled against the 'turbulent spirits' who had provoked him. Sir Robert Philips,

* 18th December, 1621.

Coke, and others were thrown into prison for their conduct in Parliament; and Crewe, Sir Dudley Digges, and Sir James Perrot were ordered to Ireland on forced missions.

The meddling Parliament being now disposed of, the negotiations for the Spanish marriage were pressed forward, to the joy of the Court and the disgust of the people. But what the representations of Parliament had failed to effect, the headstrong temper and vanity of Buckingham were to bring about; and the Prince, instead of leading home a Spanish bride, hurried from his ill-advised visit to Madrid to announce a rupture with Spain. The people received the news with bonfires, bell-ringing, and thanksgivings; and exulted in the supposed triumph of the Protestant cause.

So far there was now a hope of reconciliation between the King and his subjects, which was further promoted by the present popularity of the favourite, who had broken off the Spanish match. But the two last Parliaments had been dissolved in anger, and the King had grossly outraged the privileges of the House of Commons. Such being the relations of the two parties, the King, on meeting Parliament in February 1623-4, endeavoured to improve the occasion by a conciliatory speech, in which he glossed over the late negotiations with Spain, protested that he had never intended more than a temporary alleviation of the laws against Roman Catholics, and entreated Parliament not to be too exacting in points of privilege. But conciliation was not to be effected by fair words and false pretences. The Commons elected as Speaker Sir Thomas Crewe, a stout champion of their privileges in the last Parliament; and Eliot, in his first speech, and the first speech of the Session, at once revived the controversies with which the late Parliament had closed. Never was freedom of speech more nobly vindicated, or its grounds more forcibly expounded:—

'As Parliaments have been ever held to be the chief support and pillar of this kingdom, so is this privilege of Parliament essential to their existence: by which opinions are plainly delivered, difficulties beaten out, and truth resolved upon. Were it otherwise, men fearing to displease, would blanch those propositions that might have question, and silence their understandings in matters of most import. And in this, the protestation of the Commons last made gives me great satisfaction, as proceeding from excellent deliberation and advice. Its reasons were well weighed. Such had been the habit and long use of this place. Still had its way been held with jealous regard to the honour and dignity of our head, the King. More for his sake than ours, it behoved that such liberty be allowed. The business is the King's: the kingdom has its representative in the King. In him our resolutions rest. We are only called hither, upon

either the general affairs of the kingdom or the special propositions of His Majesty, and therein but to deliberate and consult, not to conclude. Without our privileges we shall fail to perform that duty. And can it be thought that in claiming them, in order that we may facilitate His Majesty's resolutions, and ease him in the consideration, leaving the end still to himself,—in this can it be thought there is any diminution or derogation of regality?'

In this memorable speech he again and again counselled greater secrecy in their proceedings—not from any jealousy of the people, but from a well-founded distrust of prerogative. Tale-bearers were sitting amongst them, whose 'mis-report' was the cause of former misunderstandings. Here lay the true ground of that privilege of secrecy which has, in later times, been much perverted and misunderstood. Freedom of speech was the end; secrecy but a necessary safeguard against the only power by which that freedom was endangered. Such was Eliot's first speech. Its great argument was worthy of the future martyr in the cause of privilege; and his grave and simple eloquence at once marked him as a leader of men. Its immediate result was the appointment of a Committee to consider the maintenance of the liberties and privileges of the House.

On other matters the Commons were now in good humour with the King. They were wild for a war with Spain, for the relief of the Low Countries, the reunion of Protestant Germany, and the recovery of the Palatinate; and as the King made some show of compliance with their wishes, they voted the supplies by acclamation. Eliot was forward among the war party, and urged a prompt grant of subsidies with characteristic eloquence. 'Are we, indeed, poor?' he said. 'Be it so. Spain 'is rich. We will make that our Indies. Break with her, and 'we shall break with our necessities also.' On his side, the King agreed that the money should be received by commissioners appointed by the Commons, and appropriated to services of the war—a concession, not indeed without precedent, yet so rare as to win the ready confidence of Parliament.

Throughout this Session we find Eliot taking a conspicuous part in debate. He argued forcibly for the impeachment of the Earl of Middlesex; and delivered a remarkable speech in support of the Bill for the Abolition of Monopolies. His whole argument was masterly and statesmanlike; but his enlightened views of free trade deserve more particular notice. Thus he spoke of the fiscal effect of duties on imports:—

'His Majesty desires not profit from heavy duties on some, but cheapness in all. The number it is that will supply his Majesty's

profit, if there be vent, and not only with advantage outgo all projects in that particular, but with an infinite enriching of the whole kingdom, not only in the commodities, but in the labours of our men, to make them more industrious who now stand idle and do devour us. The town of Amsterdam can give us good testimony in this. There, as I am credibly informed, the customs come to more than in all England, and yet the proportion and rate not a third part of ours. What is the cause of this? It is that which does not only quicken their own, but draws other merchants thither. . . . . So that, abate the customs, and they will soon be drawn hither. Here they will come to make their staples; and herein His Majesty shall not only gain by the multitude of exotic importations, but by the exportation of the same commodities that will pass hence to serve our neighbours.

The great statute against monopolies was at length passed; and a Parliament gifted with so much wisdom would doubtless have done further services to the state. But rumours were now heard that the King was negotiating a French match, which found scarcely more favour than the Spanish alliance, lately broken off. The Commons ventured to remonstrate, and were soon afterwards prorogued by the King, with a contemptuous rebuke 'for undertaking more than belonged to them in 'many things.'

Again set free from Westminster, Eliot resumed his active duties as Vice-Admiral, which brought him into frequent intercourse with Buckingham. So marked a patriot was not likely to enjoy the confidence of the Court, and intriguers were soon busy in creating distrust and prejudice. Foremost among the mischief-makers was one Bagg, the incidents of whose obscure and unworthy life now become interwoven with those of Eliot. Mr. Forster dwells upon his baseness with the fondness of an artist. The villain sets off the honourable and straightforward gentleman whom he was supplanting, and evidently exercises a fascination over his biographer. What would 'Othello' have been without Iago; 'Tom Jones' without Blifil; 'The School for Scandal' without Joseph Surface, and 'Eliot' without Bagg? But whatever the interest of the piece and the skill of the dramatist, we must pass on to events of more historic gravity.

We now approach a period in the life of Eliot, of which he is himself the chronicler. Among the papers at Port Eliot, has been found, after upwards of two hundred years, a memoir in Eliot's own handwriting, of the first Parliament of Charles I. Conscious of the momentous importance of the events he was recording to future ages, he entitled this tract, with significant foresight, 'Negotium Posterorum.' He and his contemporaries

had fought and suffered, not for themselves but for posterity; and here he reveals all the incidents of the strife, brings to light, for the first time, many entire speeches of his own, recites the arguments of other speakers, and presents under new aspects one of the most critical periods of English history. This precious fragment derives a special interest from indications that it received the author's last touches in his fatal prison.

With this memoir in our hands, let us now proceed with the narrative of events. King James was dead, and left few mourners. Young King Charles was full of fair hopes and promise; and his first Parliament met, with reasonable prospects of advantage to his throne and country. The House of Commons numbered among its members loyal country gentlemen of good family and estate, lawyers distinguished for their gravity and learning, councillors famed for sagacity and experience. The ancient usages and traditions of Parliament, while they favoured liberty, were yet conservative and loyal. Eliot, who recounts them with a fidelity that attests their antiquity and continuous observance, adds, 'I name these for the honour 'of that house. Noe wher more gravitie can be found than is 'represented in that senate. Noe court has more civilitie in 'itself, nor a face of more dignitie towards strangers. Noe 'wher more equall justice can be found; nor yet, perhaps, 'more wisdom.' Never were men more reverent of law and order than the leaders of the Parliamentary party. Who so faithful to the Crown as the flower of the English gentry? Nothing could have estranged them but distrust of the King, and apprehension for their liberties and religion. The new reign, however favourable to the revival of confidence, opened with grave misgivings. Notwithstanding the strong popular feeling against a Catholic alliance, Charles had received, just before the meeting of Parliament, his Catholic bride, Henrietta of France; and this event was attended with disquieting rumours of secret concessions to her faith. The penal laws were now innocuous against Papists, but fell hardly upon Puritans; and strange doctrines were already preached and encouraged in the Church. Moreover it was suspected—and was soon to be proved—that the subsidies voted for the war had been wasted and misapplied.

On the 18th June 1625, Charles opened Parliament in a speech, the brevity of which was pleasing to men 'wearied 'with the long orations of King James, that did inherit but 'the wind:' but it bluntly told them that as they had drawn him into a war, they must find him means to carry it on.

Crewe was again elected Speaker, and in praying for the privileges of the Commons, he admonished the King to hold in perpetual remembrance those fundamental laws which held the Commonwealth together. 'Being suitable to the nature of the 'people,' said he, 'they were safest for the sovereign.' The King was deaf to these wise counsels, but he gracefully confirmed the ancient privileges of the Commons, which he termed 'the 'four corner stones of that noble building, their house.'

Scarcely had business been commenced in the Lower House, when a strange proposal was made for an adjournment—ostensibly on account of the plague then raging in London, but in truth, to delay proceedings upon a petition from Yorkshire against Wentworth's election. Objections were then raised against the appointment, in this new reign, of the usual Committee for Grievances; but when Pym asked if the Committee for Religion was also to be postponed, the House at once determined to surrender none of its accustomed safeguards.

On the following day, Eliot made an earnest speech deprecating the suspension of the laws against Catholics. The tolerant spirit of the present age may condemn the persecution of Catholics, for which the country party contended. But the laws in force were recent; the bloody conflicts of the two faiths were fresh in the memory of that generation; and if a new policy were to be commenced, it was for Parliament, and not the King alone, to sanction it. Other debates ensued on the matter of religion; and the House marked their repugnance to the new doctrines in the Church by their proceedings against Dr. Montagu, a favoured disciple of Laud, who had exalted the divine right of kings, ridiculed the Puritans, and preached up confession and absolution, the use of images and the sign of the cross, in the services of the Church. In vain was it contended, and contended justly, that religious doctrine was not subject to their jurisdiction. They condemned the Doctor's writings, and committed their author to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. And now the religious temper of the Court was declared. Montagu was made king's chaplain, and released from custody. The House may have exceeded the just bounds of their authority, but this act of defiance promised ill for the future relations of the King to his Parliament. Well might Eliot reflect that it seemed the untoward policy of Charles 'to make men most obnoxious most secure, and those that 'were most hateful to the public to be most honoured and 'esteemed.'*

* Hume says, 'they attacked Montagu, one of the King's chaplains,'

Wentworth was already coquetting with the Court, long before his desertion of the popular cause; and during the debates upon his Yorkshire election, he was fiercely assailed by Eliot. Having come to his place while Eliot was speaking, the orator resented this violation of the orders of the House as 'done in contempt of us, yea, in the height of scorn and injury.' 'What is it less than to bid defiance to your power, and a 'farewell to your privilege? Should I compare it, it could 'have no parallel but that Roman's whom Cicero denounced 'and destroyed. *In senatum venit.* He comes into *this* senate, 'but with a will to ruin it.' Not satisfied with this somewhat overstrained comparison, he went so far as to propose Wentworth's expulsion. His warmth, if excessive, at least displayed his characteristic qualities — a zealous assertion of privilege, whether against the Crown or its subjects—and an undaunted spirit in wrestling with the great. And already he had a deeper insight than others into the dangerous character of the intruder, which time was yet to develope. His opinion of Wentworth, twelve years before his fall, is thus expressed in the *Negotium:* 'His abilities were great, both in judgment and 'persuasion; and as great a reputation did attend them. But 'those manie and great virtues, as Livy saies of Hanniball, 'as great vices parallel'd. Or rather they were in him, as 'Cicero notes in Catiline, *signa virtutum*, forms of virtue onlie, 'not the matter; for they seldom were directed to good ends, 'and when they had that colour, some other secret moved 'them. His covetousness and ambition were both violent, as 'were his waies to serve them.' Wentworth's estimate of his antagonist, long after the grave had closed over him, may be read in his own words. 'Sound or lame,' he wrote, 'you shall 'have me with you before the beginning of the Parliament. 'I should not fail, though Sir John Eliot were living.'

Already were the Commons and the Court at issue in religion; and now a conflict arose in matters of supply, which was to give a fatal direction to the policy of this unhappy reign. The House could not be prevailed upon to grant more than two subsidies. Sir Robert Philips expressed the general sense of the House when he denied that they were under any engagement to give. 'The last Parliament of James had, indeed, 'declared for a war, and made promises for its support; but

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without noticing that this divine had incurred the displeasure of the Commons before he was promoted to office at Court; and thus gives a false colour to the whole proceeding. (*History of England*, vol. iv. p. 389.)

'where was their enemy? None such was even yet declared. 'Where, too, was the reckoning that had been promised them 'for the grant then made?' This grant, however unequal to the necessities and expectations of the Court, was yet graciously accepted. But the Tonnage and Poundage Bill had now to be passed; and upon the history of this critical measure Eliot's memoir throws a new light. It had been drawn in the usual form, granting the accustomed duties to the King for life; but before the second reading, three fourths of the members, having already voted the subsidies, had fled from the plague-smitten city. In this thin House, several complaints were made against the exactions of officers and the inequality of the customs; and it was proposed that a new book of rates should be prepared for the guidance of merchants. For these reasons the Act was limited for one year, 'against which time,' says Eliot, 'those difficulties being resolved, they might again renew 'it with a larger extension and continuance.' And to avoid misconstruction, a proviso was added saving the rights of the King to a grant of these duties for life. Surely there was no such encroachment upon prerogative in this measure, as royalist writers have represented: 'but it was not made law, wanting the '*roy le veut;*'* and from that moment the collection of tonnage and poundage was without parliamentary authority.

There was yet another difference, of no less gravity. The King having accepted the first grant of two subsidies, suddenly resolved to demand further supplies. Scarcely sixty members were now in town, and such a demand, at such a time, was plainly ill-advised. Eliot, at the suggestion of Sir Humphrey May, one of the ablest and most judicious of the King's Privy Councillors, waited personally upon the Duke of Buckingham, in the hope of changing his resolution. He warned the Duke that the demand would fail, and further that it would cause 'alienation of the affections of the subjects, who being pleased 'were a fountaine of supplie, without which those streames 'would soon drie up.' His mission failed, but he was able to divine the secret purpose of the Court. 'The proposition must

* Vol. i. p. 293. The royal assent, however, was not refused, as Eliot's language would imply. Hume states this Bill to have been rejected by the Lords (*Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 435); and Hallam makes a similar statement (*Const. Hist.*, vol. i. p. 337) on the authority of the Parliamentary History, where it is said that the Lords would not pass it (vol. ii. p. 6); but it appears from the Lords' Journal that it proceeded no further than the first reading, when it was suffered to drop, most probably, at the instance of the King's ministers.

'proceed without consideration of success: wherein was lodged 'this project, meerlie to be denied.' In other words, the Court was seeking occasion for a rupture with the Parliament. And this was at hand. Further supplies were asked, and Sir John Cooke, in enforcing the demand, startled the Commons by affirming that the King's engagements could not be supported without more help by Parliament, 'or else some new way.' 'There was no deniall, nor noe question,' says Eliot, but the proposition 'vanished through its own lightness or futilitie.' The sitting was to be closed in a few days; but two affronts were still reserved for the Commons. The Subsidy Bill was not returned to them, according to usage, before the royal assent; and they learned that they were to be adjourned by the King, instead of by a vote of their own. Upon neither of these points would they give up their privilege. The Speaker, at the bar of the Lords, laying his hand upon the Subsidy Bill, 'made as if to take it to himself, and then, claiming it in 'the name of the Commons, returned it formally as their pre-'sentation and free gift to the King.' It was the King's pleasure that both Houses should adjourn to Oxford, where they were to reassemble in three weeks. The Lords submitted to be adjourned by the King's commission; the Commons refused to read or open the commission addressed to themselves, but by their own resolution adjourned to the time and place appointed. And further, to counteract any insidious designs of the Court, they ordered a call of the House, on its assembling at Oxford.

Never was distrust of the Court more timely. Eliot, in a hurried journey to the West, found the coasts ravaged by pirates. In vain was the Admiralty appealed to for protection; ships were lying idle in the Thames and Portsmouth harbour; they had done no service against an enemy, and they could not be spared to chase away pirates. But on reaching Oxford, Eliot learned with disgust that eight ships had been secretly despatched against Rochelle, to assist the French King in crushing the gallant band of Protestants who had taken refuge in that town. Thrice did the seamen of the fleet revolt against this base service, and at length the ships were delivered to the French, without their crews. Was it for such ends as these that supplies were to be granted? Parliament had been treacherously deceived, and its money misapplied. The Court party were also continuing their offensive course in matters of religion; pardons were granted to Jesuits; and Laud openly espoused Montagu's obnoxious tenets, as the settled doctrine of the Church. Nay, the Vice-Chancellor appointed a divine of these opinions to preach before the Parliament; but the Com-

mons, resenting the affront, obtained the appointment of another preacher.

On the 6th of August 1625, the King met the two Houses in Christchurch Hall, and representing that a fleet had been prepared at great cost, which could not put to sea without further aid from Parliament, demanded the ridiculous grant of 40,000*l.* What could be the purpose of the Court? Why this inconvenient meeting at Oxford, if nothing more were needed? 'All 'believed,' says Eliot, 'the preparation would be left, nor ships 'nor men drawne further in the imploiment: that the study 'was how to impute itt to the Parliament, so that either their 'counsell or deniall should be an occasion to dissolve it; and 'that some color only was sought for the satisfaction of the 'world.' The smallness of the sum demanded having been ridiculed in debate, it was increased to 200,000*l.*, Buckingham saying 'they would but hasten the deniall sooner, by enlarg-'ing the demand.'

The Commons had obviously been trifled with throughout; and now they took the constitutional course of discussing grievances, of offering advice to the King, and fixing responsibility upon his evil counsellors. In all our history is there no debate more memorable than that which ensued, in the divinity schools. Sir Robert Philips exclaimed, 'To have the whole 'kingdom hurried in such haste for the will and pleasure of 'one subject! That the subject should presume to transfer his 'errors to the Parliament! That the Parliament should be 'thought a fit father for great faults!' He announced 'that a 'wrong had been added which never was before. The dues of 'tonnage and poundage were at that instant in course of levy 'and collection without a grant from Parliament.' 'The whole 'wisdom,' he said, 'was suffered to be comprehended in one 'man. Master of all favour, he was likewise master of all 'business.' Buckingham was plainly pointed at, and the moral of the argument was briefly told. 'The way of Parliaments was 'the only safe one; and wherever the ill counsel was, it should 'be left to Parliament to remove it.'

Philips was followed by the brave old lawyer Coke, of whose learned and masterly speech Eliot gives the fullest report hitherto discovered. Having exposed the manifold abuses of the Government, he asked how they were to be corrected. 'There was but one way, by the selection of good officers and 'ministers, the incapable and bad being dismissed.' The House was deeply moved, and the country party was becoming stronger and more united, while the Court was using its utmost endeavours to detach waverers. 'Noe promise or persuasions,' says

Eliot, 'were too much, to make one proselyte in that faith. 'Whom ambition had made corruptible their offerings did al-'lure; and what reason did not, hope did then effect.' Already were the germs of the Court and Country parties growing up, and assuming forms of momentous interest to the future destinies of England.

Buckingham now attempted a stroke of conciliation. Committees of both Houses were assembled at Christchurch Hall to hear the King's answer to the petition for religion, from the mouth of the favourite. His parasites hoped much from his eloquence; but the vain-glorious courtier missed his mark. Eliot says, 'Whatever might be promised in the words, the act of 'deliverie did impeach itt; and much of the hope and expectation 'in that pointe, the forme and circumstance did obliterate.' In breaking off the Spanish match he said he had 'gained a 'nation,'—a phrase 'so boasting and thrasonicall, that it seemed 'most ridiculous.' And further he had the effrontery to declare that the ships would not be employed against the Huguenots, when his audience knew full well his falsehood.

The country party were not to be won over by false pretences, but resolved, without refusing the supplies, to enter upon the full discussion of grievances. Upon this topic Eliot, aided by the researches of Sir Robert Cotton, delivered one of his most powerful speeches, which is now for the first time fully reported.* All his precedents had one aim—to expose the misdeeds of favourites in former reigns, and to show how Parliament had dealt with them. Their application to Buckingham was striking, though his name was not yet mentioned. Who can wonder that the affections of the House were now 'pitcht wholie on the imitation of their fathers'? When the Court perceived that the wrath of Parliament was being turned against the favourite, a dissolution was determined upon; but, in the meantime, renewed appeals were made for supplies, which were met by proposals for a remonstrance, Buckingham's name being at length openly mentioned. Before the remonstrance could be completed, the dissolution was at hand, and Mr. Glanville proposed to substitute a short protest. While this was being read, the Usher of the Black Rod was knocking at the door; but that functionary was kept waiting while the protest was voted and transmitted to the King by privy-councillors. This last duty discharged, the Commons followed him

* This speech has hitherto been attributed to Cotton himself; but that learned student, having collected precedents for this occasion, intrusted them to Eliot, who used them with admirable effect.

to the Lords, where the first Parliament of Charles was dissolved in bitterness and anger.

Popular discontents were soon afterwards inflamed by the disgraceful failure of the expedition against Cadiz and the Spanish fleet; and the whole nation began to cry out against the incapable minister who had planned it. Meanwhile, the necessities of the State obliged the King to call another Parliament, in February 1626. To draw its teeth, however, His Majesty artfully disqualified some members of the country party, including Coke, Philips, and Seymour, by nominating them sheriffs of their counties. But other men, not less formidable, were returned; and Eliot was now their leader. Worthily did he insist upon redress of grievances before supply: 'Sir,—I am for 'supply; supply of means for the country; supply in govern-'ment; supply in justice; supply in reformation; supply in 'aid of our long-neglected grievances.' And what were these grievances? 'What losses we have sustained—losses abroad, 'losses at home, losses to our friends, losses to ourselves! How 'the King's treasures have been exhausted, how his revenues 'are impaired, how his reputation is lessened!' He proposed the appointment of committees to inquire into grievances, and 'that the common cause may have a full precedence' of supply. The committees were appointed, and their investigations brought out damning proofs of waste of the King's revenue, of misappropriation of subsidies, of illegal impositions, and of gross mismanagement.

While these inquiries were proceeding, the King sent message after message to urge on the supplies. In one of these he wrote: 'I must let you know that I will not allow any 'of my servants to be questioned amongst you; much less 'such as are of eminent place, and near unto me. . . . I see 'you specially aim at the Duke of Buckingham.' But the Commons were not to be diverted from their purpose. Their inquiries were continued; and at length they reached the consideration of supply. Three subsidies and three fifteenths were proposed. This proposal was met by Eliot in a singularly bold and striking manner. He was for granting the aids demanded, but not until their grievances had been redressed. What were the ways of their forefathers? The Commons, in the 16th Henry III., had excused themselves from granting a supply until 'Hugh de Burgh, a favourite never to be paral-'leled but now, having been the only minion both to the king 'then living, and to his father which was dead,' had been disgraced; and then they freely granted it. Again, in the 1st Richard II., the supply demanded was refused until De la

Pole, Earl of Suffolk, 'was removed both from his offices and 'the Court.' Let these be their examples! His counsels prevailed. The supply was voted; but the Bill was 'to be brought 'in when we shall have presented our grievances and received 'his Majesty's answer thereto.' In vain the King rebuked them, saying that he would grant 'liberty of council, but not 'of control;' and desired them to 'remember that parliaments 'are altogether in my power for their calling, sitting, and dis-'solution; and therefore, as I find the fruits of them to be 'good or evil, they are to continue, or not to be.' This threat was answered by a remonstrance, discussed with closed doors; and followed by the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham.

Many new incidents in these memorable proceedings are here disclosed, and especially a full report of Eliot's great speech. In this terrible invective against the Duke—who was likened to Sejanus—he exposed, in burning words, the misdeeds of the minister, while he carefully guarded the King himself from personal responsibility: 'In nothing we intend to 'reflect the least ill odour on His Majesty, or his most blessed 'father of happy memory: but with all honour of their names 'we do admire them, and only strive to vindicate their fames 'from such as would eclipse them.' In grand and simple eloquence this speech may bear comparison with the best examples of ancient and modern oratory; and in courage, where shall we find its parallel? He was braving an unscrupulous favourite and a vindictive King; and he knew the frailty of his privilege. Vengeance fell swiftly upon him. On the following day, he and Sir Dudley Digges were called to the door of the House upon pretence of business, and suddenly conveyed to the Tower by two king's messengers. The outraged Commons resolved that they would 'pass to no other business until 'righted in their liberties,' and overawed the Court. Digges was presently released; and Eliot, after a few days' imprisonment and fruitless questioning, was set free. The Court was humbled; but the breach with the Commons was now irreparable. In vain was the hastening of the Subsidy Bill demanded: the Commons were occupying themselves with a spirited remonstrance, designed as an appeal to the people. The King evaded the formal delivery of this indictment against his government and favourite, by a sudden dissolution; but the resolute Speaker contrived to state its substance to His Majesty, at the bar of the House of Lords, and to crave, on behalf of the Commons, the removal of Buckingham from the royal presence. And thus another Parliament was dissolved, in anger and without supplies.

The Court shrank from a further violation of privilege, in the persons of its members. But the remonstrance was ordered to be burned; and Buckingham and his creatures were left to wreak their vengeance upon Eliot. He now became the victim of a conspiracy, contrived by Bagg. His accounts as Vice-Admiral were disputed; his administration aspersed; and, at length, his patent of office was sequestered.

Meanwhile the King, pressed by his necessities, determined to levy money upon his subjects without any pretence of law. In some counties, voluntary levies of the sums which Parliament had intended to grant were urged by proclamation; in others, such levies were actually made. The duties of tonnage and poundage continued to be collected, without Parliamentary authority. A forced loan was extorted from the city of London; and that and other seaports were required to furnish ships and troops for the protection of commerce in the narrow seas—a prelude to the more memorable levy of ship-money at a later period. These exactions were generally resisted as unlawful. It is vain for royalist writers to pretend that they were even of doubtful legality; the Court knew, as well as the people, that they were against law. It was clear that this desperate venture had already failed, when war was suddenly declared with France; and a general forced loan was demanded for carrying it on. This loan was to be repaid out of the first subsidies voted by Parliament; but in the meantime was to be extorted by commissioners acting under the sole authority of the King. All classes of the people combined to resist this monstrous imposition. In vain was obedience enjoined from the pulpit. In vain were English gentlemen of the first quality removed to prisons in distant counties, and brought up as recusants before the Council Board. They would have given willingly to the law, but would render nothing to prerogative. Had anything been wanting to confirm their repugnance, it would have been found in the disgraceful failure of the operations of the fleet on the French coast. But however foiled, the Court had one satisfaction. Eliot was safely lodged in the Gate-house, as a recusant; and other leaders of the country party were in the same plight. 'I could be content to lend as 'well as others,' said John Hampden to the Council; 'but I 'fear to draw upon myself that curse in Magna Charta which 'should be read twice a year against those who infringed it;' whereupon he was sent to join Eliot in the Gate-house. In vain he appealed, with others, for his release to servile judges, disloyal to the law and to the people. Whenever the law failed to suit the purpose of its sworn guardians, they fenced

themselves behind prerogative. 'The Commons do not know,' said Justice Whitelocke, 'what letters and commands we re-'ceive!' For the present, the country party were trampled under the heels of the Court.

But still no money was forthcoming; while the country was at war with France and Spain, and the fleet and army were clamorous for their pay. In one way only could money be raised; and in January 1627, the King was constrained to issue writs for another Parliament. On the same day Eliot and his fellow-prisoners, nearly one hundred in number, were set at liberty. They were soon foremost at the elections; everywhere the country declared itself against the forced loan; and everywhere the party of Eliot and Hampden triumphed. The first gentlemen in England were opposed to the Court; the most eminent lawyers were foremost in defence of public liberty. Property, local influence, reputation, learning, and popularity were united in the country party, who represented the general sentiments and will of the English people. The whole country supported Parliament against prerogative. There was no taint of disloyalty or revolution upon any class of the King's subjects; democracy was unknown; but there was a firm resolution to maintain the constitutional rights of the commonalty against the usurpations of the Crown. Such a Parliament could not be assembled without misgivings, and projects were even entertained of coercing it by a foreign soldiery.

Parliament was opened on the 17th of March. Laud preached a sermon to both Houses, exhorting them to unity and obedience; and the King told the Commons, in a threatening speech, that his only object in calling them together was to obtain a sufficient supply. If this were put in hazard, 'he 'should himself use those other means which God had put into 'his hands;' adding haughtily, 'that they were not to take 'this as a threatening, for he scorned to threaten any but his 'equals.' And thus prepared for moderation by a high-church lecture, and a high-prerogative admonition, the Commons proceeded to the election of a Speaker. Their choice promised well for the Court, for it fell upon Sir John Finch, a courtier wholly in the interests of the King, and opposed to the sentiments of the assembly over which he was called to preside. The grand Committee for Religion having proposed to address the King for a general fast, the Court party were forward in supporting it, in the spirit of Laud, as a pledge of unity and peace. But Eliot took care to show how little his interpretation of this religious observance resembled that of the Court and high-church party. They desired to enlist religion into

the political service of the Crown, and to use its influence in aid of civil obedience and submission. Eliot regarded it in a higher sense, as the source of inspiration and conscientious duty. 'It is religion, not the name of religion,' said he, 'that 'must guide us: that in the truth thereof we may, with all 'unity, be concordant: not turning it into subtlety and art, 'playing with God as with the powers of men: but in the 'sincerity of our souls doing that work we came for.' Eliot was no Puritan; but cherishing the Protestant faith no less than civil liberty, he viewed with well-founded alarm the dangerous union between the high-church doctrines of Laud and the high-prerogative principles of the Court. He was serious and devout in religious discussions, even in a secular assembly, as was the fashion of his time; but, except in political aims, he had little agreement with the Puritan party, who were eventually to be in the ascendant.

After the solemn fast, the Commons applied themselves at once to 'that work they came for,'—the redress of grievances. Sir Francis Seymour ridiculed the slavish doctrines of the pulpit, that all they had was the King's. Philips asked 'Were 'they indeed slaves; and had they there but a day of liberty 'of speech before returning to their servitude? Was that 'meeting but as the solemn feast given by the old Romans 'to their bondsmen; and after freedom given to them for the 'hour, to ease their afflicted minds, were they to put on their 'chains again?' And referring to his own wrongs, he said: 'To have my liberty, which is the soul of my life, taken from 'me by power; and to have my body pent up in gaol, without 'remedy by law; and to be so adjudged! If this be law, why 'do we talk of liberty? Why do we trouble ourselves to dis-'pute about purchases, property of goods, and the like? What 'may a man call his own, if not the liberty of his person?' Coke cited a 'noble record,' the 26th Edward III., 'Loans 'against the will of the subject are against reason and the 'franchises of the land.' Wentworth, still siding with the people, closed a great speech in these words: 'By one and the 'same thing have the King and the people been hurt, and by 'the same must they be cured. We must vindicate—what? 'New things! No! our ancient, lawful, and vital liberties! 'We must reinforce the laws made by our ancestors. We 'must set such a stamp upon them, as no licentious spirit shall 'dare hereafter to invade them.'

And Eliot, in a masterly oration, exposed the grievances and wrongs which the people had lately suffered at the hands of power. His principles, his precedents, his legal learning, his

classical illustrations, were wrought into one great argument in support of law and liberty. It is now for the first time brought to light, and may be studied as one of the best examples of his style. He spoke not of his own wrongs, but of violations of the law. His speech opened with these suggestive words: 'I 'know not in what quality I may now speak, nor with what 'hope. May I, as a free man, use the just liberty of our an- 'cestors to expostulate our rights: or must I, in sorrow, com- 'plain of the unhappiness of the times which has left us, it might 'seem, unworthy to enjoy the privileges of those elders?' Having proved the illegality of late exactions, and enumerated recent violations of the law and innovations in religion, he proceeded to argue: 'Without that change in policy by which 'law is set at nought, there could not be an innovation in 'religion. . . . We have to guard religion against what has 'befallen liberty. Shall I repeat the invasions made upon that 'sacred relic of our ancestors? the attempts upon our property, 'the attempts upon our persons! Our monies taken, our 'merchandizes seized! loans, benevolences, contributions, im- 'positions, levied or exacted! Our bodies harried and impri- 'soned, and the power and execution of the laws that should 'protect us, vilified and contemned!'

Such were the grievances to be redressed; but as yet there had been no mention of supply. On the 24th of March Secretary Sir John Cooke implored the House 'that the King should 'have precedency of honour if not of time;' but the Commons insisted that right must first be done. They agreed, however, that grievances and supply should be referred to the same Committee of the whole House; but this Committee were to consider, first, the liberty of the subject in his person and goods, and next His Majesty's supply. Four resolutions, reported from this Committee, were communicated to the Lords *; when the King sent a message to the Commons assuring them of their liberties, 'whether they should think fit to secure themselves 'therein by way of Bill or otherwise.' Immediately, without a dissentient voice, a resolution was agreed to, granting his Majesty five subsidies. This vote showed the good faith of the Commons in their dealings with the King; but as in the last Parliament, a grant of the Commons, not confirmed by statute, had been made the pretext for illegal exactions, this resolution was designedly left without dates or other conditions, which were reserved for the Bill, whenever it might be introduced. The

* The substance of these resolutions will be found at vol. ii. p. 152.

Court received this vote with joyfulness, and the King promptly acknowledged it; yet such was his folly, and such the presumption of his favourite, that he suffered Buckingham's thanks to be coupled with his own. Well did Eliot express the general indignation at this ill-timed impertinence. 'They had no respect 'to any but His Majesty alone: nor intended to give any man 'content, but him only, nor regarded any man's acceptance but 'his. It could not become any subject to bear himself in such 'a fashion, as if no grace ought to descend from the King to 'the people, nor any loyalty ascend from the people to the 'King, but through him only.' The House relished this rebuke to the intrusive favourite, and cried out, 'Well spoken, Sir 'John Eliot.'

Meanwhile the resolutions for protecting the liberty of the subject were to be discussed at a conference of Lords and Commons. Digges, Littleton, Selden, and Coke were appointed managers for the Commons, to whom were afterwards added Noye, Glanville, and Rolle; and the Attorney and Solicitor-General were heard on behalf of the King. The learning and laborious accuracy of the Parliamentary lawyers were unassailable. A precedent cited by Selden having been disputed, that learned lawyer affirmed 'that he had not quoted 'a record which he had not copied with his own hands from 'the Tower, the Exchequer, or the King's Bench; and that 'if Mr. Attorney could find any adverse precedent in all those 'records, he would forfeit his head.' Yet did the law officers of the Crown persist in maintaining the King's prerogative to imprison, without reason assigned, any subject of the realm. The King's pleasure was averred to be a rule of law! Well was it replied that, to show a lawful cause for every commitment, was as necessary for the protection of the King himself as for his subjects; for otherwise he might be held responsible for the acts of his ministers. Glanville cited the dictum of a judge in the reign of Henry VI. 'If the king command me 'to arrest a man, and I arrest him, he shall have an action of 'false imprisonment against me, though it were done in the 'king's presence.' Thus early had the doctrine that the king can do no wrong been acknowledged by our laws.

After hearing these learned arguments, the Lords agreed to a trimming resolution,—that a commitment by the King or council was good in point of authority, and if the cause were just, good also for the matter; without prejudice either to the prerogatives of the King or the resolutions of the Commons. Such then appeared to be all the satisfaction promised to the wrongs of the subject—monstrous assertions of prerogative on

behalf of the Crown—timid and hesitating submission in the Lords. Yet while these deliberations were proceeding, the King, with indecent haste, sent no less than five messages to the Commons, urging them to proceed with the Subsidy Bill. In one of these he aroused their jealousy by desiring them to forego their Easter adjournment; and in another he threatened them with dissolution. But their liberties were still in danger, and they resolved to maintain them. Accordingly a declaration against martial law and the billeting of soldiers was directed to be laid before the King by the Speaker, who was instructed to enforce their ancient right to consider grievances before they voted supply—at the same time assuring His Majesty that they had been careful to respect his prerogative.

The Court, perceiving that the Commons were not to be overborne, now attempted a deceitful compromise. On the 25th April, the Lords communicated to the other House five resolutions concerning the liberty of the subject, evading any assertion of right, relying upon the word of the King as security, and affirming merely that the cause of any commitment should be declared within a convenient time. The Commons promptly declined so empty a satisfaction of their claims. And here the King interposed, to confirm the resolutions of the Lords. The Commons being summoned to the bar of the Upper House, the Lord Keeper announced that the King had commanded him to let them know that he will 'maintain all his subjects in the just freedom of their persons 'and safety of their estates; and that he will govern according 'to the laws and statutes of the realm; and that they shall 'find as much security in his royal word and promise, as in the 'strength of any law they could make.' But what faith could the Commons have in the word of a king, whose counsel had maintained that every violation of the liberties of the subject had been warranted by law, and whose transparent object it was to extort a Subsidy Bill by vague promises? The message was coldly answered by the appointment of a Committee to draw a Bill containing the substance of Magna Charta and the other statutes concerning the liberty of the subject. And hence came the memorable Petition of Right.

While this great measure was under discussion, the King sent another message by Mr. Secretary Cooke, who entreated them to trust to His Majesty's royal word, and protested that if they passed such a Bill as they were then considering, the Government could not be carried on. At the same time he incautiously afforded them the best justification of their proceedings, by affirming that in obedience to his oath he would

be bound to commit any one 'without expressing the cause to 'the gaoler or to the judges, or to any councillor in England, 'except the King himself.'* After such an admission as this, could any one doubt that the liberty of the subject must be guarded by a new declaratory law? Of what avail was the King's promise to respect existing laws interpreted after such a fashion? And strong in this conviction, the House was discussing a representation to the King, when on the 2nd of May, His Majesty again irregularly interfered with their debates by another message, informing them that 'he would have no 'encroachment upon that sovereignty or prerogative which God 'had put into his hands for their good;' and that they had little more time, as the Session must be closed on the 12th. The Commons replied by a respectful address, in which, while disclaiming any intention to encroach upon the royal prerogatives, they avowed their determination to guard their own liberties from ministers of the Crown. Charles, making a show of concession, was now willing that a Bill should be passed confirming existing laws 'without additions, paraphrases, or explanations.' Had anything been wanting to confirm the resolution of the Commons, this vain attempt to evade the very point in dispute was conclusive. Next day they were entreated by another message to rely upon the King's word. This further appeal to their confidence was discussed in a Committee, sitting with closed doors, and free from the constraints of their courtier Speaker. It was soon disposed of by a single sentence from Pym. 'His Majesty's oath at his coronation, binding himself to 'maintain the laws of England, was at least as strong as his 'royal word could be; and since he had already given them 'his oath, what better would they be for his word?' Coke, holding the Petition of Right in his hand, said, 'We must take 'His Majesty's word no otherwise than in a parliamentary 'way.' . . . 'Kings speak by records.' And so it was resolved that the King's word should be taken.

On the 8th May, the Petition of Right, condemning every recent violation of liberty, was communicated to the Lords at a conference; and at the same time the Subsidy Bill was ordered to be prepared, in such a form as to make its operation conditional on the grant of the petition.

The Lords, pressed by a letter from the King and by all the influence of the Court, attempted to neutralise the Petition of Right by a saving clause—artfully prepared by Bishop Williams—'to leave entire the sovereign power.' But no such

* Vol. ii. p. 183.

subtlety could deceive the lawyers and statesmen of the country party. Pym knew not what this sovereign power was: 'It 'seems to be another power, distinct from the power of the 'law.' . . . 'We cannot leave him a sovereign power, for he 'was never possessed of it.' And Wentworth, in the last words which he ever spoke in defence of liberty, put aside, with disdain, this new fiction of sovereign power. Repeated conferences ensued; and at length the Lords, notwithstanding all the intrigues of the Court, yielded to the unanswerable arguments of the Commons, and agreed to the Petition of Right.

There seemed no longer any escape for the King; but the craft and falsehood which were one day destined to bring him to the scaffold, were now to be revealed. His first design was to grant the petition and violate it, as he had violated former laws; and with this view he put secret questions to the judges concerning the binding force of the petition. Their answers were servile enough; but the parliamentary lawyers had done their work too well to admit of its being easily set at nought. The King dared not accept it, but he endeavoured to save himself by an unworthy subterfuge. Both Houses were assembled to receive his answer, when, instead of signifying his assent in the accustomed and binding words, '*soit droit fait comme il est* '*désiré*,' a new and evasive form of answer was used, devoid of force or validity.

But the contest was not yet over. The Subsidy Bill had still to be passed; and the Commons were not in a mood to suffer their liberties to be sacrificed to royal fraud. Eliot stood forth again as their leader in this crisis. In one of his greatest speeches, he reviewed the condition of the kingdom, the invasion of its liberties, the exhaustion of its resources, the disgrace of its arms, the ignorance or corruption of its ministers. All the failures of Buckingham were exposed; all the evils under which the State was suffering were ascribed to that vain and incapable minister, whose name, however, was not yet mentioned. He concluded by proposing that these grievances should be represented to His Majesty in a Remonstrance; and his counsels found ready favour with the House. In vain did the King seek to turn them aside by messages alleging the necessity of an early prorogation, and commanding them not to enter into any new business: they merely hastened the work they had in hand. In sad and earnest mood—nay, sometimes even in tears—this Remonstrance was debated, with closed doors. And when at length Sir Edward Coke named the Duke of Buckingham as the author of all these miseries, and denounced him as the 'grievance of grievances,' the whole

House was eager to renew the impeachment against him. Before their Remonstrance was completed, a conciliatory message was sent through the Speaker; which was followed by another from the Lords, desiring the Commons to join with them in a petition to His Majesty for another answer to the Petition of Right. To this proposal the Commons gladly assented; but still proceeded with the Remonstrance.

The King was now convinced of the necessity of a tardy concession, by which he hoped at once to save his minister, and to secure his subsidies. The Commons were summoned hastily to the bar of the Lords; and the King, expressing his regret that the former answer had failed to give full satisfaction, said he had ordered it to be cut out from the Journals. The Petition of Right was again read, and the King's full assent was duly signified in the binding words, '*soit droit fait comme il est désiré.*' The Petition of Right was law. 'I have done my part,' added the King. 'Wherefore, 'if this Parliament hath not a happy conclusion, the sin is 'yours; I am free from it.' Had the King dealt frankly and in good faith with the Commons, when first the Petition of Right was presented, the Session would assuredly have been brought to a happy close. And we cannot but regret that the country party did not even now rest contented with their victory, and agree to a truce with the Court. But it was too late. The treachery and falsehood of His Majesty's first answer had rekindled the wrath of the Commons against his minister; and they were now in full cry against him. The long delays also which the resistance to the Petition of Right had caused, had embittered the strife between the Commons and the Court. Lord Mohun, a creature of Buckingham, whose misdeeds had been exposed during this time, was impeached; and Dr. Mainwaring, a divine of extreme opinions, who had upheld from the pulpit the right of the King to impose taxes without the authority of Parliament, and the duty of the subject to pay them, under penalty of eternal damnation, was impeached and punished. And now it was clear that, notwithstanding the passing of the Petition of Right, the Commons had no intention of abandoning the Remonstrance. True to their engagements, they proceeded to pass the Subsidy Bills; but they were no less earnest in the work of perfecting this indictment against the great cause of all the grievances under which they had suffered. The courtiers, unable to set aside the Remonstrance, endeavoured at least to spare the favourite's name from its terrible accusations. But Eliot insisted that the Duke was their great grievance:—

'No man can deny it. If it were questionable, a world of wit-

nesses might be brought against him to confirm it. Look, generally, over all the land. The whole kingdom speaks it. Come to the several parts: they prove it. Go to the Court,—there 't is most apparent. All honours, all offices, all places, all preferments, are disposed by him. Virtue or service merits nothing but as he commands. Resort from thence to the country, and see what is there. There, too, you shall find them made odious by his favour, or nothing by his frowns. Come to the city: that is the object of his will. His entreaties are commands: his commands laws. . . Go to the courts of justice: go to the lawyers. What right has he not violated: whom has he not oppressed? . . . Witness religion, witness learning, witness law, whether his power be not the greatest grievance that they suffer. . . . Come yet nearer home. Come to ourselves as we are here met in Parliament. . . . Is there almost any man here free? I verily believe, if all should speak their consciences, few would be exempt. What prisoners has he made? Whom has he confined? How many could I number, how many *do I see*, whom his malice has made that way miserable? What exiles has he caused! How many has he banished!—banished from the Court, banished from their countries.'

No finer invective is to be found—from Demosthenes to Edmund Burke—than this great oration of Eliot against the Duke of Buckingham. It was addressed to those who knew its truth, and had suffered from the very wrongs which it denounced. Its results were decisive. The Duke was named, by acclamation, and without a division; and the famous Remonstrance was completed. Four days afterwards, it was presented to the King in the banqueting-room at Whitehall. The accused favourite stood by the King's side while the Commons prayed, in humble and respectful language, that he might be removed 'from the great offices of trust, as well as from his place of 'nearness and council about the royal person.' The King's reply was short and sullen. 'He thought they had better 'understood what belonged to them, and what to him; for 'that after he so graciously had granted them their Petition, 'he expected not to have had their Remonstrance.' But a more practical answer was still to be given. When the King rose from his chair, Buckingham fell on one knee, as if about to speak. 'No, George!' said the King, raising him affectionately, while the favourite kissed his hand; and they left the room together. What further sign was needed? The Duke was still in favour; and the Remonstrance was spurned.

Something yet remained to be done before the end of the Session. The Supply Bills were passed; and another Bill was introduced for granting the duties of tonnage and poundage until the next Session of Parliament. Here, again, were the

old differences revived. The Commons were unwilling to grant these duties for the life of the King, until they had been revised and amended; and the King refused to accept them for any shorter period. To avert a collision, it was suggested that there should be an adjournment instead of a prorogation; and that on reassembling, Parliament should pass a retrospective Act, legalising prior collections. This compromise was rejected by the King, who was bent upon collecting the duties by prerogative, rather than accept them on the terms proposed. The Speaker was sent to warn His Majesty that the merchants would refuse payment, and that if they should be imprisoned, the Petition of Right would be violated. They were informed, in reply, that His Majesty had well considered it, and that on Thursday Parliament would be prorogued. The time was short; but the Commons promised themselves, at least, the satisfaction of another Remonstrance. They assembled at seven o'clock on Thursday morning to complete it; but the Speaker was closeted with the King, and kept them waiting till ten. The Remonstrance was produced; but the Speaker had timed his arrival so cleverly, that in another instant the Usher of the Black Rod was knocking at the door. Gloomily the House followed him to the bar of the Lords, to hear a speech from the throne, which was to mark the policy and temper of the King, for the rest of his ill-omened reign. He confessed that he had hurried down to anticipate the presentation of their Remonstrance. He knew that they had there affirmed that to collect tonnage and poundage, and other impositions not granted by Parliament, was contrary to his answer to the Petition of Right. This construction was so false that he was there to declare his true intention. He had granted no new liberties; he had only confirmed ancient laws; and tonnage and poundage was a thing he could not go without. And to mark his defiance of Parliament, he added, 'I command you all that are here, to 'take notice of what I have spoken at this time to be the true 'intent and meaning of what I granted in your petition; but 'especially you, my lords the judges, for to you only, under me, 'belongs the interpretation of the laws.' Here was the key to his policy: he would govern by his own prerogative, and accept the law from his own obsequious judges. True, he had assented to the Petition of Right; but upon that as well as other statutes, the judges could put their own interpretation.

Thus was Parliament again closed with mistrust and apprehension; but before its last sittings Eliot had been suddenly called away by a great affliction. Lady Eliot was dead; and he had hastened to his desolate home. But his was a manly

and Christian sorrow. 'Mere sorrow,' he afterwards told his children, 'was selfishness.' . . . 'Such trials were their in-'struction, to better knowledge of themselves, and confirmation 'of their virtue.' His letters at this period bespeak his deep affection and saddened memories. But we still find him noting public events, and forecasting new political troubles. The high-church party were in the ascendant. Laud was promoted to the see of London, Montagu to the see of Chichester; and Mainwaring was rewarded for his sufferings at the hands of the Commons, by rich preferments. Jesuits were pardoned and favoured; the Puritans reduced to silence. Promotions at Court were no less ominous. The creatures of Buckingham filled the Council Board; and Wentworth, having at length made his choice between the people and the Court, had accepted a peerage and the service of the Crown. The policy of the Court was not to be mistaken. The copies of the Petition of Right printed with the binding answer were suppressed; and new copies were distributed with the first false answer. Tonnage and poundage were levied at the ports; new duties were imposed by prerogative, and the merchants imprisoned for refusing to pay them. And to complete the King's defiance of the authority and privileges of Parliament, the Remonstrance was ordered to be withdrawn from the records, and his own speech at the end of the Session substituted in its place.

While such events as these were passing, and Eliot's domestic sorrow was yet fresh upon him, a friend, with more good-will than delicacy, offered consolation in the form of a young city widow, fair and wealthy, and willing to be wooed. But Eliot declined the temptation, and still brooded over his public and private cares.

On the 23rd of August, a startling catastrophe suddenly changed the course of public affairs. The Duke of Buckingham fell at Portsmouth, under the knife of the fanatic Felton. This bloody deed caused rejoicings among the people, and terror in the Court. The assassin confessed that he had been prompted to the act by reading the Remonstrance, in which the favourite had been denounced. The man whom the Commons had impeached, the hand of the assassin had struck down. The Court laid the blame of the murder upon the Puritans; the King meditated vengeance against the Duke's enemies, and the authors of the Remonstrance. There would be no new policy, no concessions to popular opinion; but the contest which had been suspended for a time, was to be renewed with deeper resentment. Well might Eliot write, shortly before the meeting of Parliament in the following January, 'All is in expectation.

'Our feares exceede our hopes. Daunger enlarges itselfe in so 'greate a measure on us, that nothing but Heaven shrouds us 'from dispaire.'

On the very first day of the Session Eliot stood up, with his accustomed boldness, to arraign the monstrous outrages of the Court. Could it be believed that the Commons were again assembled to renew their complaints of invasion of liberty of men's persons, and property in men's goods? That they were to complain of wrongs to religion such as had never till then been equalled; that their merchants, members of that House, had suffered injuries, from which their privilege had not protected them. The chief author of former grievances was indeed removed; but Eliot was no less ready to strike at other evil councillors. 'While the papists,' he said, 'the Arminians, and 'their sectaries have countenance: while such men are in 'favour: while such are in preferment: while they stand so 'near the elbow of the King that they have power to impeach 'the credit of this House; how can it be but that our enemies 'must chafe us, and God will not be turned from the fierce-'ness of his wrath.' The earnest religious feeling of Eliot broke out more strongly than in any former speech. The Puritans must have been delighted listeners: he was not one of them, but they could draw inspiration from his words—ere long, to be deepened into fanaticism.

Inquiry was now made concerning the issue of a false copy of the Petition of Right, and answer. Who had dared to do this act? It was proved to be the King himself! Under his own hand he had commanded 'that these copies be printed.' The King had violated law and privilege during the recess, and when the discussion of grievances was renewed by the Commons, he intimated, by a message, that he should think well or ill of them according to their resolutions 'and particular men's speeches.' Their freedom of speech was threatened, as their other liberties had been invaded. Discussion was continued concerning illegal exactions, the distraint of merchants' goods, and the breach of the privileges of the House, in the persons of their own members; and again and again, did the King admonish them to be careful in their speeches. Such admonitions were unheeded; and while His Majesty was urging them to pass the Tonnage and Poundage Bill, they entered upon the discussion of religious grievances. The Puritan spirit had been aroused by the excesses of Laud and his followers, and breathed hotly in this debate; but Eliot expressed the general sentiment of moderate churchmen in a remarkable speech, to which we are introduced for the first time. It was not possible to estimate, from examples

previously published, the rank of Eliot among orators; but this and other specimens of his eloquence entitle him to an eminent place. His faith as a churchman, and his aim as a statesman, were opened in a few words:—

'This ground, therefore, let us lay for the foundation of our building: that that truth, not with words, but with actions, we will maintain. Sir, the sense in which our Church still receives that truth, is contained in the Articles. There we shall find that which the Acts of Parliament have established against all the practices of our adversaries. Not that it is the truth because confirmed by Parliament, but confirmed by Parliament because it is the truth.'

Ever careful to distinguish between the King and his councillors, he here charged all innovations in religion upon the bishops, who were undermining the faith accepted by the people, sanctioned by the Church, and ratified by Parliament. For His Majesty, he said —

'I have not the least suspicion of his goodness, or the least diffidence of him. His piety and justice will still retain their excellence, as the sun his brightness, though the reflection of that glory in the effect and operation be obscured. Though by the interposition of some vapours, some gross and putrid exhalations, some corrupt ministers and servants, that light may be eclipsed, yet it is constantly the same in itself, and its innate property and virtue are not lessened or impeached.'

But against these corrupt ministers he was prepared to fight unto death; and never were courage and eloquence more worthily united in a good cause. In these noble words he expressed the purpose for which he was destined to lay down his life:—

'There is a ceremony used in the Eastern churches, of standing at the repetition of the Creed, to testify their purpose to maintain it; and as some had it, not only with their bodies upright, but with their swords drawn! Give me leave to call that a custom very commendable! It signified the constancy and readiness of their resolution to live and die in that profession; and that resolution I hope we have with as much constancy assumed, and on all occasions shall as faithfully discharge: not valuing our lives where the adventure may be necessary, for the defence of our sovereign, for the defence of our country, for the defence of our religion.'

The House responded to this eloquent appeal by a resolution —commonly known as the Vow—adhering to the Articles of the Church, and rejecting the doctrines of the Jesuits, and Arminians. So far from threatening the Church, they were forward in maintaining her doctrines and authority; but they denounced the new opinions which were endangering the very

foundations of Church and State. Further discussions ensued, and still Eliot was foremost in courage as in eloquence—ever singling out men in power, and fixing upon them the responsibility for every grievance.

But this essential doctrine of ministerial responsibility, the King, with strange rashness, wholly disclaimed. The Commons were prepared to grant revised duties of tonnage and poundage for the King's life, but not until they had vindicated their own privileges, and obtained satisfaction in regard to religion. They proceeded against officers and farmers of the customs who had distrained the goods of members for non-payment of tonnage and poundage; they committed the Sheriff of London to the Tower for contempt, and condemned a judgment of the Court of Exchequer, by whom these illegal proceedings had been upheld. Dawes and Carmarthen, two farmers of customs who had seized the goods of Rolle, a member, confessed at the bar that they knew him to be a member, and had seized his goods for dues of tonnage and poundage. Dawes stated that he had been commanded by the King himself to make no other answer; and Carmarthen avowed that he had replied to Mr. Rolle's claim of privilege 'that he should not have it, if he were all 'the body of the House.' Finely did Eliot express the opinion of the House at these disclosures. 'The heart-blood of the liberty 'of the Commonwealth receiveth its life from the privilege of 'this House; and that privilege, together with the liberties of 'the subjects of the realm—the council and judges, and officers 'of His Majesty, have conspired to trample under their feet.'

Further debates upon this grave question were interrupted by a message from the King, declaring that the seizures of merchants' goods had been made by his own command, and hinting, not obscurely, at a dissolution. It was soon followed by another message desiring a short adjournment; and the country party were now assured that the King was bent upon a sudden dissolution. But were all their wrongs to pass without further protest? Were they to be put down by prerogative, without a word of complaint or vindication? Such was not the temper of their bold and constant leaders. They knew their own danger: the eye of a vindictive king, who defied privilege, was upon them; but they resolved to risk all in the cause of freedom.

On the 2nd March, the House met again, after the adjournment, when a scene was enacted, without a parallel in the history of Parliament. Directly after prayers, Eliot rose to speak. At the same moment the Speaker stood up, saying that he had the King's command for an adjournment until the

10th. Eliot persisted in speaking, supported by the general sense of the House, when the Speaker stated that the King had commanded him to quit the House, after delivering his message, and was preparing to leave the chair. On the instant, Denzil Holles and Valentine, who were sitting on either side of the chair, stepped forward from their places, and laying hands upon the Speaker's arms, held him down in his chair. And now, the Speaker being safely pinioned, Eliot proceeded. His speech was short and stirring, as became the occasion. Thus he warned the King and his advisers: what evils would they have been spared, if they had accepted the warning!—'None have 'gone about to break parliaments, but in the end parliaments 'have broken them. The examples of all ages confirm it. 'The fates in that hold correspondency with justice. No 'man was ever blasted in this House, but a curse fell upon 'him.' And he exhorted his audience 'as true Englishmen, 'to show the affection that we have to the honour and 'safety of our sovereign, to show our affection to religion, 'and to the rights and interests of the subject. It befits 'us to declare our purpose to maintain them, and our re-'solution to live and die in their defence.' * And with this view he proposed a Declaration, and advanced with it to the table; but the Speaker refused to receive it. He desired that it might be read by the Clerk; but the Clerk refused to read it. Again and again was the Speaker desired to do his duty; but he wept, and pleaded the King's commands. Once more he attempted to leave the chair, but was held down by Holles, Valentine, and Long.* In the midst of increasing excitement, Strode called upon the House not to suffer themselves to be turned off like scattered sheep, as they were last Session, and sent home with a scorn put upon them in print; and added, 'let 'all who desire this Declaration read and put to the vote, stand 'up.' The vast majority arose, with loud shouts of assent, and Eliot threw the Declaration on the floor in the midst of them. And now the House was in the wildest disorder; blows were struck, and sword-hilts grasped in menace; when suddenly the Serjeant-at-Arms advanced to the table to remove the mace. He had received notice of a message from the King, and Black Rod was at the door. There was a cry to close the door; and Sir

* A portrait of Sir John Finch, in the Speaker's collection, represents a sturdy personage, with much firmness of character in the head and mouth, and a muscular frame. Such a man might have offered more resistance: but he was probably overcome by the embarrassment of serving two masters, rather than by actual force.

Miles Hobart threw himself upon the Serjeant, took from him the key of the House, replaced the mace upon the table, and locked the door. Eliot, now raising his voice above the tumult, read a short declaration against all concerned in unlawful exactions, which was accepted by general acclamation.* This being done, Eliot spoke his last words in Parliament; and they were worthy of the man and of the occasion. 'And for myself,' he said, 'I further protest, as I am a gentleman, if my fortune 'be ever again to meet in this honourable assembly, where I 'now leave, I will begin again.' Three resolutions were then proposed by Holles, denouncing all who should introduce innovations in religion, or be concerned in the levying or payment of tonnage and poundage, as capital enemies of the kingdom and commonwealth, which were agreed to with a loud shout of assent. The House had now finished its work; the door was thrown open, and the members hastened forth, carrying with them a king's officer standing at the entrance. On the 3rd of March, Parliament was dissolved by proclamation; and on the following day, Eliot, Holles, Selden, Valentine, Coryton, Hobart, Hayman, and Strode were served with warrants to appear before the Privy Council. Charles had determined to govern without a Parliament, and to wreak his vengeance on the men who had dared to resist his sovereign will.

On the 4th, Eliot, Holles, Hobart, and Hayman appeared before the Council. Eliot being questioned as to the late proceedings, in which he had taken part, replied that he would answer no questions concerning anything alleged to have passed in Parliament; that whatever was there said or done by himself, was performed as a member of the House; and in that place only would he give an account. He was at once committed to the Tower with his three companions; who were joined on the following day by Selden, Coryton, and Valentine.

These eminent men were cast into prison for no crime known to the law. Some crime was, therefore, to be discovered; and for this purpose the judges received orders from the King to meet at Serjeants' Inn. Here for three days were they privately questioned by the Attorney-General, and sometimes by the King himself. Independent judges would have refused to interpret the law save on the judgment-seat; and even

* Vol. ii. p. 455. This Declaration was obtained from the MSS. at Port Eliot, and has never before been printed. It deserves to be studied by any one—if such there be—who may still believe that the King had some foundation for his claim to levy taxes by prerogative.

these creatures of the King made a show of resistance. With some of the questions put to them, they fenced and parried; they were unable to deny privilege of Parliament, but opinions were extorted from them, that a Parliament man, committing an offence against the King or Council, 'not in a parliament 'way,' might be punished after Parliament ended, if Parliament itself had not punished him,—'things done exorbitantly not 'being the acts of a Court;' and that he could be proceeded against for such an offence before the Star Chamber. This was enough for the King and his Attorney-General; the judges had found a new law to fit the case, and an information was filed in the Star Chamber.

For three months the prisoners were kept in close custody at the Tower, and denied the use of books, papers, pens and ink; after which the closeness of their confinement was relaxed. They were not forgotten by their friends or by the people; and the discontents which misgovernment had already aroused were aggravated by their sacrifice to the popular cause. Selden, Coryton, Holles, and Valentine sought their release on *habeas corpus.* Eliot calmly awaited the proceedings of the Star Chamber. In the latter Court they all pleaded that the King could have no knowledge of anything which had taken place in Parliament until it had been communicated by the House itself; and that the matters charged being supposed to have been committed in Parliament, could only be examined in the House of Commons. Meanwhile the writs of *habeas corpus* were argued before the Court of King's Bench. A masterly speech of Littleton—aided by the extraordinary learning of his client Selden—received no other answer than an impudent assertion of prerogative, on the part of the Attorney-General Heath; and the judges, however willing to serve the Court, saw no sufficient ground for refusing to admit the prisoners to bail. Their judgment, however, was deferred; and the King, dreading the release of the prisoners, first evaded judgment by suddenly transferring them from the King's Bench Prison to the Tower, and afterwards by a letter to the judges, stating that the prisoners would not be suffered to appear again until he was assured that they would make a better demonstration of their modesty and civility. The term was about to close; and thus the prisoners were remitted to prison during the long vacation by the sole command of the King, and in defiance of the ascertained opinions of the judges. When the judges were prepared to set aside the law, the King was content to use them: when they would maintain it, he trampled on their jurisdiction.

Hayman and Coryton, two of Eliot's companions in the Tower, soon made submission, and were released; and the others being no longer in close custody, Eliot resumed his pen, to his own great comfort, and for the benefit of posterity. His letters to his friends and family exhibit the same calm and heroic spirit, and the same virtues and accomplishments as his public life. He knew that he was suffering in a just cause, and he was ready to maintain it unto death. There was no repining, or complaint, or anger. Writing of his own trials, in a beautiful letter to his sons, he says: 'I will not be so stoical 'as not to think them evils: I will not do that prejudice to 'virtue, by detraction of her adversary. They are evils; so I 'do confess them; but of that nature, and so followed, so 'neighbouring upon good, as they are no cause of sorrow but 'of joy.' Such being his frame of mind, he was able to write, after many months' confinement—'The days have all seemed 'pleasant, nor night has once been tedious; nor fears nor 'terrors have possest me; but a constant peace and tranquillitie 'of the mind, whose agitation has been chieflie in thanks and 'acknowledgment to Him by whose grace I have subsisted, 'and shall yet, I hope, participate of his blessings upon you.'

Other consolations were not wanting. The leisure hours of his prison life were dedicated to the writing of a treatise 'De 'Jure Magistratis,' which displays a wide range of learning and scholarship, and a philosophical estimate of the rights of the King, of councils, of magistrates, and of the people, in a free State.

Meanwhile, the long vacation had not been suffered to pass without further pressure upon the judges. They still held that the offences of the prisoners were bailable, but that they must give security for good behaviour. Such a condition, it was clear, amounted to an admission of guilt, and was declined. They insisted that their demand for bail was a point of right; 'if it were not granted as a right, they did not demand it;' and so they returned to prison.

The King's law advisers, however, began to shrink from proceeding in the Star Chamber, and filed an information against Eliot, Holles, and Valentine in the Court of King's Bench, where success was now assured. This led to their removal from the Tower to the King's Bench Prison—or as Eliot cheerfully expressed it—from their palace in London to their country-house in Southwark. The constancy of Holles here gave way to the importunities of his wife and her friends; and he accepted bail, and found sureties for good behaviour. The defendants pleaded to the jurisdiction of the Court; but

their plea was overruled; all the judges agreeing that they had power to take cognisance of offences committed in Parliament. A short time only was now allowed them to put in a farther plea; obstacles were offered to their intercourse with their advisers; and sometimes their own counsel failed them in their need, until the last day of term, when the Court, refusing further time, proceeded to give judgment.

The defendants were sentenced to imprisonment during the King's pleasure—Eliot in the Tower, and the other defendants elsewhere. None were to be released but on giving security for good behaviour. Eliot was further fined 2000*l.*, Holles 1000 marks, and Valentine 500*l.*

Eliot was not in court to hear his sentence, being disabled by illness 'contracted from cold and watching.' In this condition he was sent back to the Tower alone. His fellow-sufferers, after a short imprisonment on easy conditions, obtained their discharge; but for himself there was no hope of mercy. The prison doors were closed upon him; and he was left to languish and die. His first dungeon not being close enough, he was put into another 'where candlelight may be suffered, 'but scarce fire.' His body was broken; but his mind was as lofty and serene as ever. His letters and papers continue to attest his courage and intellectual power. In 'The Monarchy 'of Man,' and 'An Apology for Socrates,' he still breathed the spirit of the statesman, the philosopher, the scholar, and the Christian. Never were finer words written than these, which he assigns to Socrates, but which typify himself:—

'To be made poor and naked: to be imprisoned and restrained: nay, not to be at all: not to have the proper use of anything: not to have knowledge of society: not to have being and existence: his faculties confiscate, his friends debarred his presence: himself deprived the world: I will not tell you all this suffered by your Socrates, and all suffered in your service: for you, most excellent Athenians, for your children, your posterity: to preserve your rights and liberties, that as they were the inheritance of your fathers, from you they might descend to your sons.'

In vain his friends besought him to obtain his pardon by some compromise with power. For his very life he would not barter the rights to which he was bearing witness. Thrust into a yet darker cell 'the cold struck him;' and life faded away. His was indeed a death of martyrdom; and worthily has Hallam singled him out as 'the most illustrious confessor 'in the cause of liberty which that time produced.'

At Court there were exultations over a fallen enemy. His son humbly entreated that his father's bones might rest with

his ancestors at Port Eliot; but the King refused, and the prisoner's wasted body was buried in the Tower, without a stone to mark its resting-place.

But the confessor had not laid down his life in vain. For eleven years the King ruled without a Parliament; but the day of retribution came, and the cause which Eliot had peacefully and loyally defended—to save the State from ruin—triumphed at last in civil war, in revolution, and in regicide. When King Charles's son was restored to the throne which his father had forfeited, the unrighteous judgment against Eliot was reversed and condemned; and now, after two hundred and thirty years, Mr. Forster has raised to his memory an imperishable monument.

ART. II.—1. *The Queen's English: Stray Notes on Speaking and Spelling.* By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London and Cambridge: 1864.

2. *Modern English Literature: its Blemishes and Defects.* By HENRY H. BREEN, Esq., F.S.A. London: 1857.

DISCUSSIONS on small points of grammar, spelling, and pronunciation are very frequent in these islands; though not, perhaps, among those persons whose education and pursuits have qualified them to treat such subjects to the greatest advantage. Officers in the army and navy, sporting men, and attorneys' clerks seem to be particularly addicted to these disputations, which (generally speaking) are characterised rather by the loudness than the relevancy of the arguments and illustrations, and are terminated by a bet which is never decided. Men of literary tastes and habits touch these matters more rarely; partly, no doubt, for the same reason that the rules of etiquette are not often discussed among well-bred people; partly also, perhaps, from a fear of being thought pedantic triflers, who attach undue importance to insignificant questions because they are incapable of taking an interest in exalted themes; and of the few who are both qualified and willing to assume the office of public teachers, the majority, unfortunately, are people with crotchets, who take aversion to particular words and phrases, and employ themselves on the vain and unprofitable task of proving that the English language ought to be something different from what it is.

Under these circumstances, the public ought to be much obliged to Dean Alford and Mr. Breen for the useful and

entertaining works above named; the former being (as its author informs us) a collection, 'in a considerably altered form,' of papers originally used as lectures at Canterbury, and afterwards published 'in the widely circulated periodical entitled "Good 'Words."' That we should entirely agree with every one of the opinions expressed by these writers, is not to be expected; but on the whole, they will be found trustworthy guides on sundry doubtful questions, and just prosecutors, judges, and executioners of numerous common errors and vulgarisms in spoken and written English; in short, the aforesaid disputants cannot do better than elect them joint standing referees of all their bets—past, present, and future.

Certain it is that, owing to various causes, some of which we shall presently mention, the well of pure sound English is in great peril of permanent defilement; and any duly qualified person who has a chance of being listened to, can hardly do a better service to literature than by writing such books as those before us. The need of such monitors is pretty obvious when we read even in a Royal Speech that 'the territories which have 'hitherto been under the sway of the King of Denmark should '*continue so to remain.*' They must, however, be practical: doctrinaires and theorists are not wanted. To state clearly what words and expressions are, or are not, good English, is useful information; to investigate the causes which have led to the adoption of this or that word or expression, is an interesting branch of the history of the language; to protest against new words or forms which are not wanted, or which have not been coined in the true mint, is almost a duty, while they are yet new, and are still only in the hands of the conceited pretenders who have introduced them; but beyond that it is vain to go. People who write essays to prove that though a word in fact means one thing, it *ought* to mean another, or that though all well-educated Englishmen do conspire to use this expression, they *ought* to use that, are simply bores. The question whether any word or phrase is or is not good English is strictly a question of fact. We are a little apt to fall into a narrow and erroneous tone of criticism from the circumstance that we have most of us received our first notions of grammar in connexion with a dead language. For Latin and Greek there are fixed standards of purity; at any rate, conceivable standards, though scholars may dispute as to where the line shall be drawn; but for a living language there is, and can be, no standard but the usage of educated men. The elegance, accuracy, and propriety of the language in use among a people depend mainly on the preservation of a pure standard of speech at the Bar, in the pulpit,

in Parliament, and as far as possible by the principal newspapers—though the jargon of the daily press unhappily acts more commonly in the opposite direction. Our Dean says, in the concluding paragraph of his book, with great good sense:

'These stray notes on spelling and speaking have been written more as contributions to discussion, than as attempts to decide in doubtful cases. The decision of matters such as those which I have treated is not made by any one man or set of men; cannot be brought about by strong writing, or vehement assertion: but depends on influences wider than any one man's view, and taking longer to operate than the life of any one generation. It depends on the direction and deviations of the currents of a nation's thoughts, and the influence exercised on words by events beyond man's control. Grammarians and rhetoricians may set bounds to language: but usage will break over in spite of them. And I have ventured to think that he may do some service who, instead of standing and protesting where this has been the case, observes, and points out to others, the existing phenomena, and the probable account to be given of them.'

Strange to say, however (or rather, not strange at all), the author of these just and sensible observations is not entirely without his own little prejudices,—cannot entirely help feeling that certain words have no business to be English, though he can hardly deny that they are. Thus he says that the expression, 'a superior man,' is an odious way of speaking which, if 'followed out as a precedent, cannot but vulgarise and dete-'riorate our language.' Yet he would be the first to point out (in any case but his own) that it is no argument against the admissibility of a phrase to say that it does not allow of being 'followed out as a precedent.' He would not object to speak of 'falling in love,' because we may not say that we 'fall in 'hate.' But any stick, as the proverb goes, will serve to beat a dog. If authors with crotchets would but examine a page of the first book that comes to hand, and say candidly how many words and sentences in it would stand the test of the kind of criticism which they are in the habit of applying to their own 'favourite aversions,' we are persuaded that many an unprofitable tirade might be saved.

But although we admit the force of usage, which is continually legalizing expressions before unknown, or proscribing expressions once familiar to our forefathers, we are entitled to claim that these innovations should be governed by the usage of the educated classes and not of the illiterate and the vulgar. A conflict is always going on between the written and the spoken language of a country—because it is written by the

more cultivated few, it is spoken by the less cultivated many. Those who write, labour on the whole to preserve the traditions and fences of the language: those who speak to break them down. Hence in colonies or dependencies, where classical standards are unknown, and literature itself is degraded to the lowest forms of the newspaper, the corruption of the language is far more rapid than with us; but these slang and cant phrases of Americans and Australians tend to find their way back to England, and more than one of the most questionable innovations of the day might be traced to base usages of this nature. Again, we cannot admit the authority of usage, when it is clearly opposed to the very principles of language. There is, we fear, ample authority, amongst writers of the present day, for the use of the word 'supplement,' not as a noun substantive, which is its proper meaning, but as a verb active in the sense of to supply what is deficient, to complete. We have seen it used of late years by prelates and judges, who ought to have abhorred such a solecism; nay, we will even confess, so infectious has it become, that it has, once or twice, crept, notwithstanding our utmost vigilance, into these pages. 'Sup-'plement' is by its form the thing added or supplied, not the act of supplying it. You might just as well say that instead of appending another page to your book, you intend to appendix it.

We have already hinted that men of superior education are sometimes deterred from instructing the public in the right use of their language by the fear of being thought triflers. 'But (says the Dean) 'the language of a people is no trifle.'

'The national mind is reflected in the national speech. If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same. If it is high-flown and bombastic, a character for national simplicity and truthfulness, we may be sure, cannot be long maintained. That nation must be (and it has ever been so in history) not far from rapid decline, and from being degraded from its former glory. Every important feature in a people's language is reflected in its character and history.

'Look, to take one familiar example, at the process of deterioration which our Queen's English has undergone at the hands of the Americans. Look at those phrases which so amuse us in their speech and books; at their reckless exaggeration, and contempt for congruity; and then compare the character and history of the nation. . . . Such examples as this (and they are as many as the number of the nations and their tongues) may serve to show that language is no trifle.'

Agreeing with the Dean that language is no trifle, we do not think it necessary to mix it up with morals and politics;

and if he means that the deterioration of a language is in any sense a *cause* of the deterioration of the national character, we do not agree with him. The same causes may produce both. The preservation of the purity and force of our noble mother-tongue, for its own sake, appears to us a sufficiently important object to all Englishmen, or at least to all Englishmen of literary tastes and pursuits; and we do not think it necessary to go further afield in search of a warrant for devoting a few pages to the cause. There are, indeed, people who seem to be insensible both to beauties and to faults of style, and to be able to take in the substance of a book (when it has any) equally well, whether it be well or ill written; just as some persons are, or profess to be, indifferent to cookery, provided they are supplied with a sufficiency of carbon and so forth; but it is probable that even these are unconsciously influenced by literary defects or merits, while it is certain, on the other hand, that people of sensitive taste often find themselves absolutely debarred from reading a book at all, from the intolerable irritation caused by an affected or otherwise objectionable manner.

While the Dean's work was still in progress in the pages of 'Good Words,' a Mr. Washington Moon amused himself by demonstrating that while he undertook to instruct others, the author was himself but a castaway in matters of grammar. He published a pamphlet entitled 'A Defence of the Queen's 'English;' the Dean replied, of course, in his next number; then Mr. Moon produced a second Defence; and a very pretty quarrel ensued, in which, it must be confessed, neither side showed more courtesy or good taste than is usually displayed in literary squabbles. As, however, the Dean has been wise enough to eliminate the bitter parts of this controversy from the book as now published, we should not have thought it necessary to allude to it, if some of Mr. Moon's remarks did not afford examples of a kind of verbal criticism on which it is desirable to say a few words, inasmuch as it is of frequent occurrence, and both erroneous and mischievous.

It is a favourite artifice with some people who are determined to find fault with a writer's language, to make out that the words are so arranged as to produce meanings ludicrously different from what he really intended; proceeding on the assumption that no sentence is correct, unless the mere syntactical arrangement of the words, irrespective of their meaning, is such that they are incapable of having a double aspect. There are people who will think it just and facetious to say, for instance, that because 'a red Indian's wigwam' means the wigwam of a red Indian, therefore 'a blue sailor's jacket' must mean the

jacket of a blue sailor. But what do *they* mean when they say that? They cannot mean that it really produces that idea in their mind, or could produce that idea in the mind of any human being; nor that they believe that the writer meant to produce that idea in their mind, or in the mind of any human being; it is, in fact, an impossible meaning; and yet they call it a necessary one. Where is the law which creates such a necessity? Nowhere. It is quite a mistake to think that all sentences must be framed according to a formula, whatever be the context. Provided you avoid real ambiguity, you have a perfect right to arrange your words in any order which the idiom of the English language admits of; and those who examine into the matter for the first time will be surprised to find how much they are always guided by the sense in attributing verbs, pronouns, and adjectives to their right substantives. Anxious writers may rest assured that they can safely disregard a critic who says, virtually, I admit that I understand this perfectly, and that everybody else understands it; but I assert my right to pretend that I misunderstand it. The Dean met some criticisms of this description by saying, 'we do 'not write for idiots;' an expression on which Mr. Moon seized with some exultation, as giving him a right to infer that the Dean called *him* an idiot; but obviously its true meaning was, that a writer is not bound to write as if he was writing to idiots; a perfectly just remark, and the only proper answer to give to such frivolous complaints. If a man writes in a way which cannot be misunderstood by a reader of common candour and intelligence, he has done all, as regards clearness, that can be expected of him. To attempt more is to ask of language more than language can perform; the consequences of attempting it any one may see who will spend an hour with the Statutes at large. Jack was very respectful to Tom, and always took off his hat when he met him. Jack was very rude to Tom, and always knocked off his hat when he met him. Will any one pretend that either of these sentences is ambiguous in meaning, or unidiomatic in expression? Yet critics of the class now before us are bound to contend that Jack showed his respect by taking off Tom's hat, or else that he showed his rudeness by knocking off his own. It is useless to multiply examples: no book was ever written that could stand a hostile examination in this spirit; and one that could stand it would be totally unreadable.*

* It is not meant that *all* Mr. Moon's comments are of this kind. The Dean's style is not particularly elegant or correct, and his ad-

The Dean's arguments and advice are mostly given with reference to single words and phrases; Mr. Breen, after chapters on Composition and Blunders, has one on Mannerism; but neither writer treats very fully of the general form and style of modern language. These, however (as it seems to us), are being deteriorated to a serious extent, primarily in written English, and by inevitable contagion in spoken English also; and it may be worth while, in the hope of finding some cure, to investigate the causes of the corruption, and to call attention to some of its developments. We do not propose to advert here to the genuine peculiarities of individuals. Most original writers have some habits of expression which have become incurable, and which the world of readers at first tolerates, and after a while often learns almost to love, for the writers' sake. Argument and entreaty are alike thrown away on these chartered libertines, who, moreover, have got a habit of resenting as an impertinence any application of independent criticism to the good things that they may vouchsafe to bestow on us. But the condition of the current literature of the present day is such that there is a considerable body of writers, and of those whose productions are most widely read, who do seem to be possibly yet amenable to advice and correction. It is a fact (whether to be deplored as a national misfortune or not) that 'literature' is daily becoming more and more of a profession; and when we consider how small comparatively is the number of those who read anything besides the newspapers or cheap novels, it may safely be said that at least nine-tenths of all that is read in any given day is written by men whose first consideration is to produce what is expected of them, and to give satisfaction to their employers. Such men have, probably, no literary whims of their own—indeed, are rarely sufficiently advanced in literature to be capable of having any; but, being impressed with the notion that certain forms are looked for by the public in the treatment of certain subjects, they laboriously endeavour to obey the supposed exigencies of their vocation, and are ever on the alert to catch the last fashion, and to keep up with their competitors in the struggle for popular favour; and thus it happens that every stray trick of style which may chance to be taken up by any leading

versary sometimes hits him hard; besides in one or two cases successfully disputing his judgments. On the important question (for instance) whether we should say the cat jumped *on to* the chair, or *on* the chair, we must vote against the Dean, who unjustly condemns the former expression.

writer, is now eagerly seized on by the whole rank and file of the profession, and inflicted on their readers without tact, discretion, or mercy. There does seem to be a faint hope that some few of these humbler workers in the field of letters, who sin now rather from a mistaken sense of duty, than from that deliberate hostility to their readers which seems to actuate some of the fraternity, may be led to amend their ways by a few words of friendly expostulation.

The Dean mentions only two of the offences now prevalent in the way of style: first, the use of inflated and pompous terms, and unnecessary substitution of words of Latin descent for our 'fine manly Saxon;' secondly, the practice of interlarding English with foreign words and phrases. There are, however, many others, equally if not more worthy of castigation.

One, now very widely in vogue, is the eternal use of the present tense in the narration of past events. This artifice which when used very sparingly, and by a master hand, may add occasional variety and liveliness to a composition, but which is not in accordance with the idiom of the English tongue, is now adopted through whole columns, whole chapters, whole volumes, as the ordinary form of ordinary narrative, in a way that is really excruciating. It is not only in the newspapers and their ubiquitous correspondents that we meet with this abomination: whole books are now written in this style, not merely books of personal adventure (in which it is bad enough), but grave historical compositions. In a work of no small pretension, which was recently before us, descriptive of events that occurred upwards of two hundred years since, nearly the whole story from beginning to end is written in the present tense, as though the incidents were in the very act of occurrence. This evil is spreading, and unless it is arrested reading will become nearly impossible to all lovers of pure wholesome English: it is even beginning to assume forms still more hideous. Some of the more advanced practitioners of the school, feeling, perhaps, that the reader must need some relief from the ceaseless repetition of the same affectation, have hit upon the ingenious expedient of obtaining variety by going a step further, and recording a few of their events as being not only present, but future; introducing a new tense, the paulo-*ante*-futurum, or præteritum-propheticum, for the further botheration of schoolboys. Thus the writer already alluded to, wishing to tell us that Lord Bacon's wife and three sisters-in-law were the orphan daughters of Benedict Barnham, and that these latter became, by marriage, Lady Castlehaven, Lady

Constable, and Lady Soames, expresses his meaning by saying that 'the four young girls *are* the orphan daughters of Benedict 'Barnham; that Alice *is* the first to fall in love, but the others '*will soon* be in their turns followed; that Elizabeth *will* marry 'the Earl of Castlehaven, and the others *will* become *in due* '*time* Lady Constable and Lady Soames;' and a member of the Alpine Club, having occasion to mention that on a certain Monday in August 1860, his guide made himself very useful in cutting steps in the snow and ice, can devise no more simple and idiomatic method of saying so than post-predicting that 'all the day he *will be* cutting steps, but his limbs *will* show no 'signs of extra exertion;' continuing (of course) with 'we 'ascend a narrow edge—the snow is frozen and hard as rock—'in a few minutes we stop and rope all together,' and so on. Although the doctrine of 'irresistible impulse' as an excuse for acts of violence is denied by some, we must express a conviction that the impulse to toss a book written in this style into the fire after two pages, is one which may be yielded to without any imputation on the general sanity of the reader.

We would fain, also, denounce a style of writing now much affected by small humourists which it is not easy to characterise, but which appears to owe its existence to two leading ideas; first, that it is absolutely necessary to be smart on all occasions; and next, that smartness is to be obtained by jerking handfuls of substantives, adjectives, and adverbs, unconnected by any verb, at the reader's head, as though to furnish him with the rough materials of sentences, which he is to link together by conjecture as best he may. A writer who has occasion (for instance) to record that he bought a pair of gloves at a shop in the Strand, now thinks it necessary to deliver himself in some such strain as this:—We are in the Strand. See, a haberdasher's shop. Let us enter. On the right, a counter. In front of it, a chair. Behind it, a smiling shopman. Mustachioed, of course. I sit down. A pair of gloves, if you please. Light yellow. Will I try these? Too large. Will I try a second pair? Too small. A third. A wriggle, a thrust, a struggle; they are on! That will do. Three and tenpence, did you say? Thank you, sir. Any other article? I rise and resume my umbrella. Once more we are in the Strand.—What can be more dreadful than the forced levity, the jaunty insolence, of this kind of composition, or rather decomposition! One longs to exclaim with Hamlet, 'Leave 'thy damnable faces and begin!' Tell us what thou hast to say, if anything thou hast; and if not, hold thy peace.

If there be any disciples of the new school who are not yet

incorrigible, let us implore them to believe that the reader who does not care to learn that they or others *went* to a place will be equally indifferent to a statement that they *go*, or *will go*, there; that the preterite tense is quite as comic as the present, or even as the future; that the omission of verbs adds neither perspicuity nor elegance to agglomerations of the other parts of speech; and that Nothing cannot be made to assume the appearance of Something by these doleful assumptions of gaiety and laborious imitations of easy originality.

Another new-fangled mode of writing may be called the Parenthetico-Allusive style; it is much used by the authors of literary notices and criticisms of books. The chief characteristic of this style is an assumption that in knowledge and intellect the reader is exactly on a level with the writer, and that, consequently, it is unnecessary for the latter to say plainly what he means, the slightest hint being sufficient to convey his thought to the sympathetic brain of the other; as though the most important function of critical or didactic writing were not to convey information or instruction from one who is qualified to teach to another who desires to learn, but to prove to the reader that know what he may, the writer knows it too.—We all remember what Pope said on that celebrated occasion. Now, without waiting to ask the question which Burleigh asked of Sir C. Hatton under circumstances somewhat similar (though the reference to the *hat*—as to which see D'Ewes's diary—certainly made some difference) one cannot help wishing that Pope had rather followed the example set by Buonarroti (note the double *r* and single *t*—we have not forgotten the great controversy on this orthographical difficulty, nor the triumphant confutation by Venturi of the heresies of Volpi thereanent) than have fallen into the common error so well exposed by Fracastorius (who does not remember the passage?)—and so on, and so on. Surely it is not unreasonable to ask why on earth a writer who assumes that we know exactly what he knows, recollect exactly what he recollects, and understand exactly what he understands, should have thought it necessary to address us at all.

Another variety of this style is noticed by Mr. Breen. He calls it the Tally-ho, or Nimrodian style. This method of composition (he says),

'Consists in starting some fresh idea at the beginning of every paragraph; in losing sight of it as soon as it is started; and in pursuing in its stead the first stray conceit that turns up. During the chase the reader gets occasional glimpses of the particular notion with which the writer set out. He sometimes even fancies that he

is once more on its track, and on the point of coming up with it. But he soon discovers his error; for now it appears that the writer had mistaken one idea for another, and had lost sight of the old in his pursuit of the new. At times the reader is hurried on in a straight line. At others he is dragged through apparently interminable windings, and finds himself, at the winding up, on the exact spot whence he had taken his departure. The great beauty of this style consists in jumbling in one sentence every form and figure of speech. The longer the sentence, the more rugged its construction, the more intricate its involutions, the more gaps it presents in the way of dashes, the more barriers it opposes in the way of parentheses, the more fences it shows in compound epithets; the more pleasurable will be the reader's excitement, and the keener his appreciation of the author's dexterity and skill.'

Then there is a whole family of misdemeanours which may be called the Anglo-Gallic. The Dean (or rather the writer whom he quotes) touches on only one of these when he complains of the authors who talk of a fair *débutante* on the look 'out for *un bon parti*, accompanied by mamma *en grande toilette*, 'though *entre nous*, she looks rather *ridée*,' &c. It seems to us that this particular member of the family is happily rather losing strength; but some younger offsets from it are lamentably vigorous. One is the practice adopted by some fashionable writers of fiction and books of travel of recording in French, Italian, or German (as the case may be) whatever is said, or supposed to be said, by Frenchmen, Italians, or Germans. There are novels, and clever ones too—Currer Bell's 'Villette' is a notable example—in which a large proportion of the dialogue, and this not merely in the parts illustrative of character, but even in the parts containing the very marrow of the plot, is thus written in French; presenting the preposterous spectacle of a book called an English book, yet unintelligible to an Englishman, however well acquainted with his native tongue, unless he happens to have learnt that of a certain foreign people also. Though it does not aggravate the bad taste, it does aggravate the presumption of this offence that, in the majority of instances, the French thus introduced is of the kind which Chaucer describes as being 'after the 'scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe.' Dr. Johnson relates in the 'Rambler,' that 'when Lee was once told by a critic that it 'was very easy to write like a madman, he answered that it 'was difficult to write like a madman, but easy enough to 'write like a fool;' and certain novelists may usefully be reminded that it is possible to write what is not English without writing what is Parisian. But a still worse distortion than even this has lately been invented. A something is now coined which

is neither French nor English, but a third language, obtained by making literal translations of the words forming a French sentence, without any attempt to convert them into the corresponding idiom of the English. Thus a writer who wishes to tell us that one Frenchman invited another to sit down, will represent him as saying, 'Give yourself the pain to 'seat yourself; behold a chair!' or a man enjoying the morning breeze is made to exclaim, 'How the air is good to respire.' To do this once for a jest is well enough; to do it a second time is somewhat too much; but to go on hammering upon the same vapid pleasantry through a whole volume is at once tedious and irritating to the last degree. Apart from mere imitation, it is really impossible, when one comes to think of it, to discover any other motive than one for using either the English-French or the French-English. '*Oui Monsieur*,' instead of 'Yes, Sir,' or 'Behold me!' instead of 'Here I am,' cannot be easier to write, is certainly neither pleasanter or more intelligible to read, and is a violation of that consistency with its own conditions which is a primary rule of good taste in all the arts. Let those who do not fully feel the ridiculous nature of this practice, just imagine the delighted contempt with which they would seize on a French tale in which the author should adopt a similar means of displaying to his countrymen his familiarity with English. What amusing extracts, what facetious commentaries, we should have: what complacent pity for the extraordinary infatuation that leads our worthy neighbours to suppose themselves qualified to write about England and the English, on the strength of a dictionary and a month in London!

The following passage may pass for a specimen of a somewhat different form of the new Norman invasion:— . . . . . 'The 'Minister having demanded the tribune, observes that in pre-'sence of the gravity of the situation the mobilization of the 'National Guard was a measure of necessary precaution against 'the eventuality of a tentative of disembarcation on the littoral. 'Of two things one; either the initiative must be at once 'assumed, whatever painful preoccupations it may excite, or the 'great cause of the solidarity of the peoples must be definitely 'abandoned. (Profound sensation.) Interrogated respecting 'the concession of the line Passy-Batignolles to the Society 'Jabot, the speaker called in doubt the exactitude of the details 'put in evidence by the honourable deputy, and invoked the 'textual reproduction of the project of law. The measure (he 'said) had been consecrated in the interests of the future, and 'came to establish the beginnings of a new hierarchy, destined,

'he declared it formally, to close, in a brief delay, all the so re-'grettable attributions of the system of to-day. . . . . .'—It must be admitted in palliation of the guilt of offenders in this style, that they are not actuated either by childish vanity, or by a twaddling love for the small-beer of wit, but write thus (for the most part) because they have no time to write better, being translators from French newspapers and novels under the severest pressure from the printer; but the injury that they are causing to our language is serious. Addison would certainly have found it difficult to understand a good deal of what is now daily done into English (so-called) from the foreign press.

To the same school belongs a form of expression which we can best indicate by an example—'Born in 1825, our hero 'went to Eton in 1837:' 'Examined as to his accounts, the 'bankrupt stated,' &c. This form is not unfrequently met with now among the writers of the uneasy class; those who seem to think that it is their business not to use their language, but to make it. There is a clumsy affectation about this which makes it particularly objectionable, and it is quite unidiomatic. What Englishman ever *spoke* so? Nobody can complain of the adoption into a living language, from whatever source, of such new terms as the progress of art and science really requires, where its own resources are unable to supply the want; but there is no justification for forcing into circulation disfigured coins from abroad, when there is an ample stock of our own genuine money ready for use.

Then there is Editorialism—for if we laugh at the infirmities of others, we shall not shrink from commenting on those which more particularly affect periodical literature, and are indeed rooted in its nature. If it were possible to suppose that any public writers desired to obtain over the unreflecting an ascendancy to which their learning and virtue did not strictly entitle them, one might insinuate that their rule of concealing not only their personality, but their individuality also, under the mysterious veil of the plural number, was cunningly devised for the express purpose of effecting that object. By the use of this method the reader is impressed with a notion that the vaticinations and denunciations laid before him proceed from some infallible oracle, some fountain of unerring wisdom, or, at the lowest, from some body of sages assembled in solemn conclave to settle the affairs of mankind; certainly not from anything like a fellow-mortal, sitting, perhaps, in no palatial lodging, and biting his pen in anxious search for the materials of an article; dealing, indeed, with the fate of empires and the

prospects of the human race, but thinking chiefly of finishing his day's or night's work, and getting to bed. It is useless to say anything to, or about, those writers, editors, and proprietors (if any such there be) who maintain this artifice for the purpose of keeping up a popular delusion; but there are many compositions, especially essays in periodical publications, in which by custom, and without any unworthy motive, this form of expression is deemed to be necessary; and the spirit of unreasoning imitation leads some writers of the second class to adopt it, where even this customary necessity does not exist. It is, however, a form which, though not new, has never obtained with the best writers; it is neither elegant nor convenient; and there is really no sufficient reason why it should not be abandoned by all those who now use it only in obedience to a rule established nobody knows how, certainly valued by none, and distasteful to many. Its effects are, indeed, more injurious than is commonly suspected; for, on the one hand, it tempts a man to indulge in *Nos*-ism, where modesty and a sense of propriety would have made him shrink from undisguised egotism; and, on the other hand, it spoils all the grace and charm of those passages where the writer's own peculiar thoughts, actions, or experience can be brought forward. Many a confident assertion, or dogmatic impertinence, now uttered under the mask of plurality, would have been modified, had the writer been distinctly reminded of his individual responsibility by a more natural form of speech; while the interest of many a narrative of personal adventure, or record of personal recollections, has been destroyed by this pompous unsubstantiality:—'We felt that a few moments would decide our fate. We were 'totally alone; we shouted, but no one answered. The project-'ing ledge on which we had contrived to support one of our 'feet was now slowly giving way; we looked down; a sheer 'precipice of a thousand yards yawned beneath us; our hat fell 'off; our head grew dizzy; our right hand was rapidly becoming 'benumbed. . . .' Pray who can care for a Mr. We in such a situation? The passage is perused with frigid indifference, as not appealing to any human sympathy with a fellow-creature; or, if any feeling is evoked, it is one perhaps rather resembling satisfaction; a vague notion that somehow or other there will shortly be one newspaper-editor the less in the world.

In considering the perils to which a language is exposed, the constant influence of corruption from colonial sources must not be overlooked. Our language circulates much as our blood does. It brings back with it to the heart all sorts of impurities from the extremities to which it has penetrated, and unfortu-

nately nature has not provided any lungs for the oxygenation of speech. It is scarcely necessary to point out whence these impurities arise—want of social refinement, the absence of literary men of a high class, of universities, of a cultivated bar or pulpit, and on the other hand the presence (in some cases) of an aboriginal population speaking a different tongue, are sufficient to account for them; but it is important to observe that the conditions favourable to their adoption in the mother country are greatly on the increase. It would take a long time for a strange word or phrase to get naturalised here by word of mouth alone; but vast quantities of printed matter now pour in daily from the very outskirts of civilisation; publishing travellers take pleasure in reproducing with minute accuracy all the uncouth and barbarous jargon that they hear uttered; and when printing once intervenes, there is no saying where an expression may be carried, or what favourable accidents may enable it to strike root and flourish. There seems at the same time to be an unhealthy passion for adoption on the part of the public. Two or three years ago nobody would have known what was meant by a Sensation Novel; yet now the term has already passed through the stage of jocular use (a stage in which other less lucky ones will sometimes remain for whole generations), and has been adopted as the regular commercial name for a particular product of industry for which there is just now a brisk demand. These considerations should put us on our guard, and induce us to be as surly and inhospitable as possible to all those strange sounds which come back to us like an Irish echo before we have uttered them ourselves.

With regard to magniloquence and misuse of words, the Dean remonstrates earnestly with the gentlemen who will talk of 'encountering an individual,' 'partaking of refreshment,' 'sustaining bereavement of a maternal relative,' and so forth. May his exhortations produce good fruit! It is true, no doubt, that folly, conceit, and ignorance are not peculiar to any age or any country; yet in matters of literature, the present times do seem to be specially marked by the boldness with which sciolists take the lead as *innovators*. The study of Language, as Professor Max Müller observes, is properly one of the physical sciences; but the difficulties of future philologers will be greatly increased by the intrusion into modern languages of changes and combinations which have got there by no natural process, but owing to conscious and wilful interference—chiefly, too, by those who have no business to interfere. A long list might be made of words which have been perverted from their legitimate use solely by the operation of ignorance in people

who have chosen to use them without knowing what they meant. It is true that this is to a certain extent one of the necessary consequences of the spread of literary education; nevertheless, an exhortation to modesty and caution in this respect is not a little needed, especially by those who take upon themselves the responsible office of public monitors and teachers. The profound scholar (for instance) who wrote *etceteræ* the other day in a newspaper, as an improvement upon *etceteras*, may be usefully reminded that his knowledge of the plural of *musa* has for once been too much for him. Not that professed 'literary men' are the sole offenders; everybody who can read now comes forward as a reformer. Thus, some philological ironmonger having discovered that *chandelier* is derived from *chandelle*, and holding himself fully qualified by education and position to take charge of the English language, has determined that the word is inapplicable where *gas* is used, and triumphantly imposes on us the new word *gasalier;* forgetting that he has retained half of the candle in the second syllable. Another man offers to supply the world with *gas apparata.* The word *Octoroon* (framed, we presume, in America) presents the same blunder as the gasalier; the *r* in *Quadroon* belongs to the root significative of *four*, and *Octoon* would have been a more proper form, according to analogy. But enough of these; it is needless (as Dr. Johnson expresses it in the Preface to Cymbeline) 'to waste criticism on unresisting im-'becility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross 'for aggravation.'

A few words of special remonstrance might also be usefully addressed to two classes of authors—the writers of fiction and the writers of history,—no satire is intended in placing them together. The gentlemen and ladies of the former class must now indulge in egotising prefaces, giving narratives of the circumstances under which their works were composed, and the considerations which led them to conduct the fable in this manner rather than in that; or making statements with all the formal accuracy of the specification of a patent, of the precise points in which the author claims the merit of originality. This practice, like some of the former ones, is not altogether new, but it is disagreeably on the increase.* Thus, such a one

* The example of Sir Walter Scott must not be cited in justification of these offences against good taste. His Prefaces (it should be remembered) did not accompany his novels when they originally came out; they are only literary gossip addressed to a public whom he assumed to be familiar with the books themselves. It is true that he forgot the case of future generations of readers.

will tell the reader, by way of enhancing the likelihood of his tale, that he had at first thought of making Lady Arabella marry Sir Reginald, but had afterwards determined on giving her to Walter, in order to enable him to introduce the death-scene, which he happened to have by him out of another manuscript (for which he is unable just at present to find a publisher); or that it may be interesting to know that down to last Tuesday he had absolutely not determined whether the will should prove to be a forgery or not. He will add, perhaps, that this tale is in some respects a new experiment in fiction; there being, so far as he is aware, no previous instance of a story in which a young man is represented as falling in love with two middle-aged ladies at once, and a middle-aged man with two young ladies at once. The same materials in other combinations may no doubt have been used by other writers, but of this special combination he claims the credit of being the sole inventor. Surely it is strange that a man with any respect for his art should thus destroy half his chance of touching the affections merely for the sake of indulging in a little trumpery gossip about himself and his intellect: how can a writer hope to move the passions who deliberately destroys that state of mind which he should foster, and takes pains to remind the reader that the incidents placed before him are neither the truth, nor due to the warm and easy flow of inspiration, but are the laboured product of cold calculation, the unloved progeny of a brain which feels no genial sympathy with its own creations?

To pass to the historians. Errors arising from ignorance, prejudice, or stupidity are not within our present province; but the student is now liable to be misled by a practice on the part of his teachers, which regular historical criticism does not, perhaps cannot, always deal with, and which, unless it be classed among faults of style, has some chance of escaping due reprobation altogether. We refer to the notion which authors now seem to entertain that it is necessary to make their works attractive by composing them in the style of historical novels, and introducing circumstantial details of all sorts on no better authority than their own imaginations. The historical romance is going out, but the romantic history is coming in. There are many modern historians, and those the most famous and popular, whose productions force one to ask at every turn, 'How can you know that?' Yet surely the first requisite in a history is that it should be true; and the writer who, for the sake of being called 'picturesque,' or 'graphic,' states one circumstance, however trivial, which he has not good

reason, on sufficient historical evidence, to believe to be true, shows himself incapable of understanding the duties of his vocation. If it is once to be admitted that an author may represent anything as having actually occurred, only because his fancy pictures to him that it may have occurred, all confidence is destroyed. How is the reader to know when the author is giving him fact, and when fiction? One would have thought that the unjustifiableness of such a practice was too obvious to require demonstration; yet it is sometimes justified on the plea of necessity—the necessity of making books 'readable.' This is the sort of necessity which compels grocers to sand their brown sugar. If you cannot make your history readable without inserting what is baseless, you had better try some other trade. Then it is said that everybody understands where the author is indulging his fancy, and where not. But that is not the case. Readers of high literary acumen, and well acquainted with the subject, may, indeed, often guess that there would be no answer to the 'how do you know that?'—but the great majority of readers are incapable of judging on such questions; and surely it is a monstrous doctrine that, while we are reading history, we are to be perpetually on our guard to separate that which we are intended to believe from that which is only intended for our amusement. It is obvious that, without any intention to deceive, an entirely false view of events and characters may be conveyed to the reader by the artificial light thus thrown over them.

A very flagrant instance of this sort of trickery has just been perpetrated by two very notorious offenders at the expense of the present Duke of Manchester and of the public. The Duke, with a due regard for the history of his family and the traditions of his house, seems to have thought it desirable that the papers collected at Kimbolton by successive members of the race of Montagu should be examined, and that such of them as are of historical interest should be prepared for publication. Family papers of this nature are the most valuable materials of history, provided they are placed before the reader in a plain, intelligible, and authentic form. The gentlemen whose assistance and literary skill the Duke of Manchester has generously acknowledged in the introduction to these volumes, unfortunately took a different view of their functions. Catharine of Aragon died at Kimbolton, and accordingly 'Donna 'Catalina of the golden hair' is made to flourish in her red locks and farthingales through a volume of semi-intelligible gibberish, from the half Moorish city of Alcalá de Henares, where she was born, to the secluded castle 'eight miles from a

'post town and nine miles from a railway line,' where she died. It is scarcely fair to the late Mr. James to say that this strange production is very inferior in point of taste and style to the worst of his once popular romances. It is simply history gone mad, and we very much regret that the Duke of Manchester's excellent intentions should have been so very injudiciously fulfilled. If 'liveliness' is only to be had on such terms as these, then welcome dulness, welcome dryness, welcome an old almanac, anything, provided one can be sure that it is what it professes to be, and that the author does not deem it any part of his business to cook or create his facts for the sake of being picturesque.

To return to our Dean: we cannot close this article better than by extracting a few lines from his general advice to his readers:—

'Be simple,' (he says) 'be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not *a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry*. . . . Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us; but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak: speak as you think.'

These last words contain the key-note of the whole theme. It is affectation which is the root of almost all offences against good language and good manners. The simple and uncouth expressions of a clown are far more nearly allied to the roots of our mother tongue than the highflown efforts of mannerists and euphemists; and people are never ridiculous as long as they are contented to remain themselves.

ART. III.—1. *Report on the Post Office.* 1854. Presented by both Houses of Parliament, by Command of Her Majesty. London: 1854.

2. *First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Reports of the Postmaster-General on the Post Office.* Presented by both Houses of Parliament, by Command of Her Majesty. London: 1855–63.

3. *Her Majesty's Mails: an Historical and Descriptive Account of the British Post Office, together with an Appendix.* By WILLIAM LEWINS. London: 1864.

4. *The British Postal Guide, containing the chief Public Regulations of the Post Office, with other Information.* Published quarterly by Command of the Postmaster-General.

A GENERATION has grown up since the adoption of Sir Rowland Hill's scheme of postal management, and habit has perhaps somewhat blunted the appreciation of the great comfort and advantage derived from it. Our younger readers, indeed, can have but a faint idea of the state of things preceding this great change, which was described in an article that appeared in this Journal immediately after the passing of the Penny Postage Act.* Then, the smallest letter from a distant part of the country cost eighteenpence and upwards; and even from a neighbouring town the charge was fourpence —a postage for which a letter is now conveyed from Shetland to Algeria: if the smallest enclosure was contained in it, the payment was doubled; thus, the great convenience of enclosing letters from third parties and other documents, and so avoiding the trouble of copying or paraphrasing them, was forbidden on pain of a heavy fine. The usages of society prohibited prepayment of letters; and consequently, it was compulsory either to forbear communication, or to impose an expense upon the correspondent which might be inconvenient or disagreeable to him. The difficulties that were thus constantly arising were in themselves a serious evil; for to avoid these annoyances, many persons wasted a large portion of their time in running about pestering Members of Parliament for franks—things the very name of which may be unknown to the young generation. That privilege, indeed, was a great abuse, since it freed the most influential classes from the postage tax, and thus made them the less sensible of its evils. How often the arrival of a letter has

* Edin. Rev. vol. lxx. p. 545.

forced a poor family—particularly one that had seen better days—to forego its dinner or submit to some other painful sacrifice, is melancholy to think of. But the habitual suppression of correspondence among the humbler classes was a still greater evil. A husband, constrained to work at a distance, was absolutely shut off from communication with his wife; and thus, sometimes, for long periods, neither party knew whether or not the other were living. Children under similar circumstances became completely separated from their parents, until the natural tie was often seriously weakened; while the most potent stimulus to education—the desire to correspond with those we love—was almost entirely withheld from the working classes. That commerce and industry were cramped by the impediments thus thrown in the way of communication, will be readily conceived; and though the evil was in some degree mitigated by the contraband conveyance of letters which prevailed to an enormous extent, that practice, necessitating as it did the daily breach of the law, was in itself deplorable.

The exorbitant rate of the impost defeated its own object; for we find that, notwithstanding the vast stride which the country took during the twenty years following the cessation of the war in 1815, both the gross and the nett revenue of the Post Office remained absolutely stationary, though a small increase took place between 1836 and the establishment of penny postage in 1840, attributable, it is believed, chiefly to the introduction of day-mails. Had the postal revenue kept pace with the growth of population, its increase would have amounted to half a million sterling; and had it advanced as rapidly as the analogous duty on stage-coaches, two millions would have been added to the returns.

These considerations had diminished the reputation acquired by the Post Office from the great comparative rapidity and certainty of its proceedings consequent on the improvements made by the celebrated Palmer in the latter part of the last century, and a Commission of Inquiry into its condition had then been long sitting, and had produced many reports. Mr. Wallace, too, in the House of Commons, persevered in urging postal improvements upon Government, and some minor ameliorations were made. Still the matter excited but little public interest. The reductions of postage and the improvements in communication which had been proposed, although undoubtedly beneficial, were not of a sufficiently large and striking character to arrest the attention of the nation.

But early in 1837, a pamphlet appeared under the title of 'Post Office Reform, by Rowland Hill' (it had before been

privately printed and circulated among the members of the Administration), which proposed a complete revolution in the system. The author showed that the cost of a letter to the Post Office might be divided into three parts—the receipt, the transmission, and the delivery; that the expense of transmission was so infinitesimally small (varying from one fifth to one thirty-sixth part of a penny) that it might be disregarded, and a uniform rate imposed, as the nearest practicable approach to absolute justice. The main features of his scheme were as follows: the abolition of the varying charges according to the distance travelled, and the establishment of a uniform postage of one penny* for inland letters; charging by weight instead of by single, double, &c.; prepayment of postage by means of stamps; simplification in the mechanism of the Department; increased frequency and speed in the despatch of mails, particularly in the metropolis; greater facilities for posting letters; the enlargement of the districts in which letters were brought to the houses (for at that time there were many populous places, including portions of important towns, having no delivery except at an extra charge); and the extension of postal facilities in the rural districts, where, indeed, they scarcely existed outside the post towns, there being, even in the fertile shire of Lincoln, tracts of country, each of them larger than the whole county of Middlesex, into which no servant of the Post Office ever entered. For effecting such a simplification in the operation of the Department as would

* A leading journal recently fell into the error of stating that Mr. Wallace had previously proposed a uniform penny rate of postage, though in an impracticable shape, and that to Sir R. Hill was only due the honour of suggesting a feasible mode of carrying this scheme into effect. Mr. Wallace had proposed many alterations in the postal services and in the rates of postage, but he never suggested a penny rate or a uniform rate, or anything like it. The last time he mentioned the subject in the House of Commons, before the appearance of 'Post Office Reform,' he proposed the adoption of a minimum charge of threepence, increasing according to distance up to a maximum of eightpence or ninepence. Mr. Wallace, however, was entitled to great credit; for when Sir R. Hill's scheme was broached, he relinquished his own plans and devoted his whole energies to its promotion. The latter gentleman was, undoubtedly, the original inventor of a uniform rate of postage. He had long felt that the charges were too high, both for the public convenience and for the interests of the revenue, and had made laborious investigations into the subject; after which the practicability and justice of a uniform penny rate burst upon his mind,—astonishing him, indeed, as much as it did everyone else when first propounded.

enable it, without much addition to the staff, to deal with the greatly increased number of letters which he expected would be produced by diminished charges and improved facilities, the projector relied on the abolition of the tedious practices of 'taxing' letters with the postage varying according to distance, and of looking through each at a lamp to detect enclosures (which his proposal of a uniform rate and charge by weight rendered feasible), and on the great saving of the time of the letter-carriers* that would be effected by prepayment, thus enabling each of those functionaries to deliver a far greater number of letters in the time.

So extraordinary were the allegations of fact made by this pamphlet, and so great and unprecedented were the changes it proposed, that, at the first blush, it looked like the dream of a visionary; but further consideration showed that its statements were strictly within the truth, and that its anticipations were based on solid grounds. The feeling, therefore, that the news was too good to be true, soon gave place to a conviction that the scheme was thoroughly sound and practicable, and that its adoption would confer great benefit upon the community without any serious permanent loss to the revenue.

Before the published edition of the pamphlet appeared, the Royal Commissioners of Inquiry into the Management of the Post Office, who had been sitting from time to time since 1833, showed their good sense by calling the author before them, and examining him; and in the autumn of 1837, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to investigate and report upon the scheme. This Committee examined many other witnesses, leading merchants and bankers of the City of London, and influential persons of all classes from various parts of the country, as well as the Postmaster-General (Lord Lichfield) and several of the principal officers of the Department. Cogent evidence was adduced to prove the great evils inflicted upon commerce and upon the interests of all classes by the hinderance to communication caused by exorbitant postage, and also the enormous extent to which the smuggling of letters was carried. After a long, careful, and laborious investigation, the Committee reported in favour of the scheme, expressing their opinion that its adoption would not, after a temporary depression, occasion any loss; but as the terms of their appointment

* Under the old system the letter-carrier not only had to wait until his knock at the door was answered and he had delivered the letter—a delay now in most cases obviated by the letter-box—but while money for the postage was being found, and sometimes until a visit had been made to several neighbours to borrow it.

precluded them from recommending a step which would cause even a transient diminution of revenue, they proposed a two-penny rate. The Commissioners of Post Office Inquiry had already recommended that the plan should be tried in what was then called the London Twopenny Post. Meanwhile the project had become extremely popular with all classes of the community, from the influential London merchants, who established a committee which did excellent service in spreading information on the subject, down to the humblest artisans and labourers; and Parliament was inundated with petitions demanding the immediate adoption of penny postage. At last, in the spring of 1839, Lord Melbourne's Administration saw that the time was come for yielding to the voice of the people, and introduced a Bill, authorising the adoption of the changes Sir R. Hill had proposed, which passed through Parliament by large majorities; and thus, within two years and a half from the first broaching of the scheme, penny postage became the law of the land.

A great victory had been gained; an unofficial individual, who had scarcely entered a post office in his life, had succeeded in convincing the nation that he was far better acquainted—not only with the principles which ought to regulate a most important public department, but with the actual details of its working—than were those who had spent their lives in the service, and he had induced Parliament to adopt his project contrary to their advice and vaticinations of evil. Still this was but the first step. The adoption of the scheme was authorised by Parliament; but the great task of converting it into a successful working system remained to be performed. To leave the plan to be carried into effect by the officers of the Department, who had opposed it tooth and nail and had repeatedly foretold its failure, would have been to run a serious risk of bringing about that result; for where prophets have the power to fulfil their own predictions, they must be almost more than human if they refrain, particularly when all that is needed to accomplish that result is to take care not to be zealous in promoting the success they do not desire. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. (now Sir Francis Thornhill) Baring, therefore, wisely entered into an arrangement with the projector to undertake the duty of aiding the Treasury (to which department the Post Office is subordinate) with his advice in bringing the measure into operation. Sir R. Hill set to work with his wonted energy, and soon completed arrangements for the requisite changes; so that on the 12th of November the Lords of the Treasury were enabled to issue a warrant reducing the

postage on all inland letters, previously liable to a higher charge, to a uniform rate of fourpence per half-ounce, to take effect from the 1st of December following*; and, on the 10th of January 1840, the charge was further reduced to one penny per half ounce for prepaid letters, with a double rate on such as were posted unpaid. Thus the two most prominent features of Sir R. Hill's scheme—uniform penny postage and charge by weight—were introduced.

The prepayment was at first made in money at the offices, the arrangements for supplying the public with postage-stamps not being completed. And this was perhaps fortunate; for stamps formed one of the features of the plan most fiercely attacked by its opponents, and that to which the public feeling in general was least inclined. But a few months' experience of the annoyance of prepayment in money effectually reconciled all parties to the stamps, the advent of which was hailed as a deliverance from the necessity of fighting one's way through a crowd to the post-office window, and perhaps failing at last to get one's letter received in time for the despatch.

When the old exorbitant fourpenny stamp duty on newspapers was about to be removed, Mr. Charles Knight proposed that the postage on those publications should be paid by means of stamped wrappers; and subsequently Mr. Charles Whiting claimed to have made the same suggestion at an earlier period. The idea which Mr. Knight had thrown out for newspapers Sir R. Hill adopted for letters.† It is remarkable that at first

* Respecting this measure Mr. Lewins, the author of 'Her Majesty's 'Mails' (which we strongly recommend to those who wish to be fully informed on the subject, as an interesting and generally accurate account of the history and working of the Post Office, written by a gentleman employed in the Travelling Office Branch,) has fallen into an error of some importance in charging the Government with an intention to establish a fourpenny instead of a penny rate. The step was taken with the full concurrence, if not at the instance of, Sir R. Hill, as a means of accustoming the officers to the uniform rate and charge by weight, before the great rush of letters came.

† Mr. Lewins erroneously states that Sir R. Hill adopted the idea of stamps from the evidence given before the Royal Commissioners on the Post Office. It is true, as Mr. Lewins observes, that stamps are not mentioned in the first impression of 'Post Office Reform;' the idea of using them for the prepayment of letters suggested itself to the author's mind after he had sent out the privately printed pamphlet (a copy of which Mr. Lewins appears to have seen), but before he was examined by the Commission. He first proposed the use of stamps in his evidence before that body, describing both the cover and the adhesive label. See 'Ninth Report of the Commissioners appointed to

public attention was mainly directed to the stamped covers, while the label was little noticed; yet, though the former have never been extensively used in this country, and abroad scarcely at all, labels are adopted by almost every civilised State in the world, including even the Sandwich Islands. The public took a long time to learn the use of stamps, and so late as 1850 one third of the letters was still prepaid in coin; but ultimately, arrangements having been made for the constant sale of stamps at all post offices, prepayment in money was forbidden.

The stamps were originally obliterated at the Post Office with the red ink used for the post-mark (technically called the date-stamp); but it was ere long discovered that this could be easily removed. Printers' ink was tried, but was soon found not to be indelible. Application was then made to eminent chemists, who produced divers inks. These gentlemen were set to expunge each other's compositions, and, thus stimulated, succeeded in discovering for every ink an agent capable of removing it with comparative ease. At last it occurred to Sir R. Hill that, although each of the compositions had some substance which loosened it, the expunging agents were different, and that, by mingling several of the inks, an article might be produced, which none of the solvents could affect; and this device proved successful. As an additional security, the firm black engravers' ink of the label was exchanged for the red fugitive composition still used, in order that the means employed to remove the obliteration should also destroy the engraving.

The features of the scheme thus put into action were those which had most attracted the public attention, but they by no means formed the whole of it. Upon the plan in its entirety did the projector rely, both for affording to the public the full amount of benefit, and for preserving the revenue from great loss. And a vital part of the scheme was the *improvement of facilities*—increasing the frequency and speed, both of the long mails and of the local despatches, particularly in the London districts; giving greater accommodation for posting and delivering letters, especially in the rural neighbourhoods; and enforcing economy in the expenditure. After what had taken place in Parliament, it was of course impossible to prevent the introduction of penny postage with its indispensable concomitants—charge by weight and prepayment; but the *vis inertiæ*

'inquire into the Management of the Post Office Department' (1837), pp. 7 and 32–33. Prepayment of postage by stamps formed part of the plan as set forth in the first *published* edition of 'Post Office 'Reform.'

or passive resistance of the Department—particularly after the advent to office of the Conservative party, who (probably from the fact that the popularity of the measure had been enjoyed by their opponents, while to them had fallen the task of making up the temporary loss to the revenue) looked with disfavour both on the system and its author—prevented much progress from being made in the introduction of the other portions of the plan, notwithstanding the increased efforts of the projector, who was constantly calling the Chancellor of the Exchequer's attention to the injury inflicted on the revenue and the interests of the letter-writing public. At that time few of the facilities and simplified arrangements comprised in the plan had been introduced. The rural neighbourhoods still remained destitute of postal accommodation. Many important portions of the country were without day mails. The deliveries of the metropolitan letters were few and far between, and those posted early in the afternoon did not reach the immediate suburbs until the following morning—not, indeed, until they would have arrived at their destination had they been addressed to Manchester or Leeds—while the old absurdity of sending out the district and the general letters by distinct letter-carriers, who thus must have often met each other at the same door, still remained.* No step had been taken towards the division of the metropolis into districts, within which letters should be received and dealt with, without passing through the central office in St. Martin's-le-Grand; a measure early proposed by Sir R. Hill, and which was indispensable to secure a speedy transit of local letters and a prompt delivery of those from a distance. There was no book-post to enable printed matter and MS. to be sent at a moderate charge. Although a system of registration of letters containing valuables had been established, the fee, one shilling, was so high as to almost prohibit the public from availing themselves of the security; and thus the melancholy spectacle of the conviction and punishment of the unhappy victims of temptation was constantly recurring. The staff of sorters and letter-carriers was kept up to the strength employed under the old cumbrous system, although the work at that time by no means sufficed to give them full employment; and thus the expenditure was unduly enhanced. In many minor respects, also, extravagance was combined with disregard of the public accommodation.

In spite, however, of these drawbacks, and the great depression

* This anomaly did not disappear entirely until 1854, when the Inland and London District offices were united.

of trade under which the country was then suffering, the number of letters passing through the Post Office had by 1842 increased to 208 millions, and the nett revenue, which it had been prophesied would be entirely swept away, amounted to 561,000*l.* At last, whether wearied with Sir R. Hill's disturbance of the official *dolce far niente*, or, as was rumoured at the time, urged on by a personal intrigue, Sir Robert Peel's Government, in the summer of 1842, thought proper to put an end to his engagement, although he entreated to be permitted to supervise the completion of his system without salary; and thus the new system, while in a very imperfect state, was left entirely to the care of those whose credit was involved in its failure. The effect of this unjust and ill-judged measure, which was, we must say, entirely at variance with the character and conduct of Sir Robert Peel in other matters, was to interrupt and suspend for five years the progress of Post Office Reform.

The proceedings of the Post Office after Sir R. Hill's departure by no means tended to allay the public suspicion that the great experiment was not receiving a fair trial. Arrangements most inconvenient to correspondents were made —among others we remember a regulation that letters to Australia *viâ* India should be addressed to some person in the latter country, who should receive the letter, pay threepence upon it, and repost it! But a deliberate attempt to discredit penny postage was made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goulburn, who stated in Parliament that the Post Office was not paying its expenses, although the printed returns showed a nett revenue of between 500,000*l.* and 600,000*l.* This statement Mr. Goulburn supported by the ingenious process of debiting the Department with the expense of the packets. For a very long series of years that service had been under the management of the Admiralty, to which the expenditure on its behalf had been charged; and as many of the packets cost several fold the aggregate of the postage of all the letters carried by them (being employed doubtless for reasons of state, independent of postal considerations) this practice was not unreasonable. A return by the Post Office to Parliament, wherein an attempt was made to show that the nett revenue was all derived from the foreign and colonial letters, the produce of which was enhanced at the expense of the inland correspondence, exhibited a similar animus. This document, however, fortunately contained the data for its own refutation; since, on dividing the revenue assigned to the inland letters (after making the necessary deductions for late letters, fees, &c.), the quotient

was almost exactly one penny each,—a result, considering the large number of heavy letters, palpably absurd.

Under these circumstances, Sir R. Hill, in the Session of 1843, presented a petition to Parliament for inquiry; and a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to investigate the subject. Before this body the petitioner sustained his allegations by evidence which was not broken down by the witnesses (including the Postmaster-General and the Secretary) examined on behalf of the Post Office. It was proved also that the public had derived very great benefits from the new system. The contraband conveyance of correspondence had almost wholly ceased. The great increase in the letters delivered in the poorer districts of our towns showed that the humbler classes were availing themselves of the facilities afforded them. Adult schools had become crowded with persons learning to write; in Edinburgh, a mother, allured by the desire to answer the letters her children had sent her since the establishment of cheap postage, had actually begun to acquire the art of writing at the age of forty-five, and was attending school assiduously. Even in the most backward rural districts, children were learning to write and were acting as amanuenses to their parents. The facilities afforded by cheap postage had enabled enterprising publishers to bring forth valuable works which would, they declared, have been otherwise impossible. The secretary of the Parker Society, which did much good service in printing the works of the English Reformers, stated that that association could not have existed under the old postal system. Mr. Laing, the celebrated traveller, pronounced penny postage to be a more potent engine of education than the far-famed Prussian system of national instruction. The business of the Money-Order Department had increased twenty-fold. Invoices, which used to be always enclosed in the packages, were now sent by post; remittances of money were always acknowledged, and other important commercial advantages had accrued. Ultimately, the Committee decided not to report on the matter, which, considering that the majority were supporters of the Administration, was in effect giving the victory to the petitioner. They expressed a confident anticipation that that gentleman's 'propositions would 'receive the fullest consideration' from the Treasury and the Post Office. For some years, however, Sir R. Hill shared the fate of most of his predecessors in the path of Post Office amendment, being condemned to official neglect; but on the advent to power of Lord John Russell's Administration in 1846, he was appointed Secretary to the Postmaster-General,

an office created for him. Colonel Maberly remained Secretary to the Post Office.

The course of improvement, which had been so much obstructed, now began to flow more freely. The Money-Order Office soon engaged the attention of Sir R. Hill. The institution of this branch was suggested in 1792 by two officers of the Post Office in answer to a demand from the Government for some mode of enabling soldiers and sailors to make remittances to their families. It was, however, originally established as a private undertaking of those officers under the firm of Stow and Company, and it was not made entirely official until 1838. The enormous charges—eightpence in the pound, with the addition of a Government stamp duty of two shillings when the remittance exceeded two pounds—together with the *double* postage at the then high rates which the sending of a money-order entailed, prevented much business being done; and, even though the rates of commission were subsequently somewhat reduced, comparatively little progress had been made before the establishment of penny postage; for in 1839 the whole amount of the money-orders was only 313,000*l.* We remember, in that year, having occasion to pay a visit to this office, which after some difficulty we found in St. Martin's-le-Grand, having climbed a high flight of stairs and passed along some intricate passages. There were, we believe, three clerks, who seemed to be by no means overburdened with business, although no other establishment of the kind existed in the metropolis.

However, in 1840, soon after the introduction of penny postage, the necessity of diminishing the temptation set before the officers by the numerous money-letters passing through the Post Office, caused this branch to be placed on an entirely different footing. The commission was reduced from sixpence to threepence for remittances under two pounds, and, for those under five pounds, from one shilling and sixpence to sixpence. Money-order offices were opened at nearly all the post towns (and afterwards at many sub-posts) and in many parts of the metropolis, and the method of issuing and paying them was simplified. This mode of sending small sums of money soon became very popular among all classes, particularly the poor, who before had no secure means of making remittances, and were frequently put to great straits. Husbands working at a distance were now enabled to send home their earnings for the support of their families; sons and daughters pushing their way in the world could assist their aged parents; and, generally, the helpful were no longer prevented by distance from rendering that aid to the necessitous which, to their great honour, it is

the disposition of the poor to afford. The result was an enormous increase in the business of the Money-Order branch. In 1839 there were 188,921 orders issued remitting 313,124*l.*, while in 1841 the orders numbered 1,552,845, amounting to 3,127,507*l.*; and since that time the business has rapidly grown, until in the year 1863, 7,956,794 orders were issued, amounting to 16,493,793*l.*!

After some time the vast increase in the money-orders necessitated the removal of the head office of that branch from the General Post Office to a spacious building erected for the purpose in Aldersgate Street; but even this soon became insufficient to give room for the clerks employed in transacting the business. The branch also was conducted at a loss, the expenditure upon it exceeding the total commission received, while the accounts were greatly in arrear. Although the staff of clerks was very large and was kept working overtime, it had been necessary to engage many auxiliaries to get through the pressing work, and yet the accounts had never been properly balanced since the introduction of penny postage. In 1847, however, an entire reformation of the system was effected, the processes being so simplified that the temporary assistants were all dispensed with and the extra work of the permanent clerks abolished; and, so far from the accounts being hopelessly in arrear, they were balanced daily. The staff also was found to be far in excess of the requirements of the work, and was reduced by forbearing to fill up vacancies as they occurred, and by the removal of many of the officers to other branches of the Department. The extent of the improvements thus effected may be judged of from the fact that, whereas in 1847, 226 clerks were employed in the Money-Order Office with much overtime, in 1860 the number was 112 only, with no extra work; although, had the staff increased in proportion to the business transacted, 430 would have been needed in the latter year. Corresponding improvements were made in the provincial and sub-offices, and other savings effected, as by substituting the present small light money-order for the cumbrous document used theretofore. The practical effect of these improvements was, that the branch, which in 1847 showed a debtor balance of 10,000*l.*, became self-supporting, and soon began to yield a profit, which has rapidly increased, and now amounts to about 30,000*l.* a year. Some of the safeguards against fraud that, with commendable caution, were adopted in the earlier days of the institution, being found unnecessary, have been from time to time abandoned, and thus the system has been made more convenient to the public without any harm arising; for the

whole amount of defalcations during ten years amounted to but 267*l*. The head offices (those of the post towns) communicate directly with each other in money-order business, but the sub-posts advise through their head offices. A certain small portion of money-orders (amounting to about 2,000*l*. yearly) never come up for payment, the amount they represent being transferred to the fund for aiding the officers of the Department to insure their lives.

Money-orders are now granted at 3,005 offices in the United Kingdom, so that there is scarcely a market-town which does not possess one, and the larger cities have several. Indeed, in the more populous districts, they are scattered thickly. It is difficult to conceive the amount of public benefit which these establishments betoken: the convenience afforded to commerce is a highly important consideration; but that sinks almost into insignificance when compared to the blessings enjoyed by the labouring classes, the thousands, aye, millions, which they are thus enabled to save from waste and devote to the best of purposes!

The Post Office has been frequently urged to reduce the commission upon the smaller orders. It is found, however, that those not exceeding two pounds, upon which threepence is charged, cause a loss to the Department, all the profit being realised on the larger remittances; and it clearly would not be just to the community in general to carry on any branch of the business at a serious loss. Some concessions, however, have been made recently, as the permission to remit sums of ten pounds in single orders. The remittance of small sums by postage stamps—always a common practice—is now specially authorised, and the postmasters are allowed to give money in exchange for them, making a small charge for commission.

The advantages of the money-order system have within the last few years been extended to most of the colonies, of course at a somewhat higher rate of commission; and thus the facilities which have proved so beneficial to the hardworking poor placed at a distance from their relatives in this country, are extended to them when they emigrate.

The Post Office savings' banks may be looked upon as, in some sort, an extension of the money-order system. Something of the kind was recommended by Mr. Whitbread so long ago as 1806; but the absence of any adequate machinery for working it prevented the adoption of the proposal. The lamentable frauds by officers of savings' banks, whereby the depositors have been so often robbed of their hard-earned accumulations, and the growth of prudence and forethought checked, had

caused a general desire that Government should assume the responsibility of these institutions, which would of course involve their being placed under the strict supervision of the Crown; and Bills have been brought into Parliament for the purpose; but, owing to opposition from managers of savings' banks, and other impediments, these measures all failed to pass into law, and it seemed that the attainment of the momentous object of affording to the poor the security of Government for their savings was hopeless.

Again, the difficulties in establishing savings' banks of the old class were so great that these institutions were not very widely spread; thus, in 1861, there were only 638 in the United Kingdom; and in fourteen counties they were entirely wanting. Even in England, where the system was most developed, twenty-four towns, with a population each of 10,000 or upwards, were without a savings' bank; 355 of the banks did business but once a week, and that for a few hours; and only twenty were open every day and all day. This deficiency of accommodation, coupled with the doubts cast by the failures on the security of the banks, will account for the fact that their deposits did not increase in a ratio corresponding with the growth of prosperity, wealth, and intelligence in the country.

In 1860, however, Mr. Sykes, a gentleman employed in the savings' bank of Huddersfield, conceived the idea of using the money-order offices as a means of gathering the savings of the people and transmitting them to a central bank. Owing to want of acquaintance with the working of the Post Office, the plan he suggested was not of a practical character; besides which, his proposal to limit the deposits to sums of one pound and upwards would have greatly curtailed the benefit of the measure. Mr. Gladstone, to whom Mr. Sykes communicated his project, forwarded it to the Post Office, where the great value of the idea was at once perceived, and a scheme elaborated which, when the requisite legal authority had been obtained by a measure carried through Parliament by Mr. Gladstone, was adopted in 1861. Many offices were opened in England in the autumn of that year, and in the following February the system was extended to Ireland and Scotland. At present, nearly all the money-order offices are also savings' banks, numbering about 2,100 in England, and 900 in Ireland and Scotland; altogether, more than four times as many as those on the old principle. It will be readily understood how great an impulse this change must impart to the growth of economy and forethought among the poorer classes, the great bulk of whom have now always within easy reach a

perfectly safe place where they can put by sums so low as one shilling; and when their deposits have accumulated to a pound, they obtain interest at the rate of two and a half per cent. per annum. Only seventy of the new banks have failed to obtain depositors. At the end of 1863, 367,000 accounts had been opened, of which 317,000 remained; and, in March last, the deposits amounted to 40,000*l.* weekly, while the withdrawals were only one third of that sum. Altogether, 4,702,000*l.* have been placed in the Post-Office savings' banks, of which 3,376,000*l.* are now standing to the credit of the depositors. A considerable portion of this sum has been transferred from the old institutions by deposit certificates or otherwise, but the major part of the amount would probably not have found its way to them. Friendly and benefit societies, and penny banks, are allowed to invest in the Post-Office establishments. The trustees and managers of several of the old banks, finding that these were no longer necessary to promote the welfare of their poorer neighbours, have preferred to relieve themselves of the trouble and responsibility of these undertakings by winding them up and transferring the deposits to the Post Office; and last Session an Act of Parliament was passed to facilitate this operation.

In these Post-Office Banks the mode of proceeding is as simple as it is satisfactory. On making the first deposit, under the new arrangements, an account-book, containing all the necessary printed regulations, is presented to the depositor, in which is entered his name, address, and occupation. The amount of each payment is written in by the postmaster, and an impression of the date-stamp of the office placed opposite the entry, thus making every transaction strictly official. At the close of each day's business, the postmaster sends to London a full account of the deposits made. By return of post an acknowledgment is received by each depositor in the shape of a separate letter from the head office, the Postmaster-General thus becoming responsible for the amount. If such a letter does not arrive within ten days from the date of the deposit, an inquiry is instituted, and the error rectified. When a depositor wishes to withdraw any of his money, he has only to apply to the nearest office for the necessary printed form, and to fill it up, stating his name and address, where his money is deposited, the amount he wishes to withdraw, and the place where it is to be paid; and by return of post he will receive a warrant, in which the postmaster named is authorised to pay the sum applied for. In this respect, Post-Office savings' banks offer peculiar advantages.

A depositor, for instance, visiting London and having—as he may easily do—run short of ready money, can, with a little timely notice to the authorities, draw out, through any of the hundred new banks in the metropolis, sufficient for his needs. Again, a person leaving one town for another may, without any expense, and no more trouble than a simple notice, have his account transferred to his future home, and continue it there under circumstances precisely similar to those to which he has been accustomed. Thus the depositor is almost in the position of a customer in a bank possessing branches all over the United Kingdom, which permits him to draw as he pleases upon the central office or any of its branches—advantages afforded by no existing private or joint-stock bank. Last year this power was largely used, there being no fewer than 20,872 deposits and 15,842 withdrawals made under these circumstances, e. g. at places where the depositor is temporarily residing. Under the old system, a man could only effect a transfer of his account from Sheffield to Leeds by withdrawing it from the one bank under the usual long notice, and taking it to the other; thus running the risk of losing his money, or, perhaps, of spending it.

Twenty months ago, a man might be the length of an English county distant from a bank for savings. Under the present arrangement, there are few persons who have not a money-order office within a dozen miles, while nine-tenths of the entire community will find the necessary accommodation at their very doors. Again, the expenses of management—amounting to a shilling in the old banks for each transaction, against something like half that amount in the new—will not allow of the former being opened but at a few stated periods during the week. The Post-Office savings' bank, attached as it is to the money-order office, is open to the public full eight hours of every working day. Sums not below one shilling, and amounts not exceeding thirty pounds in one year, may be placed in these banks; depositors are not put to any expense for books, postage, &c., and interest is allowed at 2½ per cent., which is all that Government can pay without loss. This low rate of interest will not, however, much check the disposition to deposit in the banks, except where more advantageous investments are at hand, such as, at Rochdale and some other places, are afforded by well-established and safe co-operative stores. Whatever may be the truth of the fashionable teaching of political economists—that desire of receiving interest is the mother of saving—the doctrine applies with little force to the poor. Persons experienced in penny banks state that deposits

are made quite as freely in those which allow no interest, as where that inducement is accorded. Indeed, it is the *principal* that the poor man thinks of when he puts by his earnings. He well knows that, while the money remains in his pocket, it is in great danger of being spent, lost, or borrowed; and if it is put up safely and returned to him when want of employment or illness brings need, he feels, as one of the Kensington pottery men said to Mrs. Bailey, 'as if it was given to him.'

The night mails—i. e. those leaving London in the evening and arriving there early in the morning, and which were, until 1838 the only, and are still by far the most important, despatches—run, as they have very long done, daily throughout the year; but letters from London are not sent by them on Sundays, nor any which would reach the metropolis on that day. Until 1849, even the *through letters*—those travelling through London, as from Bath to Dover—were not passed on until Monday. The effect of this arrangement was to seriously delay this class of correspondence, and also to occasion much Sunday work in the country offices, where various expedients were adopted to send letters otherwise than through London. In 1849 it was determined that *forward* bags should be opened on Sunday, and their contents despatched by the down night mails. The only labour entailed by this measure was that of about twenty-five officers who attended at St. Martin's-le-Grand from eight to ten in the morning to deal with the comparatively small number of letters in question. This work was performed by volunteers, and it was the means of relieving from Sunday duty 5,829 persons in the provinces. Nevertheless a violent outcry was raised by a class of persons who, however intelligent many of them are on other subjects, seem to lose the power of reasoning when certain questions are mooted. The proposed change was assailed as an attempt to introduce the collection and despatch of letters in London on Sunday, and, indeed, to destroy all regard for the Lord's Day and for the Christian religion. An agitation was got up among the *unco gude*, and the many well-meaning persons who put faith in them, all over the kingdom; and as nothing particularly interesting happened to be stirring in home or foreign politics, this question, strange as it may appear, became the topic of the day. Although the Post Office authorities were never induced to restore the old absurd state of things as to the through correspondence, a motion was made in the House of Commons for an address to Her Majesty to stop the postal delivery all over the country on Sunday, which, owing to many members being engaged that night at a court ball—an

attraction not likely to allure the pious coadjutors of the mover —was carried by a considerable majority. Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, resolved to punish the House of Commons for its bigotry by granting its prayers. But the great inconvenience experienced in all parts of the country by the non-arrival of the accustomed letters and newspapers on Sunday morning produced great and general dissatisfaction. Then it appeared that the active noisy party which had seemed so formidable, was but a small portion of the nation. The popular voice having spoken out unmistakeably against the innovation, Sunday delivery was restored, and the question has never since been mooted. For many years past, acting on the principle that no labour save what is necessary for the comfort of the public should be done on the Lord's Day, much Sunday work in the country offices has been dispensed with; and in places where the inhabitants prefer that course, house delivery has been discontinued, the letters being given out at the office to those who think proper to apply for them.

In 1848 a valuable boon was accorded to the public in the establishment of the Book-post. Until that time, save newspapers and Parliamentary proceedings, all packets were charged the letter postage of twopence per ounce; but now a single volume might be sent to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of sixpence per pound; and, subsequently, by various alterations, all printed matter and MS. (not letters), also maps with their rollers, &c., have passed at one penny per quarter pound; and since last autumn patterns of merchandise have paid rates nearly similar. This is an accommodation which neither the Railway Companies nor the carriers could give to the public, since their organisation does not extend into the villages, nor could they afford to deliver even in the towns the smaller parcels, at the rates charged by the Post Office. The book-post has been gradually extended to all the colonies.

In 1854 a Commission which had been charged to inquire into the Post Office Establishment made their report, recommending many important changes—in the mode of appointing the officers, and in their duties, status, and promotion; in the arrangement of the offices; and in the accounts. They advised that promotion should be by merit, instead of by seniority or favour, and that some officers whom the old system had raised to posts above their abilities should be reduced in position; though, respecting vested rights, they expressed an opinion that those persons should retain their old salaries. A system of classes among the clerks and other officers was recommended, with different scales of remuneration, the promotion from class

to class to be according to merit. Other important changes were proposed, as that the appointment of persons from the outside as sorters should cease, and that letter-carriers should rise by service and good conduct to that duty. They recommended also that every officer should be entitled to a yearly holiday and to a superannuation allowance. Theretofore the local postmasterships had been in the gift of the Treasury, while the subordinates of those officers were appointed by the Postmaster-General; thus, as neither that personage nor his local deputies could be held responsible for those under their command, the Commissioners proposed that the Postmaster-General should select the local postmasters out of the Department, and that those persons, subject to certain restrictions, should appoint their assistants. The competency of all officers was to be tested by examination before admission to the service, and a limit of age was prescribed. The Report suggested also important reforms in the books (many of which were still kept as they had been in Queen Anne's time), and particularly that the local postmasters should account weekly, instead of only quarterly, as theretofore. The measure so long ago suggested by Sir R. Hill, the union of the Inland Office with the London District Office, was advised. In pursuance of a Treasury minute of July 1854, the suggestions of this Report were carried into effect with but slight modification, and the Department was consequently put into a state of great efficiency. The Commission had recommended the abolition of the double secretariat; and therefore, Colonel Maberly having accepted an appointment in the Audit Office, Sir R. Hill was made Secretary to the Post Office, and was thus placed in a position far more favourable for completing his plan.

Sir R. Hill had long felt that the metropolis is too large to be treated as one post-town, involving the bringing of all correspondence, local and general, to the central office, there to be sorted and sent out for distribution,—a course which caused most of the letters to be seriously delayed, as for instance those posted at Bayswater for Kensington, Oxford Street for the Regent's Park, &c. Again, experience has shown that the principle that large concerns can be conducted at a less proportionate expense than small ones, has its limits as regards post offices. Such an establishment ceases to be at its maximum of economy when it becomes too extensive for the head to manage without corresponding in writing with his subordinates; and it has been found desirable to divide even the larger provincial towns into postal districts, though this has been done without making any changes requiring the co-operation of the public.

Although the division of the metropolis was early proposed by Sir R. Hill, no steps were taken to carry it into effect until towards 1856, in which year the plan was brought into partial operation, and has now for some time been completed. A division was then made of the whole of the area within the twelve-mile circle into ten districts, each having a head office (St. Martin's-le-Grand being the head of the Eastern Central District), to which letters, &c. from the receiving houses and sub-posts are brought and dealt with as at a post-town, those addressed to places within the district being at once sent to their destinations. Each District office makes up bags for the others and communicates directly with the provinces. This change was not made without great care and anxious consideration, particularly in dividing the town and placing the offices so as to make the circulation as convenient as possible. The establishment of the District offices has enabled the delivery of correspondence, both local and general, to be greatly facilitated. Thus a letter from Portland Place to Soho Square had formerly to travel to St. Martin's-le-Grand and back, a distance of four or five miles, while now it would merely go from the receiving house to the Western District Office in Vere Street, and thence to Soho Square, little more than one mile. It will be seen, and indeed every Londoner knows by experience, how much the exchange of letter and answer must be expedited, particularly now that there are twelve deliveries daily in the three-mile circle instead of six, as was the case some years ago, and those in the suburbs have been increased. Up to 1856 the annual growth of local letters in the Metropolitan District averaged only $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.; since that year it has exceeded 7, and in 1858 reached 12 per cent., while the letters now passing from one part of London to another are more than the whole number delivered in the United Kingdom in 1839. At each railway terminus whence night mails are despatched, there is a box in which letters for such mails bearing an extra sixpence worth of stamps may be posted so late as within a quarter of an hour of the time fixed for the train to start.

Although the application of the penny rate of postage to foreign and colonial correspondence was impossible, still, at the introduction of the new system, a great work was to be done in reforming this branch of the postal service,—a work, too, much more difficult than improving the inland department; for here nothing could be effected but with the concurrence of a foreign power—sometimes of two or three—or of the government of a colony. The ignorance, and occasionally even unfairness and jealousy, which had to be encountered in negotiating arrange-

ments of this kind, made the task a most arduous one to the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Frederic Hill, to whom this duty, as well as the supervision of the Packet Service, fell.*

The foreign and colonial rates, under the old system, were proportionately as exorbitant as the inland charges. Thus a letter from London to Paris cost one shilling and eight pence, and to Marseilles two shillings and a penny. Soon after the introduction of the new system the postage to France was reduced to a rate of eightpence and tenpence, varying according to distance, and in 1854 the present uniform rate of fourpence per quarter-ounce for a letter passing between any part of the United Kingdom and any part of France and Algeria was established. In 1858, the postage of letters sent by private ship to any part of the world was reduced to a uniform rate of sixpence.

Constant endeavours have been made by the Department to reduce the rates of postage to foreign countries and to increase and accelerate the despatches and improve the facilities, and, on the whole, with great success, though much still remains to be done. In making these arrangements, certain leading principles have been kept in view. The rule that the postage should be equitably shared between this and the foreign State has been pertinaciously adhered to; although it has occasionally caused a beneficial arrangement to be postponed, sometimes indefinitely. As the amount in dispute is often not very large, an immediate benefit to commerce and intercourse might be gained by disregarding this rule. But if an undue concession were made to one State, others would claim it also; and thus, unless the lion's share were conceded to the foreigner as a rule, great obstacles would be placed in the way of further treaties. In the long run, the general postal interests of the world are best served by adhering firmly to sound principles.

In negotiating a treaty, moderate rates of postage—nearly always a reduction—are urged, as also encouragement of prepayment by placing the penalty of a higher rate on unpaid letters. The book-post, the registration of letters, and other accommodations, are usually proposed for adoption. The principle of uniformity in arrangements is always kept in view, so that there may be as little complexity as possible to puzzle the

* Complaints are frequently made against the Post Office of the charges and arrangements relating to foreign letters. It should be remembered, however, that these matters are not within the power of the Postmaster-General, who has no authority in foreign countries, nor—save in Malta and Gibraltar—even in the British possessions.

public. It is thought wise to insert into each treaty a power to terminate it by short notice, so that modifications may be made from time to time as circumstances demand.

A year seldom passes without conventions being made embodying, more or less, the foregoing principles. France, Portugal, Italy, Sweden, the German Postal League, and several minor States, have recently entered into improved arrangements, while negotiations have been conducted with the United States and other countries. The United States stands out for a large share of the postage on the ground of the great internal distances which letters travel in that country; but it has been proved that the bulk of the correspondence from this side is addressed to places within three or four hundred miles of New York and Boston, where the mails are landed, while the American Post Office does not deliver letters at private houses except for an extra payment.

The high rates charged by some countries for the transit of letters through them is a serious obstacle to the reduction of postage. One and eightpence per ounce was formerly paid for the mere transit of the Indian letters between Calais and Marseilles, although they went by the ordinary mail trains of the country; and the rate is still tenpence, or fivefold what is here paid for inland letters carried any distance, and including receipt and delivery. Consequently, the bulk of the mail goes by Gibraltar; and thus France probably receives less than what she would get by moderate charges. The rates on letters passing to other countries, although reduced by the postal convention of 1856, are still very high. Belgium is more moderate in her demands. A postal congress, attended by representatives from most civilised States, sat at Paris last year; but, as yet, without results of much importance. The example set by this country in reducing charges, and otherwise improving the postal service, has been followed by most civilised nations, in several of which a uniform inland rate has been established.

In improving postal communications with the colonies, principles have been acted upon similar to those adopted with respect to foreign countries; for nearly all the colonies have now popular constitutions, and manage their own affairs. Still, for obvious reasons, the difficulties to be overcome were less than in dealing with nations entirely independent; and after many changes and much care, a tolerably uniform system has been established. The rates of postage to most of the British possessions were formerly exorbitant. Gradually, however, they were all reduced to sixpence per half ounce; though, in some

instances, higher rates have been reimposed. The book-post —at rates of course considerably higher than is charged inland —and the registration of letters, have been gradually extended to nearly all the colonies. Compulsory prepayment of postage has been adopted with some colonies, and in all cases a double rate is charged on unpaid letters. In 1859 remittance by money-order was instituted with Canada, and has been gradually extended to Western Australia, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, New South Wales, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, several of the West Indies, Gibraltar, and Malta, &c.; and will soon, it is believed, spread to all the colonies. Many of the British possessions have established internal uniform postage, and among them the vast empire of India, where the rate is so low as three farthings English. Important, however, as are the foreign and colonial posts to commerce and social intercourse, the number of letters sent by them sinks into insignificance when compared with the inland correspondence, being but one-fiftieth part of the great total.

The Packet Service, from its magnitude, its great cost, and the political interest which it sometimes excites, is a subject of much importance. Formerly correspondence was sent to most distant parts of the world by the ordinary private merchant vessels, which received, under an Act of Parliament, one penny per letter, while, in addition to these modes of communication, Government employed sailing packets to run across the narrow seas, and to the American provinces. Subsequently steam-vessels were employed to carry the mails to Ireland and the other British islands, and to the neighbouring continental ports. But, as there was much passenger and mercantile traffic on most of these routes, the service was undertaken by contractors at a moderate cost. Nearly thirty years ago, however, the opening of the passage to India through Egypt and the Red Sea on the one hand, and the successful crossing of the Atlantic by steam-vessels on the other, rendered a change of system necessary. For political and commercial reasons, rapid communication both with India and America was indispensable; but at that time the passenger and goods traffic was not sufficient to induce capitalists to run swift and punctual steamers without a large subsidy from Government; and consequently, arrangements were made with the Peninsular and Oriental Company to undertake the Indian service (which has since been extended to China and Australia), and with the Cunard Company for the North American mails. The duty has been performed by these companies with great regularity and safety, though at a high charge. The carriage of the West

Indian mails was entrusted to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

The frequency of these despatches has been from time to time increased, and packets have been put on to other ports. Indeed, no expense has been spared to render the service efficient. Rapid and frequent communication was studied, quite irrespective of a pecuniary return for the outlay; consequently the expenditure for the Packet Service rose to nearly a million sterling, enormously exceeding the whole of the sea-postage of the letters carried. Thus, in 1859, the packets to Spain and Portugal (recently discontinued) occasioned a nett loss of 17,500*l.*; those to the West Coast of Africa, 26,000*l.*; to the Cape of Good Hope, 24,900*l.*; to North America, 79,000*l.*; to Australia, 68,000*l.*; and to the East Indies, 84,000*l.*; while the cost of the packets to the West Indies and South America exceeded the sea-postage of all the letters they conveyed by the enormous sum of 215,000*l.* This vast outlay was made, most of it, behind the back of the House of Commons; for the contracts were entered into by the Treasury, so that the House could not, without inflicting severe hardship on the contractors, refuse to adopt them after the parties had commenced the service.

But the evils of this system rose to a climax under the Derby Administration in 1858. Long before that time, the traffic to North America had grown so large, that the subsidy ceased to be necessary to induce capitalists to run first-class steamers with great frequency and regularity to the ports of that country; and the vessels of the wealthy and powerful Liverpool and Philadelphia Steam Navigation Company had been for years plying weekly from Liverpool to New York, in rivalry with the Cunard line, which they almost equalled in speed and punctuality. The Treasury had given a pledge to this Company, and to the Canadian Government, which itself had subsidised a line of steamers, that no further contracts should be made without the matter being put up to public competition. The term of the Cunard contract was then about to expire, and there is little doubt but that this and the rival Company would have agreed to carry the mails for the sea-postage; and thus a great saving would have been effected. No sooner, however, had Lord Derby accepted office, than, without any notification to the public, the Treasury renewed the Cunard contract for seven years, and made the famous arrangements with an embryo Company to run vessels monthly from Galway to New York, touching at St. John's, Newfoundland. The public are tired of the discussions arising out of this transaction: suffice it to say that the undertaking has been in

every sense a complete failure. The vessels have seldom kept their time, and the contract has been repeatedly suspended at the request of the Company, which was not able to perform the service, Government in its extreme leniency not having taken advantage of the numerous opportunities for declaring the agreement at an end afforded by the repeated non-fulfilment of stipulations. So far from being expedited, letters sent by these boats have often reached their destination later than if they had been despatched by the next succeeding Cunard vessels. In short, the scheme has been unprofitable to the shareholders, costly and troublesome to Government, and has produced no benefit to any human being. Each letter, the whole postage of which was a shilling, part of which had to be handed to the United States, cost our Government *six shillings*. Indeed, that a communication once a month to a country to which there were already despatches several times a week, could be of no practical value to correspondents, would seem to be a self-evident proposition. About as reasonable would it be to put on an extra mail train weekly between London and Scotland. Out of evil, however, came good, for the discussions on these proceedings of Lord Derby's Administration caused the removal of the management of the Packet Service from the Admiralty to the Post Office; since which a course of retrenchment has been entered upon that, without any serious diminution of public accommodation, is greatly lessening the charge on the revenue.

As the term of each contract expires, means are taken to admit into the field as many competitors for the service as possible. For this object the forms of tenders are framed with as few restrictions as may be—admitting of different rates of speed, different stoppages, &c.—so that the utility of the vessels for mercantile purposes may not be impaired more than is absolutely necessary. Tenders are invited in any form convenient to the contractors; and accordingly it is often discovered that, by some comparatively unimportant modification in the stipulations, considerable saving can be effected. Thus, when the contract for the service to the Cape of Good Hope was renewed a short time ago, it was found that by omitting the calling at Ascension on the outward voyage—a matter of very little importance—a sum of 8,000*l.* per year, or more than one-third of the whole subsidy, was saved. It is usual now to insert a clause making the agreement terminable on a six months' notice.

By the original contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Company the service to Egypt and Aden, and thence on to

Bombay and Calcutta, was in alternate weeks; but, in 1857, before the management of the Packet Service was transferred from the Admiralty, an arrangement was made with that Company to utilise some duplicate vessels which the great increase of their traffic had caused them to run between Malta and Alexandria, and between Suez and Aden; so that by merely putting on an additional steamer between Marseilles and Malta, a weekly service was established as far as Aden, whence vessels were arranged to run to Calcutta and to Bombay on the alternate weeks. And as Calcutta correspondence is sent by the boats to Bombay and thence overland, the former city and its side of India has the advantage of weekly communication with Europe. The cost of the improvement has been very small. A French line of steamers, running alternately with the English vessels, has recently been established to India and China *viâ* Egypt; by these vessels British mails are now despatched.

The charge on the revenue of this country has also been diminished by causing the colonies to bear their share of the cost. It is no more just that the inhabitants of the mother country should be taxed for the benefit of the colonists than that imposts should be laid upon the latter by England. As the steam communication is of equal benefit to both parties, it is reasonable that the expense should be divided between them.

The burden of the Packet Service has been lightened also by raising the rates charged upon letters carried very long distances. This course, indeed, seems at first sight to be opposed to one of the main principles on which the reformation of our postal system has been conducted—the reduction of postage. It would, however, be unjust to relieve a class of persons from the cost of conveying their letters by means of taxing others, and this is the result of carrying on an unremunerative packet service where the loss might be avoided or lessened by higher rates. But it may be said that low rates of postage cause increase of correspondence and *vice versâ*,—a proposition the soundness of which seems to be proved by the enormous increase of letters in England caused by the establishment of the penny rate. But, like all other principles, this has its limits; and experience proves that, where the interval between the despatch of a letter and the receipt of the answer is long, low rates do not tend much to increase correspondence. Thus, when the charge to Australia was reduced from one shilling to sixpence, but few more letters were posted than before; but when the improved packet service was introduced, greatly diminishing the time of a letter's transit, an important

accession to the correspondence was obtained. Whence it appears that the wants of correspondents are sometimes better met by increasing the speed and frequency of the mails than by reducing the charges. Acting upon this principle, the packet postage to the Cape of Good Hope, to the West coast of Africa and the West Indies, has been within the last two years raised from sixpence to one shilling, with the effect of diminishing the letters but very slightly, and consequently nearly doubling the productiveness of the service. Concurrently with this change, the ship-letter-postage was reduced to fourpence; so that the poorer classes, to whom great swiftness and punctuality in the transit of letters is of less importance than a low rate of charge, are accommodated. This change seems to have given rise to no dissatisfaction, while the benefit to the revenue is signal. In 1862 the service to the Cape of Good Hope cost 37,000*l.*, and the produce was 11,000*l.* only, leaving a loss of 26,000*l.*, 20,000*l.* of which was borne by this country. By alterations made in the requirements of the contract the expenditure has been reduced to less than 20,000*l.*, and the increase in the rate of postage has raised the receipts to nearly that sum, so that the service is now almost self-supporting. The packets to Rio Janeiro, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres also produce nearly as much as they cost. Similar changes in the West Indian packets and postage have reduced the loss from 194,000*l.* in 1862, to 115,000*l.* in 1863, whereof 37,500*l.* will be borne by the colonies, which pay less than half of the amount because the packets perform duties in which the West Indian Colonies are not interested. As we have seen at the Cape, the enhancement of the postage has but little reduced the West Indian packet letters, while a similar advantage has been given to correspondence by private ships. The postage to Australia has in like manner just been raised from sixpence to one shilling.

New Zealand is establishing a packet service to Panama, whence the mails will be conveyed across the Isthmus to the West Indian steamers. On board most packets the letters are sorted, ready for despatch when landed, by an officer of the Post Office, to whom they are now entrusted, instead of to an Admiralty agent as formerly. Last year the mail packets ran altogether 3,254,273 miles, costing on an average six shillings and fivepence per mile. The greatest distance run was from Southampton to New Zealand, 15,000, and the smallest, from Dover to Calais, twenty-one miles.

Recollecting that the rapid growth of the colonies in population, commerce, and wealth must occasion great increase of correspondence, while, on the other hand, the growing use of

steam conveyance for passengers and merchandise must enable the mails to be carried more and more cheaply, we may safely conclude that the present heavy loss on the Packet Service will decrease and ultimately disappear; and the day is, perhaps, not very far distant, when letters to nearly all the colonies will be carried at the penny rate as ship letters, in which case the corresponding public may be indulged, without injustice to any one, in a very low rate of colonial postage.

The introduction of railways has caused a change in mail conveyance by land, greater even than that produced by Mr. Palmer's coaches. The old system, which, thirty years ago, had reached the greatest perfection that its nature would admit of—the mails being conveyed at the unprecedented speed of ten miles an hour including stoppages, and at a very small cost—was revolutionised, and a degree of speed attained which, if any one had suggested fifty years ago, he would have been considered as great a lunatic as was the poor Frenchman of Louis XIV.'s time who had visions of the steam-engine. The old mail coach, with its four mettlesome steeds, its dashing coachman and red-coated guard blowing cheerily on his horn as he passed through the peaceful villages, belongs to the past, and is not known even by recollection to our younger readers. It was a pleasant thing, and did its work nobly; and, though superseded by what is far better, one cannot help looking back upon it with a kindly regret.

A map of the mail routes in the coaching days must have looked somewhat like a large spider's web, London representing the middle where the spinner 'hushed in grim repose ex-'pects his evening prey.' From this centre twenty-seven radial lines diverged, reaching to the extremities of the island and connected together by numerous cross-lines, both representing mail-coach routes with some horse and foot posts. Thus no part of the country was very far from a mail road; and by passing along the radii and cross-routes, each letter found its way from any spot in the land to any other.

A mail map now-a-days—that is a map of the night mails—would resemble several trees rooted in the metropolis with branches, boughs, and twigs extending horizontally over the country, a few trunks being laid across from tree to tree. The trunks, cross-trunks, and some of the branches represent lines of railway along which mail trains travel, while the remaining branches, the boughs and the twigs, denote the routes of mail carts, coaches, omnibuses, and horse and foot posts.

Of these trees or trunk-lines the London and North-western Railway is by far the most important, comprising as it

does all the northern, midland, and west-midland counties, North Wales, Scotland, and, it may be said, Ireland, though that country has an internal system, similar to that of Britain, centering at Dublin. A letter travelling from one twig to another has often to pass along the bough and branch to the trunk, and thence along another branch and bough to the twig of its destination. And thus the correspondence between two places lying within a few miles of each other may have to travel over hundreds of miles. But so long as the letters go through in the night—i. e. being posted reasonably late in the evening and delivered by times in the morning—this is no evil; and the enormous speed of the mail trains effects the object as respects all places situated on the same tree save the remoter parts of Scotland and perhaps of Wales. Owing to the great cross-trunk called the North Mail—first established by the eminent postal reformer Allen, the original of Fielding's 'Mr. Allworthy,' which passes from Cornwall and Devonshire, through Bristol, Gloucester, Worcester, joining the Northwestern mail at Stafford and Birmingham—the West may be said to be included in the Northwestern as well as in the Great Western tree. The correspondence between the other trees passes through London.

Disapprobation has sometimes been expressed at the night mails being carried by mail carts and coaches in districts supplied with railway accommodation. That mode of conveyance being so much cheaper for goods and passengers, it is naturally supposed that it must be so also for mails; and this is frequently the case where the ordinary trains can be used, as is done with the day mails. But the great speed of railway travelling has very much obviated the necessity of night journeys; for, by trains leaving London late in the afternoon, when the day's business is done, a traveller may reach places distant two hundred miles or more, and get to bed at a reasonable hour. The consequence is that, except on the great trunk-lines, trains are not run in the still hours of the night save under the requirements of the Post Office. Where, therefore, such trains are employed, the whole cost of running them and keeping the lines open, by means of pointsmen, signalmen, gate-keepers, station-masters, &c.—together with the profit, usually very liberal, to which the referee considers the Company entitled—has to be paid by the Post Office, and thus a night mail-train sometimes costs three or four shillings per mile. Wherever speed is requisite to prevent any important part of the correspondence from arriving at its destination late in the morning, the railway is used, but when there is no

such requirement a mail cart does the work equally well at a very much smaller cost, and is, consequently, preferred. In the daytime, however, every minute that can be saved in the transit is of importance, and therefore trains are then always employed; and being useful for passenger traffic, they are usually obtained at moderate rates. One trunk-line from the metropolis, the Great Northern Railway, carries no night mails, an apparent anomaly which has caused much surprise. It, however, was proved by Sir R. Hill, to the satisfaction of the Committee of 1854, that night mails along that railway would not conduce to the public benefit. Recollecting that letters from any place to any other place situated on the same *tree*, will pass through in the night, while, if going from one tree to another, the letter will in most cases require to be forwarded by a subsequent mail, it is obvious that the country ought to be divided into as few *trees* as possible; besides which it was shown that, from the eastern position of the Great Northern, the mails from the West could not have been brought to it in time to catch the train for the North.

It was formerly supposed that the introduction of railways would cheapen the conveyance of mails, but the actual result has been a very great enhancement of the cost. In 1836, when only a few miles of railway were employed, the whole expense of the mails was only 140,000*l.*, while last year 511,000*l.* was paid to railway companies alone, and the whole cost was 676,000*l.* The mileage run, however, chiefly owing to the great additions made to the day-mail service, has increased from 54,000 miles daily in 1839, to 160,000 in 1863. The fact is that the requirements of the mail service exactly suited the coaching system. At that time travelling all night was common—indeed, it was impossible to make a continuous journey of much more than a hundred miles without 'borrowing some hours from the night;' and the great reputation for speed and punctuality possessed by mail coaches enabled the contractors to obtain high fares; in addition to which the vehicles were free from toll. These considerations enabled the Post Office (which, however, supplied the coach) to induce contractors to undertake the duty at about 2¼*d.* per mile on the average, though there were instances of mails being carried for nothing, and even the privilege of conveying them being paid for. Owing to the absence of passenger traffic, mail carts are now generally resorted to for the carrying of bags in the nighttime, where railways are not used, at an expense much higher than was formerly paid for the coaches; in the daytime, coaches and omnibuses are still employed at a

small cost. The payments to railways average sixpence per mile, including all services both by day and night.

It has been frequently said that the penny-post system could never have been carried into effect but for the introduction of railways. This is an entire mistake. The scheme was projected in the mail-coach times, its practicability under the then existing circumstances being proved. As we have before shown, the chargeable letters—the only part of the contents of the bags increased by penny postage—formed a very small part of the bulk of the mails, which would have admitted of a great increase without overloading the coaches. Those who see the vans arriving at Euston Square loaded with bags for the mail-train, wonder how these could ever be conveyed on a coach, not knowing that the mails now travelling by the Northwestern Railway were formerly divided among *thirteen* coaches, which left London by various routes.

But though the penny-post system was feasible without the aid of railways, there can be no doubt that that mode of conveyance has been of great benefit to the service from the increased rapidity and facility of communication. A letter posted in London in the evening is delivered early the next morning at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Plymouth, Truro, or Dublin, and by the middle of the day even at Aberdeen or Belfast; and an answer may be received the following morning; while from Bristol, Birmingham, and even Manchester or Liverpool, an answer may come in the afternoon or evening following the day when the letter was posted.

The Travelling Post Offices form an interesting feature in the railway mail conveyance. These are vans fitted up as sorting-offices, in which bags are received and opened and their contents dealt with, and other bags made up for the various post towns. By this means the delays formerly necessary at the *forward offices*—where the mail coaches stayed an hour for the bye bags (those not coming from or going to London) to be opened and dealt with—are avoided, and the necessity of making up a multiplicity of bags obviated. These offices are now commodious vehicles, well lighted and ventilated, and fitted with counters and pigeonholes and every contrivance that can facilitate the business transacted. All prominent objects, including the lamps, are carefully padded; a precaution which has been instrumental in preventing the inmates from being hurt by accidents. Sometimes as many as eight sorters and a guard are employed in a travelling post office and its tender, with which, although a distinct vehicle, a commodious passage of communication is contrived. Many of the bags are set

down and taken up without stopping the train by an ingenious contrivance called the bag-net apparatus, which is minutely described by Mr. Lewins. An additional travelling office has been recently added to the night-mail trains, in which letters from London are sorted to the post towns, and those to the metropolis are separated into the districts to which they belong.

The mails to Ireland, which used to be conveyed by the great Scotch train to Crewe, and thence by the same branch-train as the English and Welsh letters to Holyhead, have been despatched, since 1860, twice daily by an entirely distinct service, which has been established to enable the letters starting from London in the morning and evening to reach Dublin in time to go on by the night and day mails to the Irish provinces. For this purpose a very high speed, both by train and by boat, is required, as but eleven hours and a half can be afforded for the transit. The distance being three hundred and thirty miles, of which sixty-three are by water, and the bags having to be embarked and landed, it will be understood that the performance of the journey in so short a time is no small feat. The vessels employed are more than three hundred feet long, and provided with such power that they can make the voyage, unless the weather be very bad, in three hours and a half, and rarely exceed the specified time of four hours. The trains leave London before, and arrive there after, those conveying the English and Scotch mails. Still the letters carried by them are posted in the metropolis as late, and delivered there as early, as the others. For this object the sorting is performed in the train and steamboat. This special Irish service costs 100,000*l.* a year; but besides its benefit to the Post Office, it affords great accommodation to private travellers, and fulfils the stipulations of the Act of Union which provide for the facilitation of the intercourse between London and Dublin.

The interior of a large post office, particularly that of St. Martin's-le-Grand, affords an interesting scene, which, however, has been more than once described by masters of that species of composition. Suffice it to say that, on visiting the establishment, one is struck with the absence of all bustle. Most of the letters do not arrive until nearly six o'clock in the evening, and the vans start for the trains by eight; consequently the main work of the day has to be performed in the interval between those hours; yet all is done with coolness and precision. Mr. Lewins relates the nightly operations of the Circulation Branch of the General Post Office in London with great spirit and fidelity in his very entertaining and instructive volume, to which we again willingly refer our readers. Nothing gives a

more complete conception of the marvels accomplished by division of labour and well-organised administration: but it would lead us too far from our immediate object to cite these amusing details.

The registration of letters occupies a large room and employs fifty clerks in St. Martin's-le-Grand alone. Formerly, packets apparently containing coin and valuables were registered in the office without charge, and indeed without the knowledge of the public. On the establishment of penny postage, however, the number of this class of packets increased so much that that course of dealing with them became impracticable, and thus a grievous temptation was placed in the way of the *employés*—a respectable and well-selected class of men, but unavoidably containing some who are not proof against such allurements.

To mitigate this evil the system of registration of letters upon payment was introduced; but the fee originally charged—one shilling—was far too high, and the public availed itself but little of this security. On Sir R. Hill's return to the office the fee was reduced to sixpence, which very greatly increased the number of registered letters; though still, contrary to directions inscribed under every letter-box, numbers of valuables were sent in unregistered packets. Very flagrant instances of this cruel thoughtlessness occurred; in one case a bankers' parcel of notes was posted not only unregistered, but actually open at the end as a book-packet, and yet the senders complained grievously when their property was lost. As might be expected, thefts frequently occurred, followed of course by prosecution and punishment; and yet the primary authors of the mischief seemed to think it hard that the Department did not compensate them for their losses!

At last, in 1861, it was determined to reduce the fee to fourpence, and to register all letters apparently containing coin, making a double charge where the packet had been posted unregistered. This alteration immediately increased the number of registered letters 37 per cent., while the applications for missing coin diminished by one half; and whereas in the last quarter of 1861 four letter-carriers were convicted of theft, in the corresponding period of 1862 not one was charged.

The registered letters are placed in separate bags, distinguished by a green colour, and a receipt is given by each person through whose hands a packet passes until the letter-carrier, on delivery, takes one from the receiver. The labour of registering has been diminished by an ingenious application of the contrivance called the 'manifold writer.' Although the Post Office, for obvious reasons, cannot absolutely guarantee

the safety of the contents of registered letters, yet they are practically very secure; for out of 900,000 letters registered in the second half of 1862, only twelve were lost (five of them abroad), containing together about as many pounds, while some two hundred pounds had been abstracted from registered letters which were delivered.

A notion has had some currency that the penny-post system is looked on as a finality, and that, on its completion, progress ceased. Nothing can be more unfounded. Passing over the minor extensions and ameliorations constantly proceeding, and which, although too small individually to attract public attention, accumulate in a few years to an important amount of improvement—as the increasing of the number of places for posting letters in twenty years from 4,518 to 14,776,—large measures have been repeatedly carried into effect, as the several accelerations of the mails, the book-post, the division of the metropolis into districts, the reduction of the registration fees and the institution of compulsory registration, the post-office savings' banks, and the pattern post.

Indeed, on the first of every month a report is laid before the Postmaster-General showing the principal improvements in hand, and the stage at which each has arrived. Suggestions are constantly flowing in upon the Department from all quarters, the great majority of which are crude and ill-considered; but occasionally a valuable idea comes from without, as Mr. Sykes's proposal of Post-office Savings' Banks. Rewards have been paid to persons who have suggested useful ameliorations. Since 1855 an annual report from the Postmaster-General has been laid before Parliament, in which the year's progress is described.

Complaints are frequently made of the shortcomings of the Post Office—some of them, doubtless, well founded, since it is impossible to avoid occasional accidents and mistakes in conducting so vast and multifarious a business. Still, it is the disposition of many persons to treat the Department as Swift advises servants to treat the cat, the dog, or the servant who was last turned away—viz., to lay upon it everything that goes wrong. For in most instances where an investigation has been made into the loss of a letter, it has turned out that either the document was never posted, or that it was duly delivered; its disappearance having been caused by accident, carelessness, or dishonesty, in which the Post Office had no part. In several instances, a money-packet has been destroyed by a person entrusted to post it after abstracting its contents. Messengers sometimes make away with letters for the sake of the money given them to pay for the stamps. Private letter-boxes are

occasionally defective; in one of these several letters were found, some of which had been there many years. On making a complaint, it is wise first to obtain satisfactory evidence that the letter was posted and that it was not delivered; or, when it has been delayed, then the cover should be enclosed, as the post-marks will tell their own tale.

Reports have been frequently spread by designing persons to the effect that the letter-carriers and other inferior officers are underpaid and overworked. That occasional cases of hardship may have occurred is not impossible; but that the service is a good one is convincingly proved by the author of 'Her Majesty's Mails' (himself a member of it), who goes much into particulars. The broad facts that, notwithstanding the stringent tests to which candidates are subjected by the Civil Service Commissioners, there are always plenty of well-qualified persons anxious to enter the Department, which few quit of their own accord, and that dismissal is regarded as a severe penalty, prove conclusively that the service is fairly remunerated, while the hours of work are decidedly less than those of handicraftsmen and labourers. Some of the rural letter-carriers receive, it is true, small wages; but in those cases only a part, frequently a small part, of the man's time is employed in his official duty, he having some other occupation by which he gains a livelihood.

The results of Penny Postage have entirely fulfilled, and indeed exceeded, the expectations of its author. He predicted that his system would ultimately produce a five-fold increase of letters; last year 642,000,000 passed through the Post Office, or nearly *eight and a half fold* the number in 1839. The gross revenue has increased from 2,346,000*l.* to 3,863,000*l.*, and will this year probably reach 4,000,000*l.* And the nett revenue, which Sir R. Hill foretold would ultimately recover to within 300,000*l.* of its former amount, has *increased* (stating it as was always done under the old system, i. e. neither deducting the cost of the packet service, nor adding the produce of the newspaper stamp) from 1,660,000*l.* to 1,814,000*l.* While the amount remitted by money-orders was last year 16,493,793*l.*, against 313,000*l.* in 1839, an increase of *fifty-two fold.* Including the reduction of postage, and the liberty to insert enclosures, &c. without being charged double, it has been calculated that, on an average, a man now receives as much postal accommodation for a penny as he formerly had for ninepence; and, as the gross revenue of the Department has increased by nearly sixty-five per cent., it follows that the benefit derived by the letter-

writing public is nearly *fifteen-fold* what it was under the old system!

We have thought it fitting at the present time to recapitulate the results obtained in a quarter of a century from the Postage Reform inaugurated and mainly conducted during that period by Sir Rowland Hill, because this eminent public servant has recently arrived at the term of his personal exertions, and has retired from the service of the Post Office, to enjoy, we hope, in the later years of life the repose and the honours he has so laboriously earned. To few men has it ever been vouchsafed to originate so great a change in the mechanism of society; to direct it from the first dawning of invention to maturity; and to reap the harvest he had sown. The success of his measures is incomparably the greatest reward to which Sir Rowland Hill can aspire, and that has been complete. But it is incumbent on his countrymen, and we may add on the whole world, to acknowledge with gratitude and respect the incalculable benefits he has bestowed upon them; and the Message from the Crown which has been brought down to Parliament to secure to him a public grant of 20,000*l.* is certainly no excessive tribute to his merit. Under his influence, the Post Office has ceased to be a mere fiscal instrument for privileged or high-priced communications; it has become the most powerful and popular machine for uniting all sorts and conditions of men; it has rendered the intercourse of every member of this vast community, at whatever distance, almost as cheap, rapid, and easy as the act of speech; and it has converted the English Ocean Post into the most efficient bond of union between the commercial interests of the globe. These are services which have never been surpassed in the magnitude of their results. They have been rendered by ingenuity and perseverance, sedulously directed to a single object. The means are simple, but the effects are worthy of the power of a magician. And though men who have risked their lives on fields of battle, or borne the whole burden of public affairs, may have claims to more stately trophies and more lavish rewards, we know of no man who has conferred a greater amount of practical benefit upon his fellow creatures, than the unassuming author of Postage Reform.

ART. IV.—1. *The History of our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art with that of the Types, St. John the Baptist, and other Persons of the Old and New Testament.* Commenced by the late Mrs. JAMESON; continued and completed by Lady EASTLAKE. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1864.

2. *The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* With Engravings on Wood from Designs by the Italian Masters. (Longman.) 4to. London: 1864.

MORE than twenty years have elapsed since the late Mrs. Jameson began to collect the materials for the series of elegant and instructive works on the History of Christian Art, which has assigned to her so honourable a place among the critics, and we may almost say, the artists of this country. The two volumes entitled 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' which included descriptions of works representing most of the secondary personages of the Gospel Histories, were commenced in 1842 and published in 1848; they were followed by the single volume of the 'Monastic Orders,' and that containing the 'Legends of the Madonna,' the most graceful and elaborate of Mrs. Jameson's own productions, which continues to be in such demand that a third edition of it has just issued from the press. Indeed it may be said with perfect truth that these books are the indispensable guides and companions of every Englishman, who seeks to fix identity and meaning on the beautiful, but often unintelligible, representations of Romish tradition. A greater and more important task remained to be performed ere the series of these works could be closed. The Person of our Lord is the central figure to which all history, all tradition, all legend converge in the records of Christian Art: whether in the awful character of the Deity, Maker of all things, Judge of all men, revealed in the form of the Incarnate Son—or as the highest visible object of devout adoration—or as the purest example of beauty, power, and wisdom, ever seen on earth—or as the chief actor in the scenes of His Ministration and in the Redemption of Mankind, the highest powers of human Art have incessantly been directed, under the influence of the Christian Church, to depict and portray the person of Jesus Christ, and to produce upon the mind of the beholder some impression of His holiness, His supernatural presence, His sufferings, and His death. Nor, indeed, has the aspiration of Art been satisfied even with these overpowering themes. It has aimed—and to speak as men may

speak of such an effort—it has not always aimed in vain, at the glorification of the Divine Nature in its own inapproachable abodes; it has created and given permanence to sublime visions of immortal beings and eternal worlds; it has raised the forms of human beauty to their highest power, in the fond belief that they may be no unworthy image of a Divine excellence; and it has thus familiarised the eyes of the Church with all but living impersonations of Beings and of events, which but for this counterfeit of creative energy, must have remained in the dim circle of mere abstractions. No doubt if the highest types of Art owe much to Religion, Religion itself owes not less of its visible and concrete influence over mankind to these types of Art. It is the union of these two elements—that is, the union of mysterious truths partially revealed and partially accessible to the human mind, with those sacred forms and images of which man is himself the real inventor, however they may acquire something of the Divine character—which constitutes the theory of Religious Art.

To relate in fitting language the history of this lofty work of the imagination and the hand of gifted artists, and to show the relation it has borne to the faith of Christendom in successive ages, is a task demanding far higher qualifications than the description of those legendary subjects which had previously been treated by Mrs. Jameson. That lady had, in fact, made but little progress in this portion of her labours. She had collected notes on pictures relating to some of the incidents in the New Testament, in which the Person of our Lord is prominently engaged. These notes are comprised in about 200 pages of the first volume of the work now published by Lady Eastlake; but they are a very small contribution to the whole design, and it is to the present editor, far more than to the original projector of the book, that the high honour belongs of having completed it. Without the slightest wish to detract from Mrs. Jameson's acknowledged merit and well-earned reputation, it is in some respects fortunate that this work has been executed with a breadth of research and a force of style to which that amiable and accomplished woman laid no claim. In Mrs. Jameson's criticisms the sentimental character predominated: she expressed gracefully, though not always without affectation, the effect produced by a picture on her mind and heart; but her knowledge of the objective history of Art was neither very accurate nor very profound. To do her full justice, we will borrow one of her own elegant sentences to describe the part she wished to fill. The Introduction to the 'Sacred and Legendary Art' concludes in the following words:—

'Let none imagine that in placing before the uninitiated these unpretending volumes, I assume any such superiority as is here implied. Like a child that has sprung on a little way before its playmates, and caught a glimpse through an opening portal of some varied Eden within, all gay with flowers and musical with birds, and haunted by divine shapes which beckon forward; and after one rapturous survey, runs back and catches its companions by the hand and hurries them forwards to share the new-found pleasure, the yet unexplored region of delight; even so it is with me:—I am on the outside, not the inside, of the door I open.'

We think, therefore, that this work has gained in excellence by the transfer of the most difficult portion of it to the hands of the accomplished wife of Sir Charles Eastlake. Lady Eastlake herself is known to be an artist of no common powers, unsurpassed indeed in the perfection of her pencil drawings: she uses her pen with great force and felicity; she has an earnestness of character and strength of conviction, which manifests itself in these pages with what some may regard as extreme intensity; and she has the inappreciable advantage of the most intimate connexion with the President of the Royal Academy,—an artist and a critic unequalled in Europe for his thorough acquaintance with the early Italian schools of painting. These are gifts and opportunities which no one in this country could possess to the same extent as Lady Eastlake, and accordingly she has produced a work of the highest merit, combining the taste and refinement of her own mind with stores of knowledge and a maturity of judgment in which we may be permitted to trace the influence of her nearest adviser. The selection of the illustrations of these volumes (amounting we suppose to some hundreds) is extremely interesting: the galleries of Italy and the inexhaustible stores of the British Museum have been laid under contribution, and a vast number of designs brought to light which are but little known to the public; and these designs have been reproduced in etchings and woodcuts of great spirit and fidelity, chiefly drawn by Mr. Edward Poynter and Miss Clara Lane.

It happens, by a fortunate coincidence, that at the very time when these volumes are placed before the public, the magnificent large paper edition of the New Testament, illustrated with woodcuts and ornaments entirely taken from the finest period of the Italian schools, on which Mr. Longman had long been personally engaged, has also been completed. It is not too much to say, that in the history of wood engraving this volume has no equal. It is a gallery of the Christian History, popularised but not vulgarised by the extraordinary perfection to which this branch of art is now carried in this country. The

only criticism we have heard addressed to it is that it ceases to be wood engraving, because it has acquired the minuteness and finish of engraving on steel: no doubt it has those qualities, but it combines them with a softness and tone which no steel engraving ever yet gave. In the designs he has selected Mr. Longman has not sought to retain anything of the stiff archaic character of the earlier ages of faith; he has taken them almost entirely from that period when the arts in Italy had attained the highest point of beauty and grace. Though, if we were to point out the two specimens which strike us as most exquisite and appropriate, we should select the two pages from Pietro Perugino at the beginning of the volume and at the end of the Gospels. Hence this unique edition is as harmonious in its character as if it had been executed within the limits of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Lady Eastlake had an entirely different object in view. Her design was to trace the progress of Christian Art, from its first symbolical rudiments on the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus and in the Roman catacombs, through all the ages of the Church: she naturally lingers with predilection over the devout simplicity of the elder schools; and she contends that if the works of the crowning age of Italian Art—the age of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian—are to be tried by the strict religious test, they fall short in her eyes of the mystic beauty of Fra Angelico.

Mrs. Jameson remarked at the outset of her work that all sacred representations, in as far as they appeal to sentiment and imagination, resolve themselves into two great classes, which she proposed to call the *devotional* and the *historical*. Some such distinction pervades the whole subject; but the term *mystical* might, we think, be substituted with advantage for the term *devotional*. A devotional picture does not necessarily bear a supernatural character. The true distinction lies rather between those works in which real personages and events are represented, within the known conditions of human life, as in the Cartoons of Raphael, the Raising of Lazarus by Sebastian del Piombo, the Last Supper at Milan, or the sacred etchings of Rembrandt; and those works which are intended to excite feelings of awe and devotion by their supernatural character, that is, by the representation of persons and events transcending all human experience, and invested by the imagination of the artist with Divine attributes, with symbolical meanings, or with some conventional relation to the mysteries of the Christian faith. The former class of pictures is, of course, purely and sincerely historical; it addresses itself alike to all men at all times; it walks by sight rather than by faith. The latter class

we would term *mystical*, because the meaning and character of such works addresses itself principally to the faith of the beholder; and whatever may be the grace and beauty of the work itself, artistically considered, it cannot fail to lose something of its original influence, if the faculty to which it addressed itself is departed.

The question, therefore, arises at the outset of an inquiry into the History of Christian Art, more especially as it regards the representation of the Person of our Lord, how far the arts may, without transgressing the immutable bounds of truth, nature, and taste, aim at the representation of that which must be admitted to surpass all human powers of conception and execution. In order to convey to the soul of the beholder emotions of this elevated nature, the artist has recourse to symbols and conventional forms, designed to give a transcendental character to what would otherwise be the vigour of a human arm or the beauty of a human face. But in compositions of this nature there is a want of reality, which leaves us cold and unimpassioned, since we have ceased to believe that they are in any respect the likeness of what they profess to represent. The higher the object to be represented, the more impossible is it to recognise the ineffable conception of what Milton termed with a noble obscurity 'the Sovran Presence' in the person of a hoary being, in whom age is used for majesty or mechanical force for almighty power. We look back with something akin to veneration on works of this character when they are hallowed by antiquity, because the intelligent spectator endeavours to place himself in the state of mind of those ages of intense faith, when every legend had the weight of Gospel truth, and every person in the sacred history was supposed to bear the very semblance and body assigned to him by tradition. But if any man were in these days to attempt to give form, shape, and colour to the Infinite and the Invisible, the result would be pitiable, or revolting, or intolerable. And if this be true, it is not necessarily because there is less of faith in the verities of religion—there may be more, and especially there may be faith of a more spiritual character; but the mystical language of early Christian Art has to a great extent lost its meaning, and in losing its true meaning it has become legendary and mythological.

It is laid down in the opening chapter of the volumes before us, that 'all Christian Art revolves, as a system round a sun, 'about the sacred head of Christ, always intended under any 'aspect, real or ideal, to be looked upon as God—that Christian 'Art preeminently illustrates faith in Christ as "God manifest

'"in the flesh," as "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the '"world;" and that without these great fundamental truths of 'Christianity there is no Christian Art, either in fact or in pos-'sibility.'* If these axioms, as Lady Eastlake considers them, were confined to what we have termed the mystical class of religious paintings, essentially transcendental and supernatural in their aim and character, we should not dispute their truth; though we might retain some doubt whether the physical representation of the Deity falls or can fall within the scope of the human faculties. But in point of fact a very large portion of the noblest works of Christian Art do undoubtedly represent our Lord 'being found in fashion as a man,' living, teaching, suffering, dying among men. They may bear, as no doubt they ought to bear, an impress of Divinity, conveyed by an ideal beauty, serenity, and wisdom; but they differ essentially from those inventions of the earlier ages which in their attempts at the Divine did not always come up to the human. We hope we shall not be misunderstood (for we speak of this subject with unfeigned reverence), if we venture to add that the uncouth and grotesque forms in which the mysteries of the Christian religion were sometimes represented from the seventh to the thirteenth centuries, not to speak of the ruder images of the same sacred objects which exist to the present day in Roman Catholic countries, are not always distinguishable from the blood-smeared idols and monsters polluted by pagan rites, or hallowed, in the eyes of some races of men, by idolatry. If faith alone is to draw the line between that which is of Art and that which is of superstition, we run some risk of applying a test of theology instead of a canon of taste. With theology we here profess to have nothing whatever to do; but the most safe, intelligible, and enduring portion of Christian Art is that which confines itself within the boundaries of nature and humanity.

We find, indeed, from another passage in her Introduction, that Lady Eastlake herself takes a somewhat different view of this matter. She observes that—

'It is a mistake to suppose that a picture can convey the double sense of Christ as He appeared to those around Him, and as He is beheld through the eye of Belief! Art by its essential conditions, has but one moment to speak, and one form of expression to utter. . . . There must be always a compromise (in Art) between what we have termed temporary fact and permanent truth, and that at the expense of the least important of the two. The painter cannot

* Vol. i. p. 1.

if he would represent one image to the actor and another to the spectator, for he has but one image to give at all. . . . We must therefore in the task before us keep in mind that the object of Christian Art is the instruction and edification of ourselves, not any abstract and impossible unity of ideas that cannot be joined together.'

The inference we should draw from these propositions is that abstract religious truth has very little to do with religious Art. 'Temporary fact,' and not 'permanent truth,' is all that the artist can really depict. Things must be painted not as they are, but as they appear—the abstract in the concrete, the Infinite in the Finite, substance in its accidents,—whence it follows that 'temporary fact' is to the artist by no means the 'least important' part of his subject. To instruct and edify may be the work of the preacher: but the artist addresses himself through the eyes to the imagination and the feelings, which are quite as easily excited by mere fiction as by the truths of the Gospel itself. The sentiments awakened by a fine picture may be religious, but they cannot be measured by the standard of orthodoxy. Are we to turn aside from Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, or Guercino's Entombment of Saint Petronilla, because we do not pay divine honours to the Virgin Mary, or believe in the miracles of the Romish Calendar? If so, it would result that a Protestant critic is incapable of appreciating a Catholic painting, and that a freethinker would have no sense of Christian Art at all. The truth is, that these considerations have nothing to do with the result in Art, except inasmuch as they may have affected the mind of the painter; and the attempt to estimate the truth and beauty of a picture by a reference to some abstract and invisible standard of faith is to travel entirely beyond the limits of Art.

The Legend of St. Christopher is as pure a figment as any nursery tale, and the other traditions of what was termed 'the 'Gospel of Infancy' are certainly less than apocryphal; but these considerations do not lessen our admiration of the stout hermit who bore the Babe across the waters at the dawn, in the Boisserée collection, or of the touching image of one of Guido's infant Christs sleeping beside the Cross. Such incidents are, if you will, perfectly unreal; but the sentiment is devotional and the execution delightful. The Marriage of the Virgin, represented by Raphael with exquisite grace in the picture now in the Brera, is no doubt a legendary rather than a scriptural incident; but it is the very type of pure and religious beauty. Indeed, all the legends of the Virgin Mary which have been the subjects of innumerable works of the

highest merit in Catholic Art, and are treated with admirable grace, tenderness, and skill by Mrs. Jameson in her volume on the Madonna, would be proscribed if they are brought to the test of the Gospel narratives or of Protestant orthodoxy. These are works of the imagination, addressed to the sentiment and fancy of the beholder, and though they are in one sense true to the rules of taste and nature, they lay no claim to historical truth or dogmatical accuracy.

Lady Eastlake contends in more than one passage that soundness in Art may be identified with soundness in theology, and that when, for example, painting has been led to transgress the bounds of scriptural truth in fact or doctrine, it runs great risk of committing a heresy in Art. (Vol. ii. p. 266.) Thus she censures the Catholic tradition of Christ falling beneath the weight of the Cross, although it has given us the 'Spasimo 'di Sicilia' of Raphael and innumerable other works of great pathos and beauty, because that incident is not recorded in the Gospel narratives of the Crucifixion, and appears to her to be inconsistent with the sublime lesson of the endurance of our Lord. But the great religious painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were without exception members of a Church which has never regarded the Scripture narratives as the sole record of Christian tradition. The men of those ages to whom these works were addressed shared the same faith. Christian Art, as they understood it, had necessarily a far wider range than the letter of the Four Gospels; and although we may have ceased to share their theological opinions, that is no reason that we should not admire and appreciate their works. In fact, the standard of Anglican Protestantism is as inapplicable to such works as the standard of Christianity itself would be to the religion of the Greeks, represented by the Ludovisi Juno or the Belvedere Apollo. Take, for instance, the doctrine of the Real Presence, which inspired such works as Raphael's 'Dis-'pute of the Sacrament,' as Rubens' 'Triumph of Faith,' as Herrera's 'Elevation of the Host.' Will any one contend that the artistic merit of these works is diminished by the circumstance that the subject of them is contradicted by several of the Thirty-nine Articles? Are the pictures of the Virgin by Murillo at Seville and elsewhere less admirable to us because they are painted in strict obedience to the Franciscan view of the Immaculate Conception? That very abstruse and much controverted doctrine has been the source of more religious paintings, perhaps, than any article of the Creed; but we may be content to admire the works without assenting to the new

article of faith.* The contrary proposition would be a palpable absurdity; and we think Lady Eastlake has been led to advance an untenable theory from a well-meant desire to combine her own standard of orthodoxy with the laws of criticism. It is certain that the most irreproachable divinity would fail to give value to a bad picture; and we do not admit that any amount of heterodoxy or legend detracts from the merit of a good one. In truth, no criticism, deserving the name, can be maintained on so fallacious a principle.

For this reason we shall presently turn to the second volume of Lady Eastlake's work, with more entire concurrence than we can pretend to feel in her criticisms on the earlier painters of the Catholic schools. She has traced in this introductory portion the iconography of the Creator, under forms often repugnant to good taste, and always painfully inadequate to the conception which may be formed of the origin of the world from the sublime language of Genesis. Didron, Grimm, and numerous other writers on primitive Christian Art, had previously presented us with a survey of this part of the subject. M. Feuillet de Conches, in the first volume of his instructive and entertaining 'Causeries d'un Curieux' (p. 89), has filled pages with the mere titles of the books upon it. Mrs. Jameson had herself touched upon it in her 'Sacred and 'Legendary Art;' and we ourselves entered so fully on the early disputes as to the personal appearance of our Lord in our review of that book (Ed. Rev., vol. lxxxix. p. 381), that it would be superfluous to revert to them.

No doubt the Creation, the Fall of Adam and Eve, and the whole series of what are called the 'Patriarchal types of Christ,' may be said, in an enlarged sense, to belong to the history of Christianity, and they were largely and familiarly represented by those artists who were the first expositors of the Old and New Testament to the eyes of an illiterate people; but these incidents and heroes of the elder dispensation and the Hebrew records belong to the history of the Jews rather than to the matchless and affecting history of the life and death of Christ: their connexion with Him is typical, symbolical, sometimes legendary, but always in the strict sense of the term *unreal*. He who places before our eyes the serene wisdom and the

* Mrs. Jameson has given, in her 'Legends of the Madonna' (p. 45), a very interesting account of the introduction of the 'Immaculate 'Conception,' as a subject of Catholic Art, by the painters of the seventeenth century, and of the specific rules laid down by the Spaniard Pacheco from ecclesiastical authority for its proper treatment.

endless beneficence of the Saviour, as He lived, gives a form to events seen in the clear light of historical certainty. He who would convey to us the mysterious connexion between the life of Christ and events preceding the origin of the world, or coeval with the twilight of our race, calls upon the imagination to create what is, in fact, susceptible of no tangible representation. The extraction of a rib from the side of Adam by a surgical operation—the marriage of Adam and Eve by the Creator robed as a high priest—the grotesque representations of the Serpent in an apple-tree, which are all figured in these volumes from some of the earliest ivories or Church paintings, are in truth mere caricatures of religious tradition, derived quite as much from the conceits of the rabbinical and patristic writers as from the language of the Bible; and far from adding to the sanctity of religious Art, they detract from it. The early Christians in their sarcophagi, their diptychs, and their paintings still visible in the Roman catacombs, touched on these things with a delicacy and a reverence that was afterwards lost. They represented the Bible narrative by conventional signs and symbols,—they abstained religiously from representing the Divine Being at all, save by the shadow of His glory or by the finger of His power.*

If the iconography of Christ is thus to be traced back to the origin of all things, and to the incunabula of Art, it is not in the annals of painting that the most interesting and appropriate representations of these mysteries are to be found; and in this respect we remark a very great *lacuna*, not only in

* Lady Eastlake quotes (vol. ii. p. 263) apparently with approval an exceedingly rude ivory, now at Munich, and certainly of a very early date, perhaps the fifth century, in which the Resurrection is coarsely represented. 'Christ young, beardless, and beautiful, with 'no nimbus, is rushing rather than rising from the tomb; *His eager 'extended hand grasped by the hand of the Almighty above.*' Lady Eastlake adds, 'No subsequent conception of the actual scene ap-'proaches this in power of expression—here is a reality which, 'though in one respect of a symbolic kind, takes the imagination by 'storm,' &c. We are entirely unable to concur in these remarks. Nothing speaks less to the imagination, or carries less power of expression, than the rude conceit that Christ was, as it were, pulled from the tomb by a hand stretched down from the clouds. It is to our apprehension simply barbarous, and only to be forgiven in consideration of a very primitive or degraded state of Art. The draperies of the figures on this ivory are purely classical and so is the tomb; we regard it therefore as a specimen of very debased Roman Art, adapted to the faith of Christians, but not an early or true work of Christian Art at all.

Lady Eastlake's carefully prepared volumes, but in almost all the other works which have in modern times treated of these subjects, with the exception, indeed, of the volume by M. Didron, 'Iconographie Chrétienne.' Christian sculpture attained considerable excellence two or three centuries before Christian painting, and it was allied in the closest degree to the best period of Christian architecture. But Christian sculpture has been far less studied and observed than the later productions of the pencil and the brush. It is not the less true that, in order to follow in historical detail the germination of Christian Art from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, the vast series of sculptures which decorated, and indeed still adorn, the noble fabrics of those ages, should be carefully examined. On the exterior of the Cathedral of Our Lady of Chartres, eighteen hundred and fourteen statues presented to the faithful the whole cycle of the faith; at Reims, at Laon, in the marvellous wood-carvings of the choir of Amiens, in the west front of our own Wells *, and in countless other churches, may be found, from the foundations to the groining of the nave, an infinite variety of sculptures, all repeating in somewhat analogous forms the same narratives of the Old and New Testaments, which were thus conveyed to the eye and mind of the people, but above all things the Resurrection and Glory of our Lord. To these sculptures must be added the painted glass, coeval in may instances with the fabric, as at Bourges, and intended in like manner to represent the series of the Gospel narratives.†

* An excellent description of the sculptures at Wells will be found in the first part of Mr. Murray's 'Handbook to the English 'Cathedrals'—a work which has placed within the reach of every one an accurate and graphic description of these great monuments of the faith of our fathers. Mr. Cockerell considered that the ninety-two compositions of the Resurrection at Wells are 'startling 'in significance, pathos, and expression—worthy of John of Pisa 'or of a greater man, John Flaxman;' indeed Flaxman himself exhibited at the Academy drawings he had made from those of the Wells compositions.

† Mrs. Jameson has cursorily described, in one of her brief contributions to Lady Eastlake's volumes, the frequent introduction of the parable of Lazarus and the Rich Man in bas-relief over the south door of cathedrals—the entrance most frequented by mendicants, and the painting of the whole story in one of the magnificent windows of Bourges. So, too, she observes that the whole parable of the Prodigal Son is treated in a magnificent window of the north transept of Chartres, in seventeen lights of a window at Bourges, and in a similar number at Sens. These are only specimens: but a careful examination of the painted glass of the

Where the subject is so vast and the material so abundant, it may seem ungracious to point out any omissions, since it is obvious that no writer can attempt to embrace the whole range of Christian Art. But we think it should be stated, that with the exception of some reference to the sarcophagi, the jewels, the enamels, and the ivories of the earlier Christian ages, Lady Eastlake's researches, like those of Mrs. Jameson, have been chiefly directed to the history of Christian *painting*, a branch of Art which can hardly be said to have attained any excellence in the Latin Church before the fourteenth century. A gap, therefore, intervenes which includes precisely the most devout ages of faith—those ages which reared the great cathedrals of France, England, Germany, and Italy, and peopled them with statues. These statues and bas-reliefs did in fact create the types which the painters were afterwards fain to adopt; and it is hardly possible to explain the growth and subsequent development of Art without tracing it back to this plastic period. The earliest paintings of sacred subjects were obviously much nearer akin to the stone images from which they were taken, than to the living beings they were afterwards held to represent.

It would lead us too far from the immediate subject of these pages, to attempt to trace the influence of sculpture upon painting; but it might be shown that the former has in all ages preceded and guided the first efforts of the latter art, and that both of them must be viewed in their relation to architecture. Sculpture was already largely employed in the decoration of the great churches, which were at once the sanctuaries, the halls of assembly, the schools, the galleries, and the tombs of mediæval society; whilst painting was still confined to the minute adornment of the missal or the book of hours. When painting entered the church it was for the purpose of mural ornament, but still in a position ancillary to sculpture; and even in the later works of the greatest artists, as in the Sistine Chapel, it is impossible to seize the harmony and adjustment of the composition without regarding its architectural character and its general imitation of plastic forms. Hence the peculiar distribution and connexion of the earlier Christian paintings, and the difficulty of arriving at their true character unless they are

twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries would supply innumerable examples in which this form of Art was adapted to the uses of the Church; and, curiously enough, it has been revived in our own time with great splendour and completeness, where certainly we least expected to see it—in the old cathedral of St. Mungo at Glasgow. But the history of coloured glass lights requires a book and illustrations to itself.

studied, as it were, in the sense of the statuesque compositions and figures which preceded them.*

The Christian painters of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period, working chiefly for the decoration of churches and other religious edifices in Roman Catholic countries, selected those subjects which were most appropriate to the faith of the people, —and these subjects were copiously mingled with the legendary creations of religious tradition. They left comparatively untouched many scenes, taken from the Gospel narratives, which are peculiarly consonant to the sympathy and the taste of our own times. The notes of Mrs. Jameson, incorporated by Lady Eastlake in the latter portion of her first volume, chiefly relate to these incidents. Some of them are already familiar to us in the works of the great masters, though, as in the case of the 'Massacre of the Innocents,' they cannot be regarded as either pleasing or edifying. Many others, however, have been comparatively unattempted; and we advert to them here, because it is evident that they afford the most attractive field for modern artists in relation to the imperishable truths of the Christian religion. The subject of 'Christ disputing with the Doctors' cannot be classed among those scriptural subjects which have not been much painted. On the contrary, Luini's exquisite treatment of it, and Rembrandt's noble etching, are familiar to every one: but it is worth while to remark how keen was the interest excited amongst all classes of the English people by Mr. Holman Hunt's interesting reproduction of this well-known subject. More than 100,000 persons flocked at their own cost to see it; and although it may not in all respects have satisfied the ideal conception of the youthful Saviour, and of her 'who had sought Him sorrowing,' yet the reality of the details, the solemn dignity of the sages of the law, the local truth of the scene, and the extreme care of the execution, inspired intense delight, and proved the inexhaustible power and influence of religious painting thus understood. The same may be said of a work of far higher beauty and grandeur—the loftiest production of the English school—Mr. Herbert's painting of the 'Descent

* The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is made by Michael Angelo to simulate a raised and open roof, intersected by lunettes: in the throne-like niches between these lunettes he has seated the sublime figures of the Sibyls and the Prophets; but their character and attitudes are statuesque, and they bear to the whole painted composition the same relation which statues would bear to a real edifice.

'of Moses from the Mount with the Tables of the Law,' which adorns—and will we trust for ever adorn—one of the chambers of the House of Lords. Although the scene it represents is the great fundamental fact of the Old Testament, and the revelation of the primal code of God's law to man, yet that fact is the basis of the Christian Revelation likewise; and when the series is completed by the execution of the 'Sermon 'on the Mount,' which we trust the same great artist will be enabled to undertake, we shall possess two works of the highest value and interest. This is not the place to criticise in detail their artistic excellence: we are now only dealing with them as exalted specimens of what may still be done for subjects taken from the ancient and hallowed themes of religious Art. But we hold their merit of execution to be in no degree inferior to their grandeur of conception; and we believe that they will stand a comparison with the noblest productions of human genius in any age. In one important point of view these modern paintings of Scripture subjects differ radically from the treatment of similar subjects by the old masters. It never seems to have crossed their minds that the events of the Old and New Testament occurred in an Eastern land and among an Eastern people. The Jews of Rembrandt are indeed Jews; and this circumstance gives a marvellous reality to his Gospel etchings; but they are the Jews of the synagogue rather than of the temple—of Amsterdam rather than of Jerusalem. In the whole range of the schools of Catholic Art, the accessories of scenery, architecture, costumes, and race are purely conventional: not only did those painters not aspire to represent Judæa and its people, but they represent places and men who never had any real existence in the shapes and dresses assigned to them. If there be any merit, any beauty, any truth in the attempt to represent these events, in some measure, as they may have appeared to those who witnessed them, that is a region of Art still almost untrodden; and we only trust that our artists, in drawing nearer to the actual reality of the scenes and the times they portray, will lose nothing of that ideal verisimilitude and resemblance which is, after all, the highest quality of Art.

Mrs. Jameson's list of the pictures illustrating the familiar scenes of the Gospel history, and some of the miracles and the parables of our Lord, is interesting but incomplete. The 'Sermon on the Mount' remains, it appears, for Mr. Herbert: we are not aware that any artist has attempted it with success on a large scale; for Claude's picture under this name in the Grosvenor Gallery is at most a fine Claude landscape. The

'Tribute Money' can hardly be painted again after Titian; or the 'Raising of Lazarus,' after Sebastian; or the 'Transfiguration,' after Raphael: these works have become our conception of reality. But the exquisite domestic incidents of the Gospel—'Christ blessing little Children,' the 'Prodigal Son,' the Miracles of Healing, the Scenes at Bethany—admit of greater variety of treatment and will ever continue to awaken sympathy and love in the beholder. Nothing has been seen in modern times more deeply interesting and more touching than those small canvasses on which Paul de la Roche showed us the interior of the disconsolate house to which the Virgin Mary and the Beloved Apostle may have retired after the closing scene at the foot of the Cross. All was over. The immortal hope had not yet broken even on them. They had yet to watch and wait in the gloom of bereavement and desolation till the dawn of the third day. These emotions the artist has by some means conveyed to the spectator. There are few examples in Art of so deep a moral interest, rendered by means so simple. This is precisely what the associations of Religion with Art enable it to awaken, and what it is yet within the scope of modern Art to effect. Among the productions of modern Art, especially referring to the life of Christ, the 'Temptation' and the 'Christus Consolator' of Ary Scheffer were entitled to a place in these volumes—the former, representing with singular power the mysterious conflict between the sinless majesty of the Redeemer and the subtle energy of Evil—the latter, a picture impossible in the earlier ages of Faith and Art, inasmuch as it embraces the broadest conception of the wrongs and sufferings and sorrows of humanity, seeking and finding relief at the seat of perfect justice and perfect love. If Christian Art is to follow, as we believe it must, the evolution of Christianity itself, in its sustained relation to the progress of mankind, to more intense and affectionate sympathies, to an enlarged interest in the destinies of our race, to more serene reliance upon the beneficent purposes of the Creator for the redemption of His creatures, then assuredly the quaint and mystical conceptions of the mediæval painters, and even the more splendid creations of the later schools, are not its supreme efforts or its noblest triumphs; and the growth of religious Art will bear its due proportion to the growth of a devout and enlightened religious spirit in the world.

In the ascetic ages of Christianity, when the soul was believed to be purified by the penances, the mortifications, and even the tortures inflicted on the body, the representa-

tion of pain and suffering, humbly endured for the love of God, was the all-pervading theme of Art. This principle culminated in the most terrible of all sacrifices—the most sublime of all examples—in the Passion of our Lord. Hence the scenes which occurred between the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem to keep his last passover, and the final victory of the Redeemer over Death, are those to which the genius, invention, and skill of man have been most constantly devoted; and it is probable that the works of Art representing or bearing upon these deeply touching events, exceed both in number and importance all the other productions of the Christian schools. It is not therefore surprising that these subjects occupy a very large proportion of these volumes; and indeed it may be said that the second portion of the work is almost entirely devoted to it. Following the traditional division of the history, adopted as early as the fourteenth century by Duccio in the series at Sienna, and by Giotto in the Arena Chapel—which indeed had been taken (as we have already hinted) from the Christian statuary of the preceding centuries—Lady Eastlake has performed this important part of her task with great force and method. The narrative is admirably arranged. The examples cited are extremely various and interesting. The criticism on some of the chief works inspired by these scenes is of the highest eloquence and excellence. We shall not attempt to follow the accomplished writer through these details, but we propose to introduce as a fine specimen of her discrimination and graphic power a passage which will be read by everyone with interest and admiration—we mean the criticism on the 'Last Supper' by Leonardo da Vinci at Milan.

'It remains, therefore, for us to consider the Person of our Lord as given in the representations of the Last Supper, and we approach it necessarily, as will be shown, through those of His companions. Considered merely in the sense of Art, we may say that there was too little in the nature of this subject for so many figures, all men, to do. Eleven out of the twelve were to be represented devout, earnest, and faithful, and Judas even decorous in demeanour. Many of them, too, were of the same age, most of them attired in the same kind of costume; while the introduction of their attributes was altogether incompatible with the occasion. Thus, the distinction of one Apostle from another strikes us at the very outset as a difficulty, which, in the case of sculpture, as in the cathedral at Lodi, or of wood-carving, as in Adam Kraft's work in the Church of St. Lawrence at Nuremberg, is further increased by the absence of colour. This was doubtless the reason, in early times, for the insertion of the names in the glories, and, perhaps, for the exaggerated nature of the position of St. John, and of the character of Judas, which seem to

have been seized upon as the only salient points. The discrimination of the characters and individualities of all, or even most of these passive and almost uniform figures, required, therefore, nothing short of the utmost refinement of observation and power of expression. These conditions, it is obvious, could only be fulfilled by a mind and hand of the highest order.

'But here another difficulty presented itself. The Apostles, after all, were but the subordinates in the piece; such expression and character as could at best be given them depended entirely on the part which belonged to the principal actor. In representing Him, the artist had to choose between two modes of conception, each equally encumbered with objections. Our Lord might be depicted, as He has often been, in the act of blessing the bread and wine, and with His hand raised in prayer—an action full of grace for Him, and which clearly conveyed His part in the story to the comprehension of the beholder, but one which, occupying Him alone, left His companions little more than lay figures; or our Lord might be represented as engaged in no actual act at all, but simply in the character of one uttering, or having just uttered, a few words expressive of deep and mournful mental conviction. But such a moment, however easily described in words, is not so easily painted. These words, however full of meaning for the mind, offer none to the eye (for the giving the sop to Judas, a very unpleasing incident in the sense of Art, which, in the difficulty of telling the tale, was frequently resorted to in early works, belonged to another and later moment). Moreover, our Lord did not address these words to one Apostle more than another, still less to any one out of the picture. Nay, words spoken thus, in the deep abstraction of prophetic vision, would have produced the same effect on the hearer, had the speaker been even invisible. And yet those words were indispensable to rouse all these lay figures into appropriate, though requisitely minute, indications of individual character. It was plain, therefore, that only he who could paint the "troubled spirit" of Jesus as it breathed forth the plaintive sentence, "Verily, verily, I say unto "you, one of you shall betray me," would have the power to touch that spring which alone could set the rest of the delicate machinery in motion.

'We need not say who did fulfil these conditions, nor whose Last Supper it is—all ruined and defaced as it may be—which alone rouses the heart of the spectator as effectually as that incomparable shadow in the centre has roused the feelings of the dim forms on each side of Him. Leonardo da Vinci's *Cena*, to all who consider this grand subject through the medium of Art, is *the* Last Supper—there is no other. Various representations exist, and by the highest names in Art, but they do not touch the subtle spring. Compared with this *chef d'œuvre*, their Last Suppers are mere exhibitions of well-drawn, draped, or coloured figures, in studiously varied attitudes, which excite no emotion beyond the admiration due to these qualities. It is no wonder that Leonardo should have done little or nothing more after the execution, in his forty-sixth year, of that stupendous

picture. It was not in man not to be fastidious, who had such an unapproachable standard of his own powers perpetually standing in his path.

'Let us now consider this figure of Christ more closely.

'It is not sufficient to say that our Lord has just uttered this sentence; we must endeavour to define in what, in His own Person, the visible proof of His having spoken consists. The painter has cast the eyes down—an action which generally detracts from the expression of a face. Here, however, no such loss is felt. The outward sight, it is true, is in abeyance, but the intensest sense of inward vision has taken its place. Our Lord is looking into Himself—that self which knew "all things," and therefore needed not to lift His mortal lids to ascertain what effect His words had produced. The honest indignation of the Apostles, the visible perturbation of the traitor, are each right in their place, and for the looker on, but they are nothing to Him. Thus here at once the highest power and refinement of Art is shown, by the conversion of what in most hands would have been an insipidity into the means of expression best suited to the moment. The inclination of the head, and the expression of every feature, all contribute to the same intention. This is not the heaviness or even the repose of previous silence. On the contrary, the head has not yet risen, nor the muscles of the face subsided from the act of mouraful speech. It is just the evanescent moment which all true painters yearn to catch, and which few but painters are wont to observe—when the tones have ceased, but the lips are not sealed—when, for an instant, the face repeats to the eye what the voice has said to the ear. No one who has studied that head can doubt that our Lord has just spoken: the sounds are not there, but they have not travelled far into space.

'Much, too, in the general speech of this head is owing to the skill with which, while conveying one particular idea, the painter has suggested no other. Beautiful as the face is, there is no other beauty but that which ministers to this end. We know not whether the head be handsome or picturesque, masculine or feminine in type—whether the eye be liquid, the cheeks ruddy, the hair smooth, or the beard curling—as we know with such painful certainty in other representations. All we feel is, that the wave of one intense meaning has passed over the whole countenance, and left its impress alike on every part. Sorrow is the predominant expression—that sorrow which, as we have said in our Introduction, distinguishes the Christian's God, and which binds Him, by a sympathy no fabled deity ever claimed, with the fallen and suffering race of Adam—His very words have given Himself more pain than they have to His hearers, and a pain He cannot expend in protestations as they do, for for this, as for every other act of His life, came He into the world.

'But we must not linger with the face alone; no hands ever did such intellectual service as those which lie spread on that table. They, too, have just fallen into that position—one so full of meaning to us, and so unconsciously assumed by Him—and they will retain it no longer than the eye which is down and the head which is sunk.

A special intention on the painter's part may be surmised in the opposite action of each hand; the palm of the one so graciously and bountifully open to all who are weary and heavy laden, the other averted, yet not closed, as if deprecating its own symbolic office. Or we may consider their position as applicable to this particular scene only; the one hand saying, "Of those that thou hast given me "none is lost," and the other, which lies near Judas, "except the son "of perdition." Or, again, we may give a still narrower definition, and interpret this averted hand as directing the eye, in some sort, to the hand of Judas which lies nearest it, "Behold, the hand of him "that betrayeth me is with me on the table." Not that the science of Christian iconography has been adopted here, for the welcoming and condemning functions of the respective hands have been reversed —in reference, probably, to Judas, who sits on our Lord's right. Or we may give up attributing symbolic intentions of any kind to the painter—a source of pleasure to the spectator more often justifiable than justified—and simply give him credit for having, by his own exquisite feeling alone, so placed the hands as to make them thus minister to a variety of suggestions. Either way these grand and pathetic members stand as preeminent as the head in the pictorial history of our Lord, having seldom been equalled in beauty of form, and never in power of speech.

'Thus much has been said upon this figure of our Lord, because no other representation approaches so near the ideal of His Person. Time, ignorance, and violence have done their worst upon it, but it may be doubted whether it ever suggested more overpowering feelings than in its present battered and defaced condition, scarcely now to be called a picture, but a fitter emblem of Him who was "despised "and rejected of men."'

No work in the whole range of Christian Art combines in such perfection ideal beauty and grandeur with historic truth. The Christ of Leonardo has a divinity about it which transcends all other human creations, whilst the scene is rendered with a dramatic force and truth to make one feel as if the Last Supper itself had occurred in that forsaken refectory. No mystical painter was ever more sublime: no historical painter was ever more real.

But in spite of the predilection which Lady Eastlake avows and justifies for the Christian artists of the earlier Catholic schools—a predilection which goes so far as to lead her to treat Michael Angelo and Raphael as religious painters with some severity—yet she does ample justice to the remarkable power with which these sacred subjects have been handled by one northern artist—Rembrandt. Several of his finest etchings are reproduced in these volumes with great effect: the following passage stands somewhat in need of such an illustration, but it is so remarkable that we transfer it to our own ungraphic pages:—

'There was another master about to appear in the plains of Holland, who was destined, while adhering to the so-called reality, and even vulgarity, of these Northern schools, to retrieve both by the spell of the highest moral and picturesque power. That "inspired Dutchman," as Mrs. Jameson has called Rembrandt, threw all his grand and uncouth soul into this subject. He painted it once in chiaroscuro (dated 1634), and treated it twice in an etching; each time historically. We give an etching. The incident takes place in the open air. A crowd is round and behind our Lord, a crowd is importunately pressing upon Pilate, and below is more than a crowd—rather a furious sea of heads—vanishing beneath an archway, of which we see neither the beginning nor the end. A figure in front, connecting this multitude with the group before Pilate, is extending a hand over the seething mass, as if enjoining patience. Far off in the gloom, another figure, borne apparently on the shoulders of the multitude, is gesticulating to the same effect in the opposite direction; both seeing numbers invisible to us. The conception of our Saviour departs from all our theories; He is not looking at the people, or at any one. His head and eyes are uplifted, not in protest or in prayer, but in communion with His Father. The people are not even looking at Him, for Rembrandt well knew that such a multitude, in this state of violent excitement, are incapable of fixing their attention upon anything. The Christ is neither beautiful nor grand in the usual sense, nor is there any glory round His head; nevertheless, a light seems to emanate from His Person, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. One face alone has apparently caught the suspicion that this is no common culprit. It is a hard-featured soldier near Him, who is wrapt in thought. But the group before Pilate is the prominent and master stroke. Rembrandt must have witnessed incidents which had told him that there is no earnestness like that of fanaticism. These are not the mere brutes who bawl from infection, and who can be blown about with every wind, such as we see in former representations; these are the real Jews, and this is the real Pilate—vacillating, bending in indecision, with his expressive, out-stretched, self-excusing hands and false, temporising face—who has no chance before them. It is not so much the clutch on his robe by one, or the glaring eye and furious open mouth of another, or the old Jew, hoary in wickedness, who threatens him with the fury of the multitude; but it is the dreadful earnest face, upturned and riveted on his, of the figure kneeling before him—it is the tightly compressed lips of that man who could not entreat more persistently for his own life than he is pleading for the death of the Prisoner. Rembrandt has given to this figure the dignity, because the power, of a malignant delusion: horribly fine. This is a truly realistic conception of such a scene, which has a grandeur of its own, in contradistinction to those improperly so called, for the reality of mere brutality is not a subject for Art at all. Rembrandt, in executing this etching, may be conceived to have had the second Psalm in his view: "Why do the heathen so "furiously rage together; and why do the people imagine a vain

"thing?" Yet the master has exquisitely contrived the full effect of a scene of violence, without shocking the most refined spectator. Not a sign of it approaches our Lord's Person, who, as long as He is in the custody of the Roman soldiers, is guarded by a form of law; while the furious crowd below is so wrapt in Rembrandt gloom as to suggest every horror to the imagination, and give none to the eye. But "the vain thing" is seen without disguise in that urgent group before the wavering Roman—embodying the strength of an evil principle against which nothing can prevail but that "Truth" which Pilate knows not.'

These quotations will give the reader an impression of the fervour and eloquence which Lady Eastlake has thrown into her undertaking; but the varied research, the copious information, the careful comparison of the different ages and schools of Art, which mark these volumes, will best be judged of by those who make them companions and guides. They form, in conjunction with Mrs. Jameson's previous publications, a series of great interest and utility; and Lady Eastlake has very ably contributed to extend the knowledge and enjoyment of one of the noblest branches of Art.

ART. V.—1. *The Racing Calendar for the Year* 1863. Vol. XCI. London: 1863.

2. *Versuch über die Abstammung des zahmen Pferdes und seiner Racen.* (*Inquiry into the Origin of the Domestic Horse and its Varieties.*) By Dr. L. T. FITZINGER. Vienna: 1858.

3. *The Horses of the Sahara,* by General DAUMAS, *with Commentaries,* by the Emir ABD-EL-KADER. London: 1863.

4. *On the Relation of the Domesticated Animals to Civilization.* By JOHN CRAWFURD, Esq. (Ethnological Transactions.) London: 1863.

THE English may undoubtedly claim to be the most equestrian nation on the face of the earth. Other races may excel them in horsemanship, as the Arabs, for example; and the French and Germans, who attend so scrupulously to the teachings of the 'school,' may succeed in producing better mouths and more perfectly trained animals for the saddle than are usually to be found in England; but in no part of the world is the horse put to such varied uses both for profit and amusement, in no part of the world is such excellence to be found in horses of every description, as in these islands.*

* Burckhardt computed whilst in Arabia that the total number of

In England alone has the horse, with exceptions not worth noting, superseded every other animal of draught for agricultural purposes; and much of the superiority of British husbandry is attributable to the celerity of movement and efficient service introduced by this practice. As respects traffic on the road, and wheeled carriages drawn by horses, there is no point of view in which the contrast between England and continental countries is more striking; and throughout the greater part of the East the horse is to this day, so to speak, unused for all purposes of draught. When, on the other hand, we turn to the horse as a means of amusement, he may be fairly said to enter more or less deeply into the life of every Englishman. The chase, which in former times was a pastime reserved only for those of royal and noble blood, has become popular in England alone, because in England alone the people sympathise with it, and the farmers, who are its mainstay, far more than the owners of fox coverts, have taken it under their special protection. Indeed, so deeply does the love of hunting penetrate the national bosom, that a distinguished popular preacher in London, who probably never crossed a horse in his life, is known to read through the hunting appointments in the newspapers every Saturday, for the sake of the draughts of fresh air he inhales in imagination from the 'shires' and for the picturesque names of meets which recall to him the country life of his boyhood. So again with racing; every addition to our population and wealth brings with it at least an equal increment in racing establishments and race-courses. We may also note, in taking stock of the uses of the horse, and as illustrative of the manners of the day, the wide extent to which the taste for riding now prevails amongst the fair sex; and, we must add, the very excellent horsemanship displayed by them, often surpassing that of their brothers. Undoubtedly it is a wide step from being carried in a pillion behind John the groom, to going with the 'first flight' in Leicestershire, and in a sense it is *progress*, though many a good sportsman will agree with nearly every paterfamilias, that in the latter case it is not the right woman in the right place. He must be a churl, however, who would seek to curtail by a

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horses in that country was under fifty thousand: the returns under the Assessed Taxes Acts showed that in England, Wales, and Scotland alone there were returned in 1843, 844,505; in 1860, 1,070,992; but these numbers do not include horses employed in husbandry, &c., and according to the best estimates which can be made the total number of horses in the United Kingdom exceeds two millions.

single owner of a habit the finest equestrian sight in the world, when Rotten Row on a brilliant June morning presents its thousand riders to the gaze of admiring multitudes.

For all these varied employments of the horse the British Islands have produced breeds, which, on joint consideration of their numbers and excellence, no other part of the world can equal. But whilst the love of horses is thus deeply ingrained in the English character, and the employment of them, as we have seen, already so extensive, is becoming greater from day to day, several ominous opinions have been heard from various quarters that the English horse is fast deteriorating. Complaints of the same kind, but in a much louder tone, have issued from Ireland. That part of the United Kingdom has no doubt unrivalled advantages, from its limestone soil, its succulent grasses, and its mild climate, for the production of equine stock; and heretofore to have been an Irish horse was a letter of introduction into the stable of any English horse-dealer. But now good horses in Ireland are said to be so scarce, and the drain from England and the Continent of every good mare and likely two-year-old colt so great, that the country gentlemen have patriotically taken up the subject with zeal, and are at the present moment considering what measures can be adopted to restore the ancient glory of their isle.

We may, however, set aside Ireland as a special case, for the evils complained of in that country belong to a different class of deteriorating causes from those usually assigned in England, and they are clearly much more under the control of a resident country gentry. But the general question as to the deterioration of the horse, whether in England or in Ireland, is so weighty and involves so many national interests that we propose to examine it with some care.

The ordinary remark made is, that whilst with agricultural stock generally, such as cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, immense improvements have been made during the last fifty years, and the science of breeding has been applied to them with eminent success, yet with horses, and especially with thorough-bred horses, exactly the reverse is the case, and visible deterioration is perceptible wherever blood with substance is required, whether on the Turf, in the Field, or on the Road. Whilst these lamentable results are brought before our eyes, the example of foreign nations is cited, such as that of Russia, where, by careful encouragement, a cavalry is being produced far superior, it is said, to anything we can show in England; of Germany, which, in Prussia and other parts, is undoubtedly greatly improving its breeds, and even supplying England; but especially

of France, which, by a liberal outlay of public money and encouragement of racing in all its various forms, is not only introducing beneficial changes into its breeding districts, but is actually able to send over animals to this country to contend with, and occasionally beat, our best thorough-bred horses. The recent successes in England of what is called the French stable are indeed very worthy of note. Two or three French gentlemen, by liberal purchases of the best English horses, by judicious crosses, and by total disregard of mere fashionable blood and performances unaccompanied by sound organisation and symmetry, have so far succeeded in their breeding establishments in France, as already to have won some of the best prizes on the English Turf. The Oaks was carried off this year by a mare bred in France; and a French horse, Vermuth, performed the extraordinary feat of beating both the Derby and Oaks winners of the year in the race for the Grand Prix de Paris on the 5th June.

The falling off among English horses being assumed as a matter of fact to be tested by every day's experience, the cause of it is commonly asserted to exist in modern practices on the Turf. Experience with race-horses shows that their speed is at no time greater than at two years old; and as of course it is far more economical to bring a young horse to the post than to keep him, like Eclipse, till he is five years old, all the great prizes which the Turf now presents are contended for by horses of immature age; so that long before a horse approaches his prime there is nothing left for him on the Turf to contend for. A notable example of this may be seen in the present year in the case of Lord Clifden, the winner of last year's St. Leger. Although only four years old, his engagements during the present season are confined to the Claret Stakes, which were run this spring at the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, and to two races at Ascot, where, it must be confessed, he has made but a poor appearance. Hence it is contended that no temptation or opportunity is offered to produce animals such as our ancestors gloried over, but that weedy narrow brutes, up to no weight, and whose only recommendation is that they can run a short race with speed for a year or two before they break down, are the inevitable fruits of the present system.

The very general practice of handicapping perhaps bears an equal part in the condemnation bestowed on the modern system. According to this, it is nearly as profitable to have a bad race-horse as a good one. Performances of racers being generally exhibited, as has been intimated, at two and three years old,

by the time they are four their powers are accurately known by the vigilant observers whose pecuniary interests in race-horses are so deeply at stake. Hence it is that a race for four-year-old horses and upwards, with weights for age, would usually afford no sport, no excitement, and consequently no opportunity for speculation, because all the horses would have been run out, and two or three at most would be left to contend for the prize. The result might indeed demonstrate which was the best horse of the year, and be useful in a national sense, but the individuals who compose and support what is called the Turf, only seek to promote the public interest in so far as it coincides with their own. It is on this ground, namely, to give encouragement to the interests of the owners of race-horses, and to create sport, that the system of handicapping has been devised, the principle of which is, by a skilful adjustment of weights, to put inferior horses on a level with the best. The Great Northamptonshire Stakes, which were run for at the commencement of the present racing season at Northampton, may be cited as an example of the modern practice. These stakes consisted of a hundred sovereigns, added to a sweepstakes of twenty-five sovereigns by each subscriber, fifteen sovereigns forfeit, and five only if declared on or before Tuesday the 2nd February. Such stakes, with weights for age, would probably not have attracted half a dozen subscribers, but, being a handicap, there were actually ninety-seven. The next step is to proportion the weights according to the age, character, and performances of the horses nominated, and this task is usually entrusted to some gentleman of high character on the Turf, whose judgment can be relied on; and for the performance of this difficult and delicate office, Admiral Rous deservedly enjoys the highest reputation.* In this case the weights were published on the 27th January, which gave the subscribers an opportunity of *declaring* before the 2nd February, so as to pay only the minor forfeit. The weights varied from the highest, 9 st. 7 lb., which was to have been carried by Sir Joseph Hawley's Asteroid, six years old, and the lowest 5 st. 7 lb., which was assigned to various horses

* While these sheets are passing through the press, Admiral Rous's excellent letter to Sir Robert Peel on the alleged deterioration of horses in Ireland has appeared in the 'Times' of the 9th June. We are extremely happy to find that most of the opinions expressed in this article are corroborated by the high authority of the Admiral. But on the subject of handicapping we cannot agree with him, since the very object of the practice is to enable a bad horse to contend on equal terms with a good one.

of three. On the publication of the weights there were forty-nine acceptances, which is ample testimony to the judgment and discrimination with which the handicap was made. For the race twenty-eight started, and it was won by the French horse, M. Lupin's Dollar, four years old, carrying 7 st. 9 lb.

It will be obvious that this system of handicapping tends to bring a large field of horses together, and thereby produces sport, but it is equally obvious that it operates as a direct encouragement to keeping weak and worthless horses, who, in their day, propagate a race as bad as, or worse than, their parents:—

'Mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.'

Mr. Dickinson, who has had great practical experience with horses, having had thousands pass through his hands in his business as jobmaster, entertains very decided opinions as to the deterioration of English horses, and he has been stimulated by a very distinguished lover of horses, the Speaker of the House of Commons, to give the public the benefit of his experience. He thus writes:—

'Formerly the Royal Plates of 100*l.* each were given for competition all over England for four-year-old horses carrying 10 st. 4 lbs., five-year-old 11 st. 6 lbs., six and aged 12 st., and decided in four-mile heats. These prizes were a great inducement to breeders to endeavour to get horses of size and substance, and to keep them when got. As long as these Royal Plates were given to horses carrying these high weights, strong thorough-bred horses were bred and kept, which in the end broke down and became the most valuable acquisition to breeders of horses in all parts of the country.

'Our horses were then the envy of all Europe. These Royal Plates for high weights and long distances brought up our horses to this point of excellence; so long as they were so given so long we kept up our supremacy; but by some unfortunate influence the conditions were altered, and lighter weights and shorter distances allowed. From this point I date, under my own observation, the commencement of the deterioration of our thorough-bred horses, and consequently of those of every-day use. I can speak positively from my own knowledge to this state of things; the alteration of these plates and other Turf arrangements have combined to produce quite another class of race-horse—a slippery, slender, small horse, that comes quickly to perfection, and as quickly passes away.'

'The adoption of handicaps at all country races is another evil... this promotes sport, and produces betting,... but it is ruinous to the national supply of horses.'*

Another writer in the 'Royal Agricultural Journal,' whose

* Royal Agricultural Journal, vol. xxiv. p. 267.

practical acquaintance with horses, though in another department, perhaps equals that of Mr. Dickinson, seems to share in his conclusions:—

'Greater changes have been made in the breeding and management of horses in England during the last fifty years than in any similar period on record; but these have not rested on any sound basis. Horse-dealers' suggestions, capricious demands which temporarily influence the market, have led men to alter their conduct with as little consideration as they changed their vests. Few good judges, and especially among those who can remember longest, see reason for congratulation on comparing the present with the past, particularly with reference to the hunter, and the high-class hack and carriage-horse.'*

Before proceeding to inquire into the truth of this alleged deterioration, it may be well to record the tendency, which seems to exist in horse-fanciers more strongly than in any other class of men, to look back upon some former, though undefined period, as the true Golden Age. For some hundreds of years England has undoubtedly held a preeminence in Europe for its production of horses. Bassompierre, in his memoirs, describes the English horses imported into France during the first half of the seventeenth century as most excellent: 'their 'wonderful speed occasioned them ever afterwards to be em-'ployed in hunting and on the road.' So M. Saulnier, a writer on the veterinary art, who was brought up in the Grandes Écuries of Louis XIV., and had great experience in the campaigns ending with the peace of Ryswick, places the English horse incomparably before all others. In instructions drawn up by him 'for the commissioners who go to buy horses 'in foreign countries,' he passes in review the various horses that have come under his observation, and he thus notices the English:—

'The Limousin horses are very good; they are fit for the chace and have good feet and good eyes. Some of them are no way inferior to English horses in anything; which are, however, in general indisputably the *best horses in the universe.*'

During the last century, the extraordinary improvement in English horses by the crossing with Arab blood, which we shall have to notice hereafter more particularly, occurred; and in all the continental literature of that age we find the 'cheval 'anglais' cited as a type. In the nineteenth century, it is needless to observe, that the English horse worthily sustains

* Prize Essay on the breeding of Hunters. By J. Gamgee, sen., Principal of the Veterinary College, Edinburgh.

his place, and that all countries seeking to improve their breed, resort for their blood to the English market. Yet during all this period, extending over two centuries and a half, we shall find grave apprehensions entertained from time to time that the race was deteriorating.

We have shown by extracts from two recent writers what is thought to be the case at present, but if we go back forty or fifty years, which is the period apparently that Messrs. Dickinson and Gamgee contemplate with so much complacency, we shall find exactly the same complaints. Mr. Lawrence, in his work on the Horse, 1809, thus writes:—

'The number of middling or worthless and almost useless horses annually bred in England is inconceivably great. A great dealer lately assured me that in the show of thousands of saddle-horses he should scarcely expect to find a thorough-shaped one. Probably that union of substance and action *which was to be met with in former days*, but never in abundance, has been of late still more scarce. Strange as it may seem, cattle improvement has been carried further than that of the horse.'

In 1743, the editor of a new edition of the Duke of Newcastle's work on Horsemanship states that 'of late years our 'breed is spoiled in England in all sorts of horses by beginning 'to make use of them too early;' and although he admits the value of Arab blood then so greatly resorted to, he adds this caution: 'But we have of late years run too much into the 'Arabian and Barb kind; for though in a great many studs 'they have brought them to a size tall enough, they want sub-'stance to carry weight, which is now the cause so much com-'plained of in England.'

A writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1739 goes much further, and insists that Arab blood is destroying our noble race of indigenous horses:—

'The original design of this entertainment (racing) was not only for sport, but to encourage a good breed of horses for real use, and the Royal Plates are supposed to be given for that purpose, the horses being obliged to carry heavy weights; but alas! how are these intentions perverted: our noble breed of horses is now enervated by an intermixture with Turks, Barbs, and Arabians, just as our modern nobility are debauched with the effeminate manners of France and Italy.'

But a century earlier we find that both racing and hunting are condemned for their injurious effects on horses. Thus Harwood, in his memorial to Charles I., complains of the deficiency of stout horses throughout the realm, and attributes it 'to the strong addiction of the country to hunters and running

'horses which were bred only for speed.' De Grey, whose second edition of 'The Compleat Horseman' appeared in 1651, after a warm eulogium on the English horse, 'if we regard the 'spirit, vigour, and doing of a horse, no nation or soil pro- 'duces a more active than this our island of Great Britain,' is driven to the conclusion that our glory was fast departing from us:—

'Since the applying our breed only to racing or (as I may better say) to the furnishing ourselves with horses of speed to run away from our enemy, the most ancient honour of horsemanship peculiar to this our kingdom, and for which all other nations highly esteemed us, is *now almost vanished and lost!*'

We might go further back still and cite the statutes of Henry VIII. and Henry VII., which forbade the exportation of horses, the latter on the express ground that 'a smaller 'number of good horses than in times past were left within the 'realm;' but our readers will probably be satisfied by these quotations. Enough, however, has been stated to show that contemporary complaints as to the falling off in English horses, at any one period during the last three hundred years or more, could never have been safely relied upon.

With regard to complaints at the present day, there are undoubtedly a great many causes at work which tend to engender the belief that well-bred strong horses are diminishing in number. Twenty years ago Mr. Tattersall informed a Select Committee of the House of Commons that the price of horses was greatly reduced, hunters not fetching half the price they did, and commoner horses that used to sell for 40*l.* only making 17*l.* or 18*l.*; and he attributed this falling off entirely to the railway system, which cut up the country and destroyed hunting. But in no period of our history has the increase of hunting been so great as during the last twenty years; and it is clear that this is chiefly due to the great facilities which the rail affords to sportsmen for the conveyance of themselves and their hunters. The 'Field' of October 31, 1863, gave a list of no fewer than 216 packs of hounds for the ensuing season; and it is notorious that with all favourite packs, especially in the grass countries, the fields are quadruple what they were at the beginning of the century. The consequence of course is that the demand for well-bred strong horses has increased faster than the supply, and prices have risen accordingly. In connexion with the observation just cited of the late Mr. Tattersall, it may be remembered that a celebrated stable of hunters (the Earl of Stamford's) sold last year at

prices varying from 190 to 520 guineas a-piece, the *average* price on thirty horses being no less than 320 guineas apiece: an amount never before realised on a large stable, although for individual horses greater sums may have been given. Colonel Cook, for example, who published a work on Foxhunting in 1826, mentions that sometimes 800 or even 1000 guineas were given for a hunter, and 'the sum of 300 or 400 guineas is 'often considered a mere trifle.' But the high average price given on such a stable as Lord Stamford's forcibly denotes how greatly the present demand exceeds the supply.

Another cause which gives a colour to the supposed deficiency of good horses is the eagerness with which animals of fine shape, strength, and breeding are swept up for foreign countries. To India alone the British Government, during the last year or two, has sent seventy or eighty thorough-bred sires, the majority of which would have been very useful in our breeding counties. France, Italy, Germany, Australia, and the Cape have all their agents here looking out for the most promising horses that offer, to ship and despatch to their respective studs, and even our sporting countrymen in China give such sums as 3,000*l.* for a single celebrated horse.

But what more than anything calls down animadversions on modern horses is the immense number of thorough-bred weeds that come before the public eye. If hunting has greatly increased of late years, racing has extended itself in still wider proportions. A century ago probably not more than a hundred thorough-bred colts were born every year; the last volume of the 'Racing Calendar' tells us that the number in 1862 was 1,441. In 1802 there were 83 places where races were held, 536 running horses, and the stakes contended for amounted to 71,780*l.* In 1862 the places of sport had increased to 197, the number of running horses to 3,345, and the stakes to 280,406*l.*

The obvious result of this great increase in running horses is that worthless jades are spread broadcast over the land. If only men with large means bred race-horses, the comparatively small difference of expense between sires of the most approved shape and make, and the neighbouring horse making a circuit of the county, would not enter into the calculation; and only the best horses of the day, such as Newminster, Stockwell, King Tom, and Voltigeur, would be resorted to. But as a racer can be bred at little more expense than any other horse, and as the prizes to be gained by a winner are enormous, it is not wonderful that every wretched mare which breaks down on the Turf and is sold for 15*l.*, should find a purchaser in some

speculator who mates her with an animal worthless as herself, on the chance of producing a winner of the Derby.

From a combination of all these causes, the great demand for thorough-bred hunters up to weight, the purchases made by foreigners and by our own Dependencies for horses to go abroad, and the profusion of weedy animals which meet our eye on every race-course in England, it is not remarkable that complaints as to deterioration in modern horses should be rife.

On the other hand, it is notorious that amongst those most competent to form a sound judgment on the subject, the opinion is very decided that no deterioration whatever has occurred, and that the best horses of their year are equal in every respect, whether for speed or for endurance, to any animals of whom we have any record. Admiral Rous, whose name we have already mentioned, has more than once expressed this opinion in print, and he states that 'the form of the best race-horse in 1750 is 'inferior to those of the commonest plater of the present day.' This view we believe is shared in by other members of the Jockey Club of the greatest experience and soundest judgment. It is not easy, however, to arrive at any very decided conclusion upon the subject. If we refer to the portraits of celebrated horses of the last century, although we generally see short miserable animals, without a point of a race-horse about them, and which would not have a chance over any course with the best horses of modern times, we are unable to say how far the art of the inferior animal-painters then generally employed may have disfigured nature. And it is a satisfaction to know that one of the most celebrated horses of the present day, Voltigeur, will be made familiar to posterity in the life-size portrait of him just painted for his noble owner, Lord Zetland, by Sir Edwin Landseer. Stubbs, however, was undoubtedly a painter of high merit, and a portrait of 'Eclipse,' ascribed to him, exists in the collection of Mr. Munro of Novar: but if this be in reality a representation of that celebrated animal, he certainly differed prodigiously from the figure of a modern race-horse.

Another mode of comparison is by measuring the time of performances, or the speed at which races have been run. Here, again, the elements of comparison are deficient. In India, where Arab horses generally compete, and where the race is usually run at score, the practice of timing the race is nearly always adopted. But even there the difficulty of obtaining the time quite accurately, when seconds are in question, is admitted. In England, however, races are run so differently that in two races run by different horses, it by no means follows that the speediest run race contained the fastest horses.

Still the comparison of recorded speed affords the best ground we can resort to for bringing together horses of the present and a bygone generation.

Flying Childers, who is stated in the 'Stud Book' to have been the fleetest animal that ever raced, is often said to have run at the rate of a mile a minute; and if this were an accurate statement, it would undoubtedly completely eclipse all performances of the present day. But on examination the account turns out to be wholly fabulous. It is traceable to the following passage in Lawrence's 'History of the Horse':—

'At six years old he (Childers) ran a trial at 9 st. 2 lbs. against Almanzor, got also by the Darley Arabian, over the Round Course at Newmarket, three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards*, in six minutes and forty seconds; to perform which he must have moved eighty-two feet and a half in one second of time, or nearly at the rate of one mile in a minute.'

But the time here recorded gives 1 minute 46 seconds for the mile, or 53 seconds for the half-mile, which is about the time that our best-run races in the present day occupy. Thus when Flying Dutchman beat Voltigeur at York in 1851, he ran his two miles in 3 minutes 33 seconds, or 53¼ seconds the half-mile. The best recorded time of the Derby, 1½ miles, in the present century, is that by Blink Bonny in 1857, 2 minutes 45 seconds, and Kettledrum in 1861, 2 minutes 43 seconds, or 55 seconds and 54¼ seconds respectively. In the present year the race was won by Blair Athol at about the same speed. The best time of Arabs to be found in the 'Indian Stud Book' is that of Child of the Islands, 1½ miles in 2 minutes 48 seconds, or 56 seconds the half-mile; and of Copenhagen, 2¼ miles in 4 minutes 20 seconds, or nearly 58 seconds the half-mile. When these results are placed together, the comparison will be more easy.

Name of horse.	Course.	Time per half mile.
Flying Childers, 9 st. 2 lbs. .	Round Course . .	53 seconds
Do. 9 st. 4 lbs. .	Beacon Course . .	54⅛ „
Flying Dutchman, 8 st. 8½ lbs.	2 miles at York . .	53¼ „
Kettledrum, 8 st. 7 lbs. . . .	1½ miles at Epsom .	54¼ „
Child of the Islands, 8 st. 7 lbs.	1½ miles at Bombay.	56 „
Copenhagen, 8 st. 7 lbs. . . .	2¼ miles at Bombay	57⅞ „

On examining these figures, the recorded time of the celebrated race between Firetail and Pumpkin, in 1773, one mile in

* The 'Racing Calendar' gives a different measurement, viz.: three miles, four furlongs, one hundred and thirty-nine yards; and if this is correct, it makes the performance of Childers only 55½ seconds the half mile.

a minute and four seconds and a half, or the half mile in thirty-two seconds, may be safely rejected as wholly untrustworthy. In point of speed, then, we may conclude that the race-horse of the present day in no way yields to the most celebrated performers of the last century.

In respect to substance and powers of endurance, it is more difficult to form a judgment. We read in the old Racing Calendars of races with eighteen stone up, and that over a four-mile course. The Royal Plates also were usually run in four-mile heats, with heavier weights than at present.

A curious description of this kind of race has been preserved to us in a letter of the celebrated Duke of Wharton—

'Wharton the scorn and wonder of our days'—

which Sir Henry Bunbury printed in 1796, and which was written from Newmarket to his confederate Sir William More:—

'This day the following horses started for the King's Plate:—
Lord Godolphin's b. h. Shakespear, by his Arabian out of a True Blue mare.
Lord Portmore's b. h. Looby, by Bright's Arabian out of a Partner mare.
Mr. Panton's ch. h. Partner, by the Lonsdale Arabian out of sister to Bonny Black.'

After describing the three first heats of four miles each, which they ran at score, and in which each won a heat, he thus describes the concluding heat:—

'The fourth heat they all jumped off at score, and ran the first two miles as if they intended to tear one another to pieces; they then slackened their pace, and came gently together to the flat, when they ran at the top of their speed about half a mile, in which they prevailed by turns, whilst new wagers echoed from the betting gap and cords every moment. And now Shakespear having indulged a little pull in order to have something in hand at coming in, was thrown two lengths behind, and the other two continued close together, stuck and cut every yard, when he made a loose as his last effort, and catched them within twenty yards of the ending post dead run, and their riders almost exhausted; when Partner broke down and Looby yielded the victory, scarcely by half the head, and with it his life, for he died immediately after the heat.'

No trace of this race appears in the 'Racing Calendar,' but the letter, which is without date, must have been written between the years 1725 and 1731, as the Duke was on the Turf during that period; in the latter year he died, and we find Mr. Panton's ch. h. Partner was running in those years. We trust, however, that no lovers of horses at the present day, however desirous they may be of improving the breed, or

of obtaining substance and endurance, would desire to resort to such barbarous tests as that just described.

It will be observed that in the above race, all three horses were Arabs on their father's side; but we must caution our readers not to confound Lord Godolphin's Arabian there mentioned with the celebrated horse of that name. For although it is just possible that the latter having been born in 1724 might have been the sire of Shakespear, it is inconsistent with all that is recorded of his history that he should have been put into the stud thus early. Our reason, however, for drawing attention to the Arab blood exhibited in the above race is for the purpose of showing that we have some means of testing the powers of endurance in modern English horses. There is no reason for supposing that the race of Arab horses has in any way deteriorated, and it is most likely (though Mr. Palgrave denies it) that the intercourse between Arabia and other parts of the world, especially between Arabia and India, and the high prices given for horses at Calcutta and Bombay, have had the effect of obtaining from the Nedjed, and from the Aneeza tribe, the very best horses that Arabia produces. Now for years past, Arabs and English horses have been pitted against one another in every description of race, not only so as to test speed, but also their powers of endurance; and the result is that no differences of weight, speaking in racing language, and no length of course, can bring them together. The ordinary allowance to an Arab in India is two stone, but no Arab yet has been found who with this allowance can beat a second-rate English horse. Indeed the testimony of Indian sportsmen is uniform that a good English horse with 10 st. 7 lbs. can give an Arab any amount of weight possible, and over any course long or short.

There is another field to which we may look with advantage in forming an opinion on this alleged deterioration, viz. the state of our cavalry. In this department we go more upon blood than formerly, and with reason, for it is found that there is nothing like high-breeding for carrying heavy weights when any pace is required. General Daumas, in his interesting work on the horses of the Sahara, tells us that the Chasseurs d'Afrique, who are mounted on little Barbs, weigh more than 159 kilogrammes or 25 stone, on going into the field. The English light dragoon, accoutred in marching order, weighs between 18 and 19 stone, and it was found during the Afghan war that no horses went through the campaign so well as the Arabs of the 3rd dragoons, which averaged below 14 hands 2 inches in height. This power in well-bred horses to carry

weight was noticed by the Duke of Newcastle in the seventeenth century, who, speaking of the efficiency of blood horses, with seemingly little substance, to carry heavy weights in war, makes a pithy remark as to the superior quality of bone in such animals over those of lower caste:—

'Though I have been informed in France by an old officer of the army in Henry IV.'s time, that he had often seen a Barb beat down by the superior strength of a large Flanders horse' (this, of course, is due to the greater weight of the latter), 'I have experienced this difference between the bone of the leg of a Barbary horse and one from Flanders—namely, that the cavity of the bone in one shall hardly admit of a straw, whilst you may thrust your finger into that of the other.'

Now if strong thorough-bred horses were really disappearing from this country, it would follow that the difficulty to obtain well-bred horses for our cavalry, and the prices to be given for them, would immediately increase. We are informed, however, on high military authority that at no previous period has our cavalry or artillery been so well mounted as at this day, and that the opinion of those most competent to form a sound judgment is that we are very superior in weight and action to the mounted troops of any continental army. Last year some of our military men of high rank attended the great review of the French army at Châlons, where there were eight regiments of heavy cavalry, four of carabineers and four of cuirassiers, all very fine corps, but mounted on horses which, in the opinion of the English officers present, would only have been thought good enough for light cavalry in England. The regulation price for such horses in this country is 30*l.* at four years old, and the demand is so well supplied, that about 924 remounts being required annually for the home service, only 12 are wanting at the present moment to complete the establishment. It is right to add, however, that the recent regulations by which horses are purchased at four years old for 30*l.*, instead of, as formerly, 25 guineas at three years old, have given great dissatisfaction in the breeding districts of England, and it is alleged have furnished a worse description of horse to Government. It is said that the horse which the farmer could afford to sell for the lower price at three years old, often grows into a horse worth 70*l.* at four, and as the English farmer cannot afford to sell his four years old at the regulation price, he sells elsewhere or ceases to breed horses for the cavalry, and English regiments quartered even in Yorkshire have to resort to Ireland for their horses.

On the other hand, the demand from abroad for horses of

good substance and quality is steadily increasing, and animals which formerly went into the line as troopers are eagerly bought up as officers' chargers for Germany. The following return from the Board of Trade shows how much the exportation of valuable horses is increasing, for it is probable that the real value is at least double that given as declared in the return.

Statistical Department, 22nd October, 1863.

Number and Declared Real Value of Horses Exported from the United Kingdom in each Year from 1853 to 1862.*

Years.	Number.	Dec. Val.	Years.	Number.	Dec. Val.
		£			£
1853	1,902	85,967	1858	2,074	130,873
1854	2,346	117,719	1859	4,410	223,085
1855	3,616	178,622	1860	3,199	205,033
1856	1,708	100,349	1861	2,954	237,813
1857	1,574	117,422	1862	4,348	270,611

On the other hand, a number of horses are imported annually, as the following return shows:—

Number and Value of Horses Imported into the United Kingdom in each of the Years 1853 to 1862.

Years.	Number.	Comp. Val.	Years.	Number.	Comp. Val.
		£			£
1853	6,819	41,049†	1858	3,458	103,740†
1854	6,063	133,386	1859	2,130	63,900
1855	2,432	60,800	1860	1,761	52,830
1856	2,979	74,475	1861	1,595	37,693
1857	2,807	70,175	1862	1,978	40,581

Many of these foreign horses come from Prussia, and are of pure English blood; but being kept in their own country till they are five years old and well broken, they are bought up eagerly at high prices for fashionable town equipages; the larger portion of them are, however, Belgian and North German horses, now much used in England for agricultural and railway purposes.

On the whole, we may perhaps come to the conclusion that, although there are many causes in operation to make the highest

* The export is principally to France.

† Official value in the year 1853. The computed real value was not given previously to the year 1854.

class of horse scarce and difficult to be found, the balance of evidence tends to show that at least as many first-rate animals are produced now as at any previous period. Enough, however, has been said to demonstrate that, if no deterioration in the English horse has actually taken place, two causes are at work on which breeders, and especially country gentlemen, should carefully keep their eyes, from the evident tendency of each of them, sooner or later, to produce most injurious results. The one is, the avidity with which all our best horses and mares are bought up for foreign parts; and the other, as before indicated, the increasing number of worthless thorough-bred horses produced every year, a large majority of which, from ill-considered motives of economy, are sent into the stud.

The remedy to be applied is, we firmly believe, in the hands of our landed gentry, as we shall presently endeavour to show; but we desire, in the first instance, to attack that curious problem, the mode by which so very artificial an animal as the English thorough-bred horse has been produced. It is avowed on all hands that upon the thorough-bred horse depend all our superior animals, weight-carrying hunters, first-class carriage-horses, and superior hacks. All attempts, therefore, to maintain or improve our national breed of horses must be founded on an accurate knowledge of what this animal is, and how by a succession of judicious crosses, and intermixtures of foreign blood, the modern English racer has been made a superior animal to any that the best stables of Arabia or the Sahara can produce.*

First of all we have to ask, like Sir Robert Peel in the celebrated discussion on a pound, 'What is a thorough-bred 'horse?' It will be seen that the answer is by no means an easy one.

But before we inquire into the derivation of the thorough-bred horse, there are one or two questions in the natural history of the animal of great interest, and on which opinions are much divided. Is the wild horse to be found now in any part of the world,—the primitive wild horse, we mean, as distinguishable from horses become wild like those in South America and the Philippines? Do our domesticated breeds of horses descend from one or from several stocks?

Although the horse, in the language of Buffon, is the noblest

* According to Abd-el-Kader, the Barb is a superior horse to the Arab, and in the great race in Egypt described by General Daumas, a Barb of M. de Lesseps beat the best Arab horses that the Pacha could match against him.

conquest achieved by man, it is remarkable how gradual the diffusion of the animal has been over many parts of the world, and how comparatively little he is employed, except in the most civilised countries, even at the present day. America, Australasia, the Philippine Islands, as is well known, had no horses till introduced by Europeans. The greater part of Africa is to this day without horses; for although from time immemorial an excellent breed has existed on its Mediterranean boundary, as also in Egypt and Abyssinia, the only Negro races in the interior who possess the animal appear to have obtained it from Arab immigrants, and in South Africa it has been introduced by the Dutch and the English. Even in the East, the probable home of the horse, he is, speaking generally, not used, either for agriculture or draught. On the other hand, horses are to be found, and even two distinct breeds of them, in islands of the Indian Archipelago and of the Pacific, far removed from the limits of early navigation. But when we look back to an earlier geological period, we find horses much more equably distributed over the earth. In America, for example, the fossil remains are plentiful, and are not distinguishable from the living animal, except perhaps by a greater curvature of the fore teeth. Still older formations in India present a distinct species of horse, which must have presented a droll appearance, with extra hoofs dangling at his fetlocks, as he galloped or waddled through the swamps of that age. The curious in these matters may see specimens of this horse in the British Museum. A very late discovery in the South of France has disclosed a period when the horse ran wild there, and when the population, albeit armed only with flint weapons, lived on it as food.

Down to modern times writers on natural history agreed that our domestic breeds of horses spring from one stock; and, according to Professor Low, 'we may safely assume that the 'differences which we observe in them are the result of the 'different conditions as to food, temperature, and other external 'agents to which they have been subjected.'* The difficulty, however, of believing that a Shetland pony can ever grow into a dray horse, or *vice versâ;* the occurrence of distinct breeds of ponies in conjunction with races of large horses in many parts of the world, and other considerations, have led many recent inquirers to conclude that our modern horses descend from several original stocks. Our countryman, Col. Hamilton Smith, was the first to start this theory, which will be found

* Breeds of Domestic Animals in the British Islands, fol. 1842.

in his interesting work on the Horse. Mr. Crawfurd, the distinguished President of the Ethnological Society, who startled the theological world with his 'Forty Adams' hypothesis, has mounted his hobby in respect to the equine race with still more confidence, and his acquaintance with the horse in many parts of the East has enabled him to bring much original matter to bear on the subject. But Herr Fitzinger, whose essay we have prefixed to this article, developes the theory with the greatest fulness. With laudable German industry, he has studied all the authorities bearing on his subject, and then, armed with so much learning, has thought himself entitled to launch one or two additional theories of his own.

For example, after laying down that the wild horse of more than one species is still to be found in Central Asia, he derives all modern horses from the following distinct stocks:

1. The hairless horse, *equus nudus.*
2. The wild Eastern horse or Tarpan, *e. caballus.*
3. The light horse, *e. velox.*
4. The heavy horse, *e. robustus.*
5. The pony, *e. nanus.*

The evidence on which the *equus nudus* has been erected into a species gives an instructive view of the facility with which a German professor, sitting in his study, can construct 'a camel 'out of the depth of his own consciousness' without ever having seen, or caring to see, one. It seems that a horse without hair was exhibited in Berlin in 1798, and two or three other specimens have been seen in German menageries during the present century. On these individuals he founds his class, but is rather puzzled as to what part of the world to locate the original stock in. He states that one of the Oudh princes lately in Europe asserted that he had seen whole troops of them in Caubul, but, as the English do not mention the animal, he does not dwell on this testimony, and thinks Beloochistan must be their modern habitat! We may state, on the authority, we believe, of Professor Owen, that no practical naturalist admits a *nude* variety of horse, though there might be some ground for it from the analogy of naked dogs.

With respect to the English thorough-bred horse, M. Fitzinger has also struck out a novel theory. He defines the English thorough-bred horse as derived entirely from Oriental progenitors—and therein he agrees with most accredited English authorities. But there are three groups or strains of blood well known on the Turf, called the Herod, the Eclipse, and the Matchem lines, which, as Professor Low well says, is a classification often used for utility, but has no scientific accuracy 'from the mixture

'of blood that has taken place.' Our German author, however, gives an apparent value at once to the theory, for he boldly states that the dams of all modern race-horses were twelve Arab or Barb mares imported by Charles II., and that the sires of the respective stocks were the Byerly Turk, a Turkoman horse; the Godolphin Arabian, a Barb; and the Darley Arabian, an Arab. It is needless to say that there is not the least authority for this statement. We know nothing of the pedigree or derivation of the royal mares imported by Charles II., as no trace has yet been discovered of the quarter whence they were procured. The Byerly Turk was a horse obtained at the siege of Vienna, and was ridden as charger by a Captain Byerly, in King William's wars in Ireland. If Herr Fitzinger had ever seen a Turkoman horse, or had duly attended to his authority, the judicious Col. Hamilton Smith, he never would have derived a strain of illustrious racers from that wiry, cross-made, but slow breed, the Turkoman, whose principal qualification is to be able to march fifty miles a day for fifty days in succession. The Byerly Turk was no doubt either an Arab or a Barb, but more probably the former. Nor is there any authority for holding the Godolphin Arabian to have been a Barb. He has been sometimes thought to have been so, from the extraordinarily high crest which is given him in his pictures, especially in that by Stubbs, which, however, was not taken from the life. But this peculiarity, perhaps an exaggeration of the original painter, is no test of race, and Lawrence describes having seen an English thorough-bred horse at Tattersall's, in the last century, with a crest equally high. The late Mr. Charles Long, the magistrate, who had paid much attention to this subject, had heard a tradition in his youth that this celebrated horse, whose blood is said to mingle with that of nearly every superior horse known in England, was a present from the Sultan to Louis XIV., in which case he was most probably an Arab. English writers, however, generally agree that the thorough-bred horse is a pure descendant of Arabs and Barbs imported into this country without intermixture of other blood. Arab horses are traced back in the 'Stud Book' and 'Racing Calendar' as far as the animal which Gervase Markham imported from Constantinople, and sold to James I.; but, in fact, they were brought to England at much earlier dates. Several Arabs are mentioned in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, of whom Place's White Turk is the most celebrated; and Charles II., as has been already noticed, imported some mares, of which we will speak presently. On examining the records, however, on which these opinions as to the origin of the thorough-bred horse are founded,

it will be seen that the evidence is very deficient; and there is good reason to think that there is much more real English blood at the bottom of our thorough-bred stock than is usually supposed.

On looking back for notices of English horses, we get little that is valuable before the middle of the sixteenth century, though, curiously enough, in the very first authentic mention of our island, in Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' we find the native horse filling a most prominent place. In his chapter on the cavalry conflict between himself and the Britons, Cæsar admits that the latter had the best of it, and that his troops, frightened at the unaccustomed mode of warfare, had to cut themselves a way out from amongst the chariots and horse who had surrounded them. The mode of employing horses in war by the Britons appears to have been twofold, as troopers, and in chariots. In the latter they drove in detachments boldly against the enemy's line, which they often broke, and then getting intermixed with the Roman horse, the British would descend and fight on foot, leaving the drivers to take off the chariots to some rallying point, where, if pressed by the enemy, the foot soldiers would regain their conveyances and drive off. These tactics, says Cæsar, gave them all the quickness of cavalry with the steadiness of foot, and it appears clearly that the most effective opposition he encountered arose from this species of arm. The movements thus described undoubtedly show that the British horses must have been animals of good speed and substance, and excellently trained; and therefore the fact seems well established, as from the soil and climate might have been presumed *à priori*, that these islands possessed an excellent indigenous race of horses, and not mere ponies as has been sometimes supposed. Of succeeding ages we know nothing, but from the Saxon names of Hengist (Hengst?) and Horsa, we may conclude that these *horsey* appellatives were attributable to the animals they imported from Germany. The Normans, no doubt, brought here some well-bred continental horses, which, through Spain, were probably mostly of African origin or Barbs; and the Crusades, it is clear, were the means of introducing Arabs of high lineage into English as well as continental stables.

Blundeville is the first systematic English writer on horsemanship whom we are acquainted with. He was a Norfolk squire who hailed from Newton Flotman in that county, and his work, entitled 'The Foure Chiefest Offices belonging to 'Horsemanship,' was published in 1558. It is very bulky, but contains little original matter, being, as he says, 'painfullie

'collected out of many authors.' For this reason perhaps it is, that, copying for the most part foreign writers, he makes little or no mention of English horses, but, when speaking of studs and the animals to be selected for sires, he recommends 'a 'Neapolitan courser, a high Almaine, a Hungarian, a Flanders, 'or a Friseland.' He also speaks of the *Turkie* horse (no doubt an Arab), which 'I have seen come as well into Italy as into 'England, which are indifferent fayre to the eye, though not 'very great or strongly made, yet very light and swift in their 'running, and of great courage.'

Blundeville, however, gives an interesting account of the light Irish horse, which shows that an excellent race of nag horses was to be found in that island three hundred years ago:—

'The Irish Hobbie is a pretty fine horse, having a good head and bodie, indifferently well proportioned, saving that many of them be slender and pin-buttocked; they be tender-mouthed, nimble, light, pleasant, and apt to be taught; they be so light and swift, notwithstanding I take them to be very nesh* and tender to keep, and also to be somewhat skittish and fearful, partly perhaps by nature and partly for lack of good breaking at the first.'

The first who brought forward prominently the merits of the English horse was Gervase Markham. This name is so constantly cited in works on English country life and sport, and he is besides such a pleasant writer and thoroughly good sportsman, that one naturally desires to know more of him. The ordinary biographies, however, are very unsatisfactory, and even that contained in the history of the Markham family printed for private distribution in 1854, does little more than repeat the vague notices to be found of him in 'Grainger' and elsewhere. Gervase or Jervis Markham (for he writes himself both ways) was the third son of a Nottinghamshire squire, the Worshipful Robert Markham of Cotham, ancestor of the archbishop, and was born in 1566. The father had a goodly estate, all of which he seems to have run through, and his principal manor of Cotham, curiously enough, fell into the hands of the Duke of Newcastle, as great a lover of horses as the spendthrift's son whom we are noticing.† Gervase, in his early life, took up the

* Nesh, soft.

'For love his heart is tender and nesh.'—*Chaucer.*

† The estate of Cotham is still in the possession of the descendants of the great equestrian Duke, and the descent is worth noticing. Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, left an only daughter and heir, who married Holles, Earl of Clare, created Duke of Newcastle; the latter duke also left an only daughter and heir, who married the

profession of arms, but seems to have devoted himself to sport, for his works show that there was no species of country amusement in which he was not a thorough adept. He describes every kind of chase then practised with great zest, including the 'moist delight' of otter hunting; but he condemns coursing as pitiful and unfair. He also tells us of the steeple-chases then in use, under the designation of wild-goose chase, and describes a drag so vividly that it might be taken (unless the catte mentioned in it were a live animal) for an account of a modern drag by the young officers of the Household Brigade at Windsor:—

'There is also another chase (if I may without offence so term it), at least a sport I am sure it is, when swift hounds hunt a catte, which is by some huntsman drawn in a long string three or four miles at the most up and down the fields, either crosse plowed lands, or thwart green fields, leaping ditches, hedges, or other pales, rales, or fences, or running throwe waters, as the leader of the catte shall think best.

'This chase or sport we heer in England call a traine scent, and is altogether used for the tryall of matches between horse and horse.'

This love of sport led him into the celebrated dispute with Lord Darcy, whom he justly offended by riding over his hound 'Bowzer,' but who maligned him in such very coarse language that Gervase sent him a challenge. For this outrage on nobility the Star Chamber fined him 500*l.* (not 10,000*l.* as erroneously stated by Hume), 'so fine a thing was it in those 'days to be a Lord,' being the natural reflection of Lord Lansdown, from whom Hume cites the incident. Markham addicted himself, however, very early in life to literature, and we have poems of his published in 1595. His first work on Horses was even earlier, and is entitled 'How to chuse, ride, traine, and diet 'both hunting horses and running horses,' and was published in 1593. From this time till the date of his death, circa 1646, his pen seems to have been incessantly at work. Indeed, from a curious memorandum preserved in the records of the Stationers' Company, it seems that he was in the pay of the booksellers, as he pledged himself in 1617 'not to write any 'more books to be printed of the diseases of cattle, &c.' He is also said to have greatly distinguished himself in the civil wars, but it is probable that he has been confounded with another of the same name, as he must have been seventy-four years

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second (Harley) Earl of Oxford; the earl's daughter married the Duke of Portland, and thus carried all the great possessions of the first Dukes of Newcastle (Cavendish) into the Portland family.

of age when the wars commenced. It has also been doubted whether he was the hero of the romantic duel recorded in the 'Biographia Britannica,' where a Gervase Markham met Sir John Holles in Sherwood Forest, accompanied by a large party on horseback, including ladies. Holles, it seems, had been seeking his antagonist for a long time ineffectually; so on this sudden rencounter, he seized the opportunity and made his enemy dismount, and in the face of a goodly company a combat with swords ensued, the issue of which was that Gervase was left sprawling on the grass, and is said to have been disabled for life. As the paternal estate of Cotham had got into the Holles family, it is easy to believe that no good feeling existed towards them on the part of the Markhams, although the immediate cause of quarrel assigned in the anecdote arose from the tender relations existing between Gervase and the Countess of Shrewsbury, of whom 'he was a great confidant, 'and was usually in those days termed her champion.' There is no writer of that period from whom so much authentic information on English horses can be obtained; and it clearly appears from the following extracts that at the time when Arabs and Barbs were first introduced into this country, pure English-bred horses were enabled to meet them on the Turf on equal terms:—

'Some former writers, whether out of want of experience, or to flatter novelties, or else collecting their workes from other writings, in which not finding the English horse naméd, they have thereupon concluded that the English horse is a great strong jade, deep-ribbed, sid-bellied, with strong leggs, and good hoofes, yet fitter for the cart than either the saddle or any worthy imployment. How false this is, all English horsemen know, and myself dare boldly justifie: for the true English horse indeed,—him I mean that is bred under a good clime, on firme ground, and in a pure and temperate zone—is of tall stature and of large proportions; his head, though not so fine as either the Barbaries or Turkes, yet it is leane, long, and well fashioned, his crest is hie . . . but thin, firm, and strong: his chyne is straight and broad, and all his lims large, lean, flat, and excellently jointed in them, exceeding any horse of any countrey whatever. Now for their inward goodness; first for their valure and indurance in the wars, I have seene them suffer and execute as much and more than ever I noted in any other of forraine creation. For swiftness what nation hath brought foorth that horse which hath exceeded the English? for proofe whereof we have this example: when the best Barbaries that ever were in my remembrance were in their prime, I saw them overrunne by a black Hobbie at Salesburie of Maister Carlton's, and yet that Hobbie was more overrunne by a horse of Maister Blackstone's called Valentine, *which Valentine, neither in hunting nor running, was ever equalled, yet was a plaine-bred English*

horse both by syre and dam. Again, for infinite labour and long indurance, which is easiest to be seen in our English hunting matches, I have not seen any horse able to compare with the English horse.'

He then gives an accurate account of the Arab and Barb horse, and his language shows that these horses were well known in England, although it is usually stated that the Arab imported by Markham himself was the first introduced into this country:—

'Next to the English horse I place the courser of Naples. Next these the Turkie horse is an excellent beast. I doe not mean those horses which have been bred in the Turks' first dominions, but those horses which I have seen, all which have been said to come from Constantinople, have been horses of most delicate shape, pace, and metal; they have not been of any monstrous size, but inclining to a middle size, or indifferancie of height; they are finely-headed almost as the Barbaries; they have most excellent forehands, both for length, depth, and proportion; their limbs are straight, yet rather small than great; their hoofs are long and narrow (a great proof of swiftness); their coats are smooth and short, and all their members of suitable qualities; they are of great courage and swiftness, for I have seen them used at our English bell-courses.

'Next the Turke I place the Barbarie; they are beyond all horses whatsoever for delicacy of shape and proportion; they are swift beyond other forraign horses, and to that use in England we only imploy them; yet are their races only upon hard grounds, for in soft or deep ground they have neither strength nor delight; their colours are for the most part gray or flea-bitten.'

If, then, English horses were thus appreciated at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and thus proved themselves superior to the imported Arabs and Barbs, can it be doubted when attempts to improve our breed by foreign blood were made, that English mares were employed? But we are not left to speculation on this subject: Markham, when speaking of breeding, recommends—

'A Neapolitan courser with the fayrest English mare that can be gotten. The next to him is the Turke; but if you breed only for swiftness, then the Barbarie horse is only best, breeding either upon a mare of his own countrey, upon a Turkie mare or English; but if you would breed only a tough hunting horse, there is none better (as by daily experience we find) than the fayre-bred English horse and English mare.'

So the Duke of Newcastle, writing somewhat later in the century (circa 1640–45), speaks equally strongly of English mares. He says:—

'The best stallion is a well-chosen Barb or a beautiful Spanish

horse. Some people pretend that a Barb or a Genet produce too small a breed. There is no fear of having too small horses in England, since the coolness and moisture of the climate and fatness of the land rather produces horses too large.

'In the choice of breeding-mares, I would advise you to take either a well-shaped Spanish one or a Neapolitan. But when these are not easily obtained, choose a beautiful English mare, which is as good as any, provided she be of a good colour and well marked, both which qualifications are necessary to produce a handsome breed.'

We are able to conclude also on other grounds that very few Arab and Barb mares were brought to this country. Even at the present day, when the intercourse with Arabia and the Barbary coast is so great, we know how difficult it is to procure mares of high lineage. It is not that in those countries the mare is thought more influential on the offspring than the sire. Abd-el-Kadr asserts that exactly the contrary opinion is held by the Arabs; but the reason is that in those horse-breeding communities, a well-bred mare is looked upon as the main support of the family, and if she be sold, the occupants of the tent must starve. Besides which the Arabs ride mares only, horses being found by them too noisy for predatory and nocturnal expeditions. In fact, the only high-bred mares we know of as imported into this country, are those procured by Charles II., of which only one, the dam of Dodsworth, is recorded to have been a pure Barb. We have seen the plausible theory started by Herr Fitzinger as to the breed of these mares; but the only information which has yet been obtained about them is to be found in this passage of the 'Stud Book.'

'King Charles II. sent abroad the Master of the Horse to procure a number of horses and mares for breeding, and the mares brought over by him (as also many of their produce) have since been called Royal mares.'

As it must be admitted, however, that much of our best blood is traceable to these Royal mares, it is a matter of interest to discover whether anything more can be learnt about them; but up to the present time the inquiry has been fruitless. By the favour of the Master of the Rolls, a search has been made for some trace of the commissions to purchase horses abroad, but hitherto in vain. The accounts of the Master of the Horse do not begin till the twenty-first year of Charles II.'s reign. We are enabled, however, to give some particulars of the horses imported, both before and subsequently to that reign, which are interesting, as showing the foreign breeds affected by our ancestors.

It appears that—

'In most of the reigns anterior to Charles II. there are notices of horses bought abroad for the King's use; for instance, in 1511 King Henry VIII. purchased five horses (for 50*l.*) which a Frenchman brought from Rouen. In 1520 the King bought several horses from the Low Countries.

'During the reign of Elizabeth there are also several notices of horses brought from abroad by the Queen.

'In most instances the horses came from Holland and Flanders.

'In 1631, Lord Conway purchased mares which he seems to have supposed to be Dutch, but which his servants took to be Spanish.

'In 1632, a Dutchman employed in draining the fens in Lincolnshire, sent as a present to Lord Wentworth seven horses procured from Holland, declared on their arrival to be the finest in England.

'In 1661, George Murray and others had a licence for seven years to bring coach-horses, mares, and geldings into England from foreign parts, duty free.

'In 1676, James, Duke of Monmouth, has 45*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* for the charges which he has been at in bringing six Spanish horses from Deal to London.

'In 1679, Mr. Chetwyn paid the Dutch Ambassador's steward for two mares for his Majesty's second coach 75*l.* 15*s.*

'In 1684, Mr. Henry Griffith paid for a new whole set of Flanders coach geldings for her Majesty 580*l.* 10*s.*

'A.D. 1693. For horses bought by his Majesty's order and for his Majesty's service in Holland, MMIXᶜᴴ gilders, XV stivers= 1,843*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

'Horses and mules bought for his Majesty's use in Flanders, 516*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

'Horses bought for his Majesty's service in Flanders, 282*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*'

The last few entries show the commencement of the taste for those 'dappled Flanders mares' which Pope commemorates as dragging 'gilt coaches' round the Ring.

The 'Stud Book,' which professes to contain the pedigrees of race-horses from the Restoration to the present time, was only commenced in 1791, and the dams of the earliest horses whose names are recorded are but rarely mentioned. Even the early pedigrees as given are but little to be relied upon, as they seem for the most part to have been taken from traditional accounts in the stable, from descriptions at the back of old pictures, and from advertisements, none of which had to pass muster at the Heralds' College. But we may safely conclude that the original mares at the head of each pedigree were English.

From 1773, however, when the 'Racing Calendar' was commenced in its present form, by the relative of the present proprietors, we have accurate records of the parentage of

every distinguished horse that has appeared on the Turf. We have it indeed from an earlier period, as the 'Racing Calendar,' under another name, was first published in 1727, and was continued by Reginald Heber, the bookseller, till 1773, when it fell into the hands of Mr. Weatherby, who was appointed keeper of the Match Book at Newmarket. This office has continued in the family ever since, and thus an amount of experience and traditionary knowledge has been preserved of the very highest value to all lovers of the Turf. Messrs. Weatherby have lately published a volume including all the accounts of racing and race-horses that can be collected from 1708 to 1750.

From these materials, the most remarkable fact perhaps to be recorded is the immense infusion of Arab blood which took place during the first three quarters of the last century. The great success of Flying Childers, who was foaled in 1715, and was the son of Darley's Arabian, probably brought Arabs more than ever into fashion, although Arabs and Barbs, from the time of Place's White Turk, in the time of the Commonwealth, and probably for a century earlier, had been greatly resorted to. Dodsworth, who was a pure Barb though foaled in England, was a great favourite at the beginning of the eighteenth century; and some fifteen or twenty years later, the Godolphin Arabian was brought to England and soon made himself famous. Eclipse again, foaled in 1764, added fresh glory to the Arab race, for his father, Marske (if he was his father), was grandson of Bartlet's Childers, who also was son of Darley's Arabian. The great performances of Eclipse brought Marske into fashion, for till then he had been so little noticed that he had been sold to a farmer in Devonshire for 15*l*. But he now became celebrated, and found his way into the stables of the Earl of Abingdon, where for one season he was advertised at 300 guineas, a sum never approached since that day.

The year 1773 seems to have been the period when Arab blood chiefly culminated, for of the total number of stallions advertised for that year nearly half were either pure or half Arabs. In the present year there is not probably more than one that figures in stud advertisements. Yet what a singular fact it is that no recourse to the best Arab blood in the present day appears to be attended with the least success! The experiment has been tried over and over again in England, and vast sums have been lavished upon it. But with the exception of a horse of the Emperor of the French, called Auricula, who won the Grand Prix d'Automne of 12,000 francs in 1863, at Paris, and whose dam is said to be a pure Arab, we

cannot recollect a single winner during the present century whose immediate parent was of that breed.

We may now, perhaps, be permitted to ask whether any general conclusions can be drawn from the facts brought forward in the present article. On the main question, whether deterioration or not is going on, opinions no doubt will be divided, and, as we have shown, it is not easy to pronounce a decided judgment one way or the other. But on one point all will be unanimous,—that the greatest attention is requisite to maintain, or, as some will hold, to regain, our superiority. Some of the measures suggested for improvement may be at once rejected. We hear many proposals that the Government should do this or the other, and that the Jockey Club should forbid early racing, handicaps, and so forth. But with such magnificent prizes as exist to stimulate private enterprise, it is clear that there is no necessity for Government to interfere, nor is there much that a body like the Jockey Club, acted on mainly by their own interests and those of their racing brethren, can effect. The employment of young horses on the Turf is founded on the same principle that induces a farmer to bring his sheep of thirteen months old to market: it may not be such good mutton as a four-year-old wether, but it pays him a great deal better. So, if a colt like Lord Clifden can win for his owner 2,400*l.* at two years old, and 5,505*l.* at three years old, or, still more, if Macaroni at three years old can net the great sum of 13,115*l.** in stakes alone, it is simply absurd to suppose that any inducement can be held out to the owners of race-horses to keep them untried till they are four or five.

So also with handicaps. The expenses of keeping race-horses, and the risks incurred, are very great. Mr. R. Tattersall stated, before a Parliamentary Committee, that the cost of a race-horse in training amounted, exclusive of jockey, to 230*l.* per annum. Early running being, as we have shown, inevitable, it is impossible to produce a large field for horses over three years old, except by bringing them together under the graduated weights of a handicap. If handicaps were abolished, the result, no doubt, might be that innumerable

* The winnings of the celebrated horse Orville, at the beginning of this century, caused much admiration at the time. He started in twenty-one races, and won twenty, including the St. Leger, netting for his several owners, in stakes, the sum of 13,490*l.*, or 375*l.* more than Macaroni; but the latter horse won his stakes as a three year old in a single year, whereas Orville's winnings extended over seven years, or from two years old till nearly nine.

thorough-bred weeds would cease to be kept, and would find their way sooner to their ultimate destination, a hack cab; still it must be remembered that amongst the horses too slow to win a Derby or St. Leger, and whose only chance is in a handicap, are to be found the most useful animals that our breeding countries desiderate, the sturdy short-legged horse, fit to carry fourteen stone to hounds.

Again, with regard to Queen's Plates: it is thought that if the old rules were resorted to, with longer courses and weights for age, greater encouragement would be given to the better class of horses. But this also may be doubted. As we have said before, the powers of every horse on the Turf are well known by the time he is four years old, and the entry of the best horse of his year would deter other entries. Besides which, the temptation is not sufficient to induce the winners of great races to compete, and the field would be left open, as it usually is now, for only two or three horses. In 1863, the gallant mare Caller Ou won no fewer than fifteen of these royal prizes, but on an average she did not meet two competitors for each plate, and, indeed, she walked over for four of them. Nevertheless it were much to be wished that some stakes should be devised by which the winners of the great races might be brought together at four and five years old. The interest of the Ascot Cup mainly consists in its usually bringing forth some celebrated Derby or St. Leger horse. And if a great national race were established, in which such animals appeared, a healthy stimulus might be afforded for the keeping a class of animals likely to do the country great service. Possibly if the Royal Plates were more concentrated, and stakes of 500 sovereigns were offered for four-year-olds and upwards, weight for age, at Newmarket, Doncaster, and Ascot, the attraction might be found sufficient for such horses as Macaroni, Ranger, Dollar, and Lord Clifden. Or better, if the Prince of Wales were to offer two such prizes annually, it is probable that Her Majesty's loyal subjects addicted to racing would rally round the Heir-apparent in his endeavours to improve our national breed of horses. We observe that his Royal Highness has just joined the Jockey Club, and we are certain that the act will endear him more and more to the hearts of a people so essentially sporting as the English. But it cannot be denied that racing brings very many evils in its train, and that it is only on the ground of the public benefit it confers that it deserves the patronage of Royalty or of grave and thoughtful men. It must be therefore on the grounds so well put by the Selt Committees on Gaming of both Houses of Parliament in 1844,

that the Prince has been induced to lend his great name and position to promote the interests of the Turf. The Lords' Committee recommended that horse-racing

'Should be upheld, because it is in accordance with a long-established national taste; because it serves to bring together for a common object vast bodies of people in different classes of society; and because, without the stimulus which racing affords, it would be difficult if not impossible to maintain the purity of blood and standard excellence which have rendered the breed of English horses superior to that of any other country in the world.'

The Commons' Committee reported that—

'They would be sorry to appear to discourage horse-racing. That sport has long been a favourite one of all classes of the British nation both at home and abroad, and it has been systematically encouraged by the Government by means of numerous plates annually given by the Crown to be run for, with a view to the important object of keeping up, by the competition of private individuals, and without any other charge to the Government, an improved breed of horses throughout the country.'

We are sanguine enough to believe that even one such prize as we have indicated above, given by His Royal Highness on conditions carefully framed by the Jockey Club, might be attended with great national advantages. The stakes should comprise a subscription, similar to that perhaps for the Derby, but for four-year-olds and upwards, weight for age, the nominations to close in February for the succeeding year, so as to attract all the promising colts before the spring racing had commenced. A medal, executed in a high style of art, with the effigy of his Royal Highness and space on the reverse to allow the name of the winner to be engraved, would add greatly to the attraction of the race; and if the entries became numerous, as probably would be the case, the true Blue Ribbon of the Turf would be allotted in this exciting contest.

But it appears to us that the main remedy to be applied to the evils complained of, be they present or imminent, in the existing race of horses, is to be found in the substitution of a different class of breeders for those who now take up the occupation. How can it be expected that a Yorkshireman with a small holding, or an ordinary Irish tenant, will refuse a large and remunerating price offered for his mare? It is indifferent to him whether she goes to Australia or Germany, he only knows that he gave a certain sum for her, and he thinks he does good business if he sells her for three or four times the amount, trusting to his own mother wit and the chapter of accidents to replace her by another at an equally low figure.

The country gentlemen of England have enormous advantages were they to enter on this field of competition. Their means, their special knowledge, and daily conversance with the horse, enable them to enter the lists under most favourable weights. But above all in the possession of parks, which, however delightful in occupation, are rarely remunerative to their owners, the landed gentry have a choice of ground, conveniency for paddocks, and often an extent of poorish dry soil most favourable for young stock, which all seem to point out that in horse-breeding they need fear no rivals. It may be admitted that the science of breeding, as applied to horse-flesh, does not stand on the same fixed basis as when animals of a less exquisite organisation are in question. Any capitalist, with a bailiff having a good eye and fine touch, may succeed in producing a herd of Short Horns, or a flock of pure Downs that will vie with the best at a Royal Agricultural show; but the wealthiest nobleman in England, with the most skilled and trustworthy trainer, may go on breeding all his life without producing a winner of the Derby or St. Leger. The reason probably is, that with first-class horses, as with first-class men, there are certain qualities leading to excellence, not transmissive by blood alone, and wholly independent of mere shape and make.

Nevertheless, up to a certain point great results are achievable. Thus in 1863 we find no fewer than thirty-eight sons and daughters of Newminster winning races with stakes amounting to 21,286*l.* So there were thirty-two Stockwell winners, who netted for their owners stakes to the amount of 20,789*l.*; whereas on an average, not one winner per head can be assigned to the various thorough-bred horses competing for public favour in England. So, if we look at the prices realised every year at the great sales of thorough-bred stock in Her Majesty's, Mr. Greville's, Mr. Blenkiron's, and Mr. Cookson's studs, we shall find the amount paid by the public for yearlings of good form extremely high, perhaps even exaggerated; but still it is a clear manifestation of public opinion, that the well-known sires and mares kept in these respective establishments are likely to produce offspring as good as themselves.

But with the exception of a few thorough-bred horses which are fitted for hunting, the race-horse not good enough for racing is good for little else. The losses, therefore, from this score in a breeding establishment of thorough-breds are very great. On the other hand, if any country gentleman with suitable appliances will devote himself with equal spirit to the production of weight-carrying hunters, the results

ought to be very different. An animal of this kind with high quality, able to carry fourteen or fifteen stone to hounds, is worth 150*l.* to 200*l.* at four years old. But such a horse, if he does not turn out a hunter, may be equally valuable as a carriage-horse; and failing in that, he is still an animal of great value as a hack or machiner. If we look at the expense of producing such a horse, we have data before us. The Yorkshire farmer can afford to breed troopers for Government, which the contractor delivers at three years old for 25 guineas; and therefore the farmer's price must be a pound or two under that sum. The Irish breeders sell their four-year-old colts under the same conditions, so as to be delivered to Government at 30*l.* Now country gentlemen will not of course be able to rear their young stock (especially stock of a higher quality) so cheaply as the small farmers in Ireland and in the English breeding districts by whom the Government troopers are usually raised. But they may do so (in legal language) *cy-près*, and they start in a field in which the successes possibly of an Ellman or Jonas Webb may be secured without much risk. It is certain that at the present moment, foreign noblemen, both in Germany and France, are breeding horses with success for the English market. But surely our English country gentleman can vie with anyone in the world in such a field of competition, starting as he would do with so many local advantages on his side. Even if the speculation which we are suggesting turned out altogether unsuccessful, it would be accompanied throughout the experiment by that feeling which makes a gentleman's farming the most delightful occupation in life,—the feeling that whilst engaged in a pursuit full of amusement and healthy excitement, he is labouring at a task of which the results must be beneficial to the public, even if they be not extremely profitable to himself.

ART. VI.—*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Revenues and Management of Certain Colleges and Schools, and the Studies pursued and Instruction given therein; with an Appendix and Evidence.* (Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty. March, 1864.) Four volumes, folio.

AN article on 'Eton College,' in our number of April, 1860, called attention to some facts connected with the administration of the greatest and most influential of our public schools, the distribution of the revenues arising from its endowments, and the course of instruction pursued in it, which seemed to deserve and to demand the full consideration of the public. It is not our intention on the present occasion to revert to the topics discussed in that article; but we may be permitted to observe that all the statements contained in it have been corroborated or exceeded by the subsequent and more abundant evidence now before us; that the College has not attempted to refute charges, which it was painful even to ourselves to make; and that the proof of systematic violation of the Statutes of Eton and the intentions of the Founder is complete. It now remains to be shown what are the services actually rendered by the teaching of Eton College to the highest class of society in this country; and in this inquiry we shall not confine our remarks to Eton, as we are now enabled by the valuable Report and Evidence recently laid before Parliament to extend them to most of the great Public Schools of England.

We concluded the article to which we have just referred by suggesting the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry as the best mode of satisfying the just misgivings of the public. The subject was taken up in Parliament by Mr. Grant Duff, and a Royal Commission has since sat, consisting of Lord Clarendon, Lord Devon, Lord Lyttelton, the Hon. E. Twisleton, Sir Stafford Northcote, Professor Thompson, and Mr. H. H. Vaughan—a list of names happily combining academical and scholastic knowledge with that of the cultivated man of the world, and calculated in every way to secure public confidence. The inquiry has been extended to nine schools sufficiently illustrative, when taken together, of the public-school system in its different phases,—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, Rugby, Charter House, Shrewsbury, St. Paul's, and Merchant Taylors'. A large body of evidence has been taken, both orally and by the circulation of printed

papers of questions; besides which the Commissioners have personally visited and inspected the several schools. The result is a well-written, interesting and valuable Report, which, whether the exact recommendations of the Commissioners are carried into effect or not, will certainly afford instructive suggestions, as well as a great mass of useful information, to those who may be engaged, either as practical administrators or as inquirers, on a subject which is now beginning to attract its due share of notice, and, perhaps for the first time, to undergo rational and comprehensive investigation.

The schools subjected to the inquiry are all more or less endowed. Institutions supported merely by private enterprise could not, unless there were reason to apprehend criminal abuse, be legitimately made the subject of a State investigation. Endowments, on the contrary, though originally flowing from the gifts or bequests of private founders, are maintained by the act of the State, which specially enlarges, in these cases, the testamentary power, and suspends the law forbidding perpetuities, and which, consequently, is not only authorised, but bound as a matter of duty, to ascertain from time to time that the foundations are operating for the benefit of the community. But the endowments, though the ostensible ground and justification of the inquiry, are not, in the present instance, the really important object. The revenues of Eton and Winchester are large; but those of Harrow, which stands second to Eton in importance for the purposes of the present investigation, are very small, and far inferior in amount to those of Tunbridge and some other endowed schools. The really important object of this inquiry is the public-school system of education, which the nine schools selected by the Government, especially Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, formed, and still, by their influence and their hold on public opinion, in great measure regulate and determine. To this momentous subject, therefore, we shall mainly turn our attention on the present occasion.

With regard to the administration of the endowments we need only say at present that the call for investigation has been justified. In almost all endowed institutions, where the management of the property is vested in the hands of a portion of the foundation, a malady ensues which we may describe as a determination of money to the head. In the case of Eton, as in many similar cases, this malady has engendered a system of letting the common property of the foundation on leases with fines, the fines being put, without a shadow of statutable authority, into the pockets of the Provost and Fellows. Thus the College, the sinecurist

part of the institution, was being fattened while the useful part, the school, was being starved. The school part of the foundation is now far more equitably treated, and has risen from the wretched state in which it was twenty or thirty years ago into a very flourishing condition, so that admission to it has become an object of desire and ambition instead of being a degradation. The practice of taking fines, however, and dividing them among the Provost and Fellows, is still continued; but the Commissioners recommend that it be abolished, that the leases be run out as speedily as possible, and the fines brought into the general account, proper arrangements being made for the protection of vested interests in the process. They further recommend that the payments still required of the scholars on the foundation, contrary to the intentions of the founder, be discontinued. The present Provost and Fellows have of course inherited the existing system of administration from early, perhaps the earliest times, and are entitled to the benefit of that plea. They are also entitled to plead 'desue-'tude' in defence of deviations from the obsolete regulations of mediæval statutes, though a self-dispensing power, of uncertain latitude, is a most objectionable mode of relaxing obligations to the strict observance of which the person in question has bound himself by oath. This plea must, however, be limited to the case of regulations really obsolete; and, to redeem it from the suspicion of fraud, it must be accompanied by proof of a disposition to prefer the spirit to the letter of the statutes in the interest of others as well as in your own. It cannot be heard in defence of the Governing Body of a Foundation, when they are paying to other people ironical stipends on the scale fixed in mediæval statutes, and putting the bulk of the revenues into their own pockets in the shape of fines.

There is one remark, however, relative to the operation of perpetual endowments which must be made here, because it furnishes the key to the present situation of our public-school system to a greater extent, perhaps, than the Commissioners are, or at least than they have shown themselves to be, aware. It is in the nature of all endowed institutions to stereotype, too often against all reason, and to the great detriment of the community, the system of education, or of whatever else it may be, which prevailed at the time of the foundation. This they do in two ways: first, and most obviously, by means of the direct regulations of their founders, which are permitted, by a mistaken and unkind reverence, to remain unchanged while all around has changed; and, secondly, by enabling stipendiaries, whose income is wholly or partly independent of their

popularity and usefulness, to set public opinion at defiance, and to indulge with positive or comparative impunity the dislike of change, which the very atmosphere that surrounds an ancient foundation as well as personal inertness, is apt to engender. Education n the University of Oxford during the last century and the first years of the present was conducted according to the method prescribed by the Statutes of Archbishop Laud. The system had become a sort of educational museum of obsolete antiquities, and the education nominally given under it had degenerated into a farce.

'Mr. John Scott took his Bachelor's degree in Hilary Term, on the 20th of February, 1770. "An examination for a degree at Oxford," he used to say, "was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in history." "What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?" I replied, "Golgotha." "Who founded University College?" I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted) "that King Alfred founded it." "Very well, Sir," said the examiner, "you are competent for your degree."'*

Sic fortis Etruria crevit.

Under this system, with a public-school system to correspond, and not by any superficial or utilitarian method—in these profound and liberal studies, not in the acquirement of frivolous accomplishments or knowledge unworthy of a liberal mind—were trained the country gentlemen and Members of Parliament whose highly cultivated understandings resisted for a century every measure of improvement, political, social, economical, and religious, and threw this country, which in the previous century had taken the lead in the march of progress, permanently behind others in not a few questions of civilisation. Nothing could have maintained such a state of things but immense endowments. Without these the University of Oxford must have either ceased to exist, or have condescended to attract students and students' fees, by giving an education in accordance with the requirements of the time; and thus, perhaps, some dark and disastrous pages would have been torn from the history of England and of the world. The operation of this influence, therefore, is to be carefully noted in analysing and tracing to its various sources, rational or irrational, any system emanating from endowed institutions. And it is from richly-endowed institutions, Eton, Winchester, and Westminster, that the public-school system, as a system, has mainly emanated. The chief modification made in it of late years has been through the personal influence of Dr. Arnold, which

* Life of Lord Eldon, by Horace Twiss, vol. i. p. 57.

was at first stubbornly resisted by the old public schools. The danger of excessive Conservatism is aggravated when the bulk of the endowment is in the hands of a body like the Provost and Fellows of Eton, or the Warden and Fellows of Winchester, who have supreme power over the school, but take no active part in the instruction, and who really can scarcely be said to have any business but to obstruct. Had Arnold been a Head Master of Eton or Winchester, he would never have been permitted to commence the reforms in our public-school education for which we have so much reason to be grateful to his memory.

In the General Report of the Commissioners we find the following passage:—

'If a youth after four or five years spent at school, quits it at nineteen, unable to construe an easy bit of Latin or Greek without the help of a dictionary, or to write Latin grammatically, almost ignorant of geography and of the history of his own country, unacquainted with any modern language but his own, and hardly competent to write English correctly, to do a simple sum, or stumble through an easy proposition of Euclid, a total stranger to the laws which govern the physical world, and to its structure, with an eye and hand unpractised in drawing, and without knowing a note of music, with an uncultivated mind and no taste for reading or observation, his intellectual education must certainly be accounted a failure, though there may be no fault to find with his principles, character, or manners. We by no means intend to represent this as a type of the ordinary product of English public-school education, but speaking both from the evidence we have received and from opportunities of observation open to all, we must say that it is a type much more common than it ought to be, making ample allowance for the difficulties before referred to, and that the proportion of failures is therefore unduly large.'

This judgment of the Commissioners derives additional weight from their general leaning in favour of the schools, and of the classical system of instruction pursued there, and from their evident inclination to be kind to intellectual deficiencies in consideration of the moral, social, and physical advantages specially incident to public-school education. The tenor of the most important part of the evidence would warrant, it seems to us, a rather less favourable sentence. No one has better opportunities of estimating the average results of public-school education than the Dean and Tutors of Christchurch. The Dean is examined by Mr. Vaughan.

'What would you say, first in regard to the average number of public schools, would be the qualifications of the boys? For

instance, can they write Latin? I do not mean to say elegantly, but correctly; without grammatical mistakes?—No, generally not.

'I need hardly ask you whether they can write Greek correctly?—I never tried them in Greek at the matriculation examination.

'Can they, if a Greek author is put into their hands, and they are allowed to read it once over, construe a passage which does not contain words of very rare occurrence and no sentence of a remarkably intricate character?—Do you mean a Greek author they have never seen before?

'Yes.—I can best answer that question by stating that in practice we are obliged to restrict ourselves to books that have been prepared. I do not think we should get even a tolerable translation of a book they had not read before.

'Not of any passage?—If you pointed out an easy passage from Xenophon in which there was not the slightest difficulty, perhaps you might; but you would have to select your passage with great care; you could not open the book at random and ask them to read a Greek passage. We do not get it well done even in the books that are prepared, in a great many cases. I am speaking of those who come up merely to be matriculated, the average boys.

'Now, I have asked you generally with regard to the public schools. With respect to Eton, can you tell what is the state of classical attainments there?—With their average boys it is very much what I have stated. Their Latin prose is certainly not elegant or scholarlike; it is exceedingly bad. Even those boys who can construe pretty fluently, when you come to probe them in grammar often fail to give satisfactory answers. They often fail even when the question is put upon paper and they have plenty of time to think. Many of them bring up the words misspelt in the grossest manner.

'(*Mr. Thompson.*) The Greek words are misspelt?—Yes, grossly misspelt.' *

The Rev. C. W. Sandford, Senior Censor of Christchurch, says in his replies to the paper of questions sent him by the Commissioners: —

'The great schools appear to me to fulfil very imperfectly the task of preparing boys for the University course. I speak of the average boys. Such show themselves at matriculation to be very badly grounded in the studies which they are to pursue here. Consequently the work of tutors consists in a great measure in teaching the mere rudiments of Latin and Greek. In fact, they have to teach what ought to have been taught in the lower forms at school. Geography, ancient and English history, arithmetic, Euclid, and algebra, are subjects of which young men entering upon the University course ought not to be ignorant; yet, if these subjects have been taught in the schools, they have been learnt imperfectly; for very little is known of them by the mass of men who are resident

* Report, vol. iii. p. 401.

here. The majority of men who enter the University appear to have few intellectual tastes. It is not, as some assert, that they are prevented, by being compelled to study the classics, from following their natural bent, but that all intellectual effort is irksome to them.'

Some fifty or sixty young men matriculate at Christchurch in the course of each year. Of these about ten, according to Mr. Sandford, would read for honours in classics. Such men would be able 'to construe with tolerable correctness a new 'passage from any Latin and Greek author, translate a piece of 'easy English prose into tolerable Latin, and answer correctly 'simple grammatical and etymological questions in Latin and 'Greek.' The other forty or fifty would not. It would be useless to try them at matriculation in an unseen passage. They are examined in arithmetic, but not in Euclid or algebra; their answers to the questions in arithmetic not encouraging the examiners to proceed to the higher subjects. The candidates for matriculation are not examined in religious knowledge. But at the end of every term the junior members of Christchurch are examined in some portion of the New Testament. Mr. Sandford deposes that 'the answers of the mass of the 'men are not better than what we might expect from the 'upper classes of our parochial schools,' and that 'very few 'have the knowledge of the Bible that a Christian gentleman 'should have, nor do many show a desire to increase their 'knowledge.' *

The evidence of the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, Junior Censor of Christchurch, is to the same effect.

'The average men bring up but small results of the training to which they have been subjected for years. There is a general want of accuracy in their work; even the rudimentary knowledge of grammar and Latin prose writing is far less than it ought to be. I fear that the elementary schools send the little boys up to the public schools in a very unprepared state, and that the public schools, to a great extent, assume that the boys are fairly grounded when it is not the case.'

Mr. Kitchin complains of 'considerable deficiency in such 'rudimentary matters as English composition, spelling and 'arithmetic,' and states that the University course of teaching is 'much hampered by the crude state of the men subjected to 'it, and by the necessity of supplementing the shortcomings of 'school education.' One sentence in this part of his evidence is particularly ominous.

* Report, vol. ii. p. 10.

'We feel that the most we can do for men who come up deficient in knowledge of grammar, history, language, &c., is to provide something for them to do; the time for real progress seems, in many cases, to be absolutely past.'

The result is, that the time spent at the University is employed, not in acquiring knowledge of a higher kind, but in making up for the shortcomings of the school.

'Consequently,' says Mr. Kitchin, 'it appears to me that the University is obliged to spend much of her energies on matters which do not properly belong to her. If one is of opinion that eight or ten years spent chiefly in the elements of Latin and Greek ought to have been enough to secure a fair knowledge of grammar, then one cannot help regretting the weight which presses on us. But I am aware that many think otherwise, consider such a repetition of rudiments good, and call it a general education. As a matter of fact, a couple of plays of Euripides, a little Virgil, two books of Euclid, or the like, form the occupation of a large part of our men during their first University year; and I cannot consider this a satisfactory state of things, especially as not a few fail in passing their examination in these subjects.'

Mr. Kitchin thinks that of the ordinary men (that is, of those who do not go in for scholarships, and thus become exempt from the common entrance examination) 'a quarter 'might possibly steer their way through an unseen passage in 'Greek with fair success, and that rather a larger number 'might manage an ordinary piece of Latin.' He states that about one piece of Latin prose in four is free from bad blunders, and agrees with the Dean and the Senior Censor as to the inaccuracy of the answers to simple grammar questions. The standard of the matriculation examination is 'very low' and solely intended to prove that men 'have a fair chance of after-'wards passing responsions,' and 'there is every wish on the 'part of the examiners to admit the men;' yet in the year 1863 one-third of the whole number of candidates was rejected.*

The tutors of University College have also good opportunities of forming an opinion on the education of the ordinary men from Eton and other public schools. The Rev. W. Hedley, long an eminent tutor of University College, complains that the University is, to a great extent, injuriously affected by the ill-prepared state in which the majority of the students come. His evidence on this point tallies pretty nearly with that of the authorities of Christchurch. He is not able to say exactly what proportion of the ordinary men, who are not candidates for scholarships, would be able at matriculation to translate a new pas-

* Report, vol. ii. pp. 11, 12.

sage of a Latin or Greek author. At his own college such a test is considered much too severe. 'The college would be left half 'empty if it were insisted on.' He lays especial blame on the schools in regard to arithmetic and mathematics, through the failure to enforce which at the schools he says many a good mathematician has been lost. The general acquaintance with history he describes as very meagre, and the acquaintance with geography the same; the acquaintance with religious knowledge as very unequal, sometimes very creditable, sometimes next to nothing. He distinguishes between the different public schools and between the public and private schools.

'There is a marked difference between schools. I have often thought that I could detect the school in the boys' work. One public school (Shrewsbury) sends out good scholars, but, as a rule, the boys know nothing more. In another (Rugby), the training is more general, and the range somewhat extensive. In another of great eminence (Eton), the mass of boys sent out are very ignorant indeed; those who distinguish themselves owe it, I fancy, very much to their natural ability, and to teaching of a very special kind.'*

Mr. Neate, M.P. for Oxford, says with truth, that in one way he is especially entitled to pronounce an opinion on the subject of English education, having been himself chiefly educated in France, and having had for more than thirty years the opportunity of judging of the results of the best English education at the examinations for fellowships at Oriel, of which college he is a Fellow. His estimate of the grand result of education at a classical school and Oxford, as at present conducted, is given in these words:—

'I do not hesitate to say, that the great majority of those who take a degree in Oxford, after having spent ten or twelve years of their life in the all but exclusive study of Latin and Greek, are unable to construe off-hand the easiest passages in either language (if they have never seen them before); and that their Latin writing is almost invariably such as would under the old school system have subjected them to a flogging, as boys of twelve years old; and those who take first classes often make such mistakes as make it difficult to understand how they got simply a degree.'†

Oxford probably furnishes better evidence of the ordinary results of public-school education than Cambridge. Mr. J. L. Hammond, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, says that the large public schools patronized by the wealthy 'are represented at Trinity College, by a very mixed collection 'of good, bad, and indifferent, apparently supplied from every

* Report, vol. ii. p. 16, 17. † Report, vol. ii. p. 49.

'form, and certainly with great diversities of character and ca-'pacity.' The most ignorant and the worst prepared of those who come up to Trinity are, in his opinion, those who, immediately before coming to the University, have been under the care of private tutors; a large proportion of whom, however, we must in justice to the much-abused class of private tutors observe, are bad subjects thrown off in the middle of their course from the public schools. His estimate of the classical attainments of youths at their entrance into the University generally seems higher than that of the Oxford witnesses. He thinks that sixty per cent. (including, we presume, the honour men as well as the rest) would construe with tolerable correctness a new passage from an easy Latin author; and about forty per cent. a similar passage from an easy Greek author; that twenty-five or thirty per cent. would translate a piece of English prose tolerably into 'grammatical but not idiomatic' Latin; and that about fifty per cent. would answer correctly '*very simple* grammatical and 'etymological questions' (the italics are his own) on Latin and Greek; leaving half the number of those who have a classical education unable to answer *very simple* grammatical questions on the classical languages. Mr. Hammond cannot state particularly what is the acquaintance of Freshmen with ancient and English history, geography, or religious knowledge; but he says that a large proportion, including many from large public schools, have but a small and inaccurate knowledge of arithmetic, Euclid, and elementary algebra. This, he adds, is the weakest point in the education given at the public schools.*

The Rev. J. B. Mayor, tutor of St. John's College, in answer to a question as to the attainments of young men coming up for matriculation in the several subjects, says—

'that not more than two-thirds of those who come up for matriculation could construe an easy passage from a Latin author, and not more than a third an easy passage from a Greek author, which they had not seen before. Probably about the same proportion might be able to translate into Latin and answer (easy) philological questions. My impression is that more is known of ancient than English history, but the majority are very ignorant of both, as well as of geography.'†

The general impressions of some witnesses are more favourable. Professor Rawlinson, for instance, formerly tutor of Exeter College, thinks that 'the education given at the schools 'from which Oxford is fed does in the main satisfactorily fulfil

* Report, vol. ii. p. 25. † Report, vol. ii. p. 26.

'the purpose of preparing boys for the University course, both 'in respect of the studies which they are expected to pursue 'at the University, and of the subjects not studied here, of 'which a young man entering upon the University course 'should not be ignorant.' But when we come to details, even he admits that a third of the candidates for matriculation were unable to construe with tolerable correctness a new passage from an easy Greek or Latin author. The religious knowledge, he says, was generally fair; but on arithmetic, mathematics, ancient or English history, they did not examine. Giving the higher classes of the public schools the preference over those of the private schools, he subjoins that this judgment will not hold good as regards the lower classes:—'On 'the contrary, of the boys who come up to us from schools, 'the worst taught, the most absolutely ignorant, are those who 'come up from the lower classes of the largest of our public 'schools. In manner, often all that one could wish; in know-'ledge, they are absolute ignoramuses.'* This remark appears specially pointed at Eton; and Professor Rawlinson appears inclined to assign, as the cause of the evil, the inordinate size of the classes at that school. We are at present concerned only with the fact.

With regard to mathematics, the evidence of Professor Price, the most experienced teacher of the subject in Oxford, is important. He states that the young men from public schools are far worse prepared than those from other schools and private tutors: 'Seldom do I meet with young men from the public schools 'who know more than the bare elements of mathematics; 'whereas others have gone through a sound course of geometry, 'which I take to be a most excellent disciplinary exercise, and 'have often well studied the principles of the modern analy-'tical methods.' In corroboration of this statement, Professor Price observes that the Junior Mathematical Scholarship, which comes early in the University course, and must be gained in great measure by knowledge acquired at school, has never been won by a public school man; whereas the Senior Scholarship, coming after the degree, has been won by public school men several times. †

Using the same liberty which is taken by the Commissioners of speaking not only from the specific evidence before us, but from opportunities of observation open to all, we may pretty confidently state the general results of our present system of public school education. A small number of boys come away

* Report, vol. ii. p. 13. † Report, vol. ii. p. 23.

very good classical scholars, with all the peculiar faculties of mind, and the highly cultivated taste, which a training in classical scholarship bestows. A much smaller number come away tolerable mathematicians. A considerable number come away decent scholars; and a few more with the rudiments of mathematics. But the majority come away so deficient in scholarship as not to be able to construe at sight even an easy piece of a Latin, much less of a Greek, author, which they have not seen before; almost entirely ignorant of mathematics, and not unfrequently of common arithmetic; with a very slight knowledge of perhaps one modern language, unaccompanied by any knowledge of the literature contained in it; and in all other respects destitute of any information, or trained faculties of acquiring information, which can conduce either to their usefulness or happiness in after life.

Now it is idle to say that this is not a state of things which calls for anxious investigation. And there can be no doubt that it is due in great measure to the almost exclusive predominance of the study of Greek and Latin commenced in childhood and continued to the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, when the mass of men go out into the world and close their books for life. The question whether Greek and Latin are to retain this predominance, is really the one which all engaged in conducting education, or interested in improving it, are called upon dispassionately to consider. They are the more urgently called upon to do so, because education is now advancing among the lower and middle classes; and if timely measures are not taken, we shall have the spectacle of an ignorant gentry at the head of an educated people.

It is evident that circumstances are much changed since the sixteenth century, when the classical languages became the staple of education. At that time those languages were the key to all the philosophy, all the history, all the science, all the dramatic poetry, and almost all the other poetry worthy of the name that the world possessed. Even the Bible was accessible only in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. And it was as the key to these treasures that the languages were then taught: not as a system of philological gymnastics—an idea which arose at a later period, when it had become requisite to find a reason for an enormous expenditure of time and energy on that which had come to be comparatively of little intrinsic value. Our earliest grammars call boys to the study of the languages in which were contained 'great treasures of wisdom,' not to the salutary use of literary dumbbells to strengthen the muscles of the mind. The classics were then, in fact, the only subjects of

education. They were the subjects of education for women as well as for men; and there was nothing peculiarly masculine in the education of Lady Jane Grey and the group of learned women of whom she forms one. We need not say how much all this is now changed. The classical languages remain peerless, perhaps, in beauty, as they certainly are in regularity of structure; though necessarily wanting in compass from their inability to expand with the enlargement and multiplication of our ideas. But of the substance of ancient philosophy and science there is probably no appreciable part which has not been either superseded or completely absorbed into the works of modern philosophers and scientific men; so that the study of the ancient systems, apart from the graces of form and language, is, to any but those who write the history of philosophy and science, rather a matter of intellectual curiosity than of real instruction. The history of Greece and Rome may be read, certainly not so well as in the originals, but very well, and with the addition of a great amount of necessary comment and illustration, as well as with a full view of its relations to modern history, in the works of modern writers; while modern history, which in the sixteenth century was represented only by dry, utterly unphilosophic, and often puerile chronicles, has now become a body both of facts and of philosophy, which, even apart from the greater nearness of the interest, throws the annals of the ancient republics completely into the shade. Of poetry and its half-sister oratory, the same thing may be said, though not with equal force. In this department the value of the ancients compared with the moderns remains greater, because poetry and oratory are not, like philosophy and science, superseded by the increased knowledge and extended inquiries of later generations: rather, perhaps, primitive simplicity of thought and feeling has certain advantages over more highly civilised and more scientific times. Yet few would say that it was worth while for the mere purpose of poetic culture to spend years in acquiring a very limited power of reading the ancient poets while the great English poets might be read in the mother tongue, and the great poets of the other European nations in tongues capable, each of them, of being pretty well mastered in a year. The mass of English gentlemen have read under coercion portions of a small number of Greek and Latin poets. They are at the same time ignorant of Shakspeare and Milton. This may be in some sense high culture: high poetic culture, with reference to the poetic literature of the present day, it assuredly is not.

Now it so happens that the system of our great public schools,

Winchester, Eton, and Westminster, was fixed just at the period when classical studies were reviving, and when the classics were accordingly coming into vogue as the great instruments of education. The stress laid on the study of 'grammatica' (a term which would be inadequately translated by 'grammar') in the statutes of the twin foundations of William of Wykeham (temp. Rich. II.) may be regarded as the faint dawn of the Renaissance in this country, half a century after the Latin poems of Petrarch. Winchester and New College were the type which was exactly reproduced by the founder of Eton and King's. Westminster followed in the same track. These great schools, by their predominating influence, moulded the system of public-school education in England. They not only moulded it, but they fixed it permanently in the form belonging to the age of which they were themselves the offspring. Their statutes, if they were not very scrupulously observed in cases where they conflicted with the personal convenience or interest of the members of the governing body, were pretty scrupulously observed so far as they limited the duties and confined the subjects of education. Their endowments enabled them to defy, almost to any extent they pleased, the pressure of public opinion, and to disregard the changing circumstances and growing exigencies of the times. They had established a connexion among the wealthy and powerful, which compelled all other places of education pretending to a fashionable character to conform to their example, and they were thus further secured against damaging rivalry and importunate desires of reform. The conservatism, which is the prevailing spirit of all ancient and wealthy foundations, found in them its peculiar seat: and lest an active sense of duty on the part of those actually engaged in the work of education should breed innovating propensities, the masters were placed under the superincumbent weight of governing bodies external to the school, and unconnected with its work—of colleges, consisting of elderly sinecurists in the case of Eton and Winchester, and of a Cathedral Chapter in the case of Westminster.

Thus, the dominant position which the classical languages at present hold among the subjects of public school education may be said to be, in great measure, the consequence of a combination of historical accidents. We do not mean to say that this, if true, is decisive of the question before us. It may be, of course, that accident has led us to that which is really the best—unapproachably the best—instrument of education. Accident has led to many discoveries in all departments which reason has confirmed. But we mean to say that the results

of accident are not the results of the deliberate wisdom of our forefathers, much less of the deliberate wisdom of mankind. We shall perhaps be told that the accidental discovery in this instance has been confirmed, if not by the sentence of speculative reason, at least by the sentence of experience tacitly expressed through the universal acquiescence of society in the dominant system. But we must answer that no appeal has ever been made to that sort of experience from which alone sound inferences can be drawn. No system has been tried but one; and even as to that one, the social prejudice has been so strong as almost to preclude any free expression of discontent. Inquiries as to the best mode of education are subject to the same laws of rational deduction and experiment as inquiries into scientific phenomena, or any other matter; and haphazard conclusions, however fortified by prejudice, are to be rejected in all matters alike. If the experience which decides in favour of the present system of public school education is a free and unbiassed experience, such as would be allowed to determine any other question, let it have its due weight; but if it is not a free and unbiassed experience, or such as would be allowed to determine any other question, let us have the sense and courage frankly to rate it at its true value.

If the value of the classics relatively to other subjects of education has declined since the time when the present system was introduced, the difficulty of learning them has in some respects increased. Latin was at that time not a dead language. It was the language of educated Europe to a much greater degree than French is now. And both the Latin and Greek authors were objects of such very keen and general interest—conversation in all educated circles was so full of them—that the student must have had some of the advantages which the student of a foreign language has when residing in the country in which it is spoken, and in a circle where its literature is a constant subject of interest and conversation. The expulsion of the classics from ordinary conversation, by the keener interest felt in modern literature and the ascendancy of modern ideas, has made the classics dead in the full sense of the term, and rendered the effort of the learner more irksome by stripping him of an indirect but powerful and ever-present aid.

On the other hand, as our object is not to decide this great problem, but simply to insist on the necessity of fairly grappling with it and solving it by sense, not by prejudice, we will admit that the very predominance of the classics for so long a

time in our system of education has rendered a knowledge of them almost indispensable as a key to a good deal of our own literature, and to a good many of our own ideas. The political character and sentiments of the aristocratic statesmen of the last century were notably formed on the model of classical antiquity. Homer and Virgil were almost their Bible; and in their debates, a classical quotation was received with favour, not only as a proof of high culture and a display of ingenuity, but as an appeal to the public opinion of the ancients, in whom the highest moral and political wisdom was supposed to reside. But it is true not only of this peculiar group of public men, but of Englishmen of the higher classes generally, that the ideas and sentiments of classical antiquity form not the least influential of the elements of which their political and intellectual character is composed. As to our language, we need hardly say that, if the knowledge of Greek and Latin among our upper classes were lost, it would become (as unfortunately it is to women and to the mass of the people already) a strange collection of inexpressive symbols requiring a commentary to give them any meaning beyond that of the mere arbitrary connexion with the objects which they denote. This, however, is a matter which, we may be sure, will take care of itself. The only rational course is, to consider what is the best education for English youth, and whatever it may be, to adopt it. We may be well assured that no part of human knowledge which is really valuable, will be allowed to perish. It is difficult to predict what destinies may yet be reserved for the Greek and Latin languages, or how far their unequalled regularity and precision may give them a preference as the organs of thought for purposes specially requiring regularity and precision in the Darwinian competition of languages for ascendancy among mankind. But whatever these destinies may be, they will be fulfilled by the same natural agencies which determine the relative value of all departments of knowledge in the world at large. The rational object of our inquiry, we repeat, is not the ultimate position of the classical languages, but the best education under present circumstances for English youth.

We are fortunate in having among the communications addressed to the Commission one containing a defence of the classical system on principle by the very person whom, as perhaps the most eminent living example of the classical training, we should have ourselves most desired to put into the witness-box. Rightly conceiving that to judge between the classical and other modes of education will be the most important

business of the Commission, Mr. Gladstone states his view of the subject in these words:—

'Now I come to the question of organic rashness. The low utilitarian argument in matter of education, for giving it what is termed a practical direction, is so plausible that I think we may on the whole be thankful that the instincts of the country have resisted what in argument it has been ill able to refute. We still hold by the classical training as the basis of a liberal education; parents dispose of their children in early youth accordingly; but if they were asked why they did so, it is probable they would give lamentably weak or unworthy reasons for it, such for example as that the public schools and universities open the way to desirable acquaintances, and what is termed "good society." Your Commission will not, I presume, be able to pass by this question, but will have to look it in the face, and to proceed either upon a distinct affirmative or a substantial negative of the proposition that the classical training is the proper basis of a liberal education. Between these alternatives I hope you will hold by affirmation and reject negation. But the reason why I trouble you upon the subject is this, that I think the friends of this principle have usually rather blinked the discussion, and have been content with making terms of compromise, by way of buying off the adversary, which might be in themselves reasonable, were it not that they sometimes seem to be taken as mere instalments of a transaction intended in the long run to swallow up the principle itself. What I feel is, that the relation of pure science, natural science, modern languages, modern history, and the rest, to the old classical training ought to be founded on a principle, and that these competing branches of instruction ought not to be treated simply as importunate creditors that take one shilling in the pound to-day because they hope to get another shilling to-morrow, and in the meantime have a recognition of their title. This recognition of title is just what I would refuse: I deny their right to a parallel or equal position; their true position is ancillary, and as ancillary it ought to be limited and restrained without scruple as much as a regard to the paramount matter of education may dictate.

'But why, after all, is the classical training paramount? Is it because we find it established? because it improves memory or taste, or gives precision, or develops the faculty of speech? All these are but partial and fragmentary statements, so many narrow glimpses of a great and comprehensive truth. That truth I take to be, that the modern European civilisation, from the middle age downwards, is the compound of two great factors, the Christian religion for the spirit of man, and the Greek (and in a secondary degree the Roman) discipline for his mind and intellect. St. Paul is the Apostle of the Gentiles, and in his own person a symbol of this great wedding. The place, for example, of Aristotle and Plato in Christian education is not arbitrary, nor in principle mutable. The materials of what we call classical training were prepared, and we have a right to say were advisedly and providentially prepared, in order that it might become, not a mere adjunct, but (in mathematical phrase) the

complement of Christianity in its application to the culture of the human being, as a being formed both for this world and for the world to come.' (*Report*, vol. ii. p. 42.)

In commenting on this passage, let us first remark, that we desire no 'organic rashness,' nor any violent changes in so sensitive a subject as education, but only to give reason and the real results of experience a fair hearing against the conservatism, not to say the bigotry, of old endowed institutions. In the second place, let us say, that 'a low utilitarianism' is as far from our wishes as from those of Mr. Gladstone. But between uselessness and utilitarianism there is a middle term, usefulness; and we are not quite sure that this alternative has been distinctly present to the minds of those who, from their fear of lapsing into utilitarianism, refuse to question the merits of the present system. And in the third place, let us guard against the fallacy intimately connected with the phrase 'utilitarian,' which assumes, that because a man at the end of his course of education knows nothing practically useful, he must have some knowledge, or some recondite intellectual treasure, transcending all practical utility. The 'pass-man' or 'poll-'man,' to use the University phrase, who has studied nothing but the modicum of classics which he brings up for his examination, is destitute not only of all useful knowledge, but of all knowledge, of all taste for knowledge, and almost of all capacity, except that which nature has given, for acquiring it. The result is, not one invisible to vulgar eyes, and visible to the initiated alone. It is nothing. It is sometimes really worse than nothing, so far as the course of education is concerned. For so many years of enforced labour, at what to a great many boys and young men is really a hopeless as well as a repulsive task, must often destroy whatever appetite for knowledge nature may have implanted in the victim's mind. The common language on the subject suggests that though, as the result of an expenditure of some twelve years, and of some two or three thousand pounds on the study of Greek and Latin, an English gentleman knows nothing worth mentioning, either of Greek or Latin, and though he is ignorant of everything besides, he has acquired some mental instrument of inestimable value, which will enable him to acquire with peculiar facility, and to digest with peculiar completeness, any kind of knowledge which may be practically useful to him in life. How often, we would ask, among the mass of our gentry who have received a public school and University education, is this instrument employed?

Mr. Gladstone admits that parents in general, if asked why

they sent their sons to classical schools, would give lamentably weak and unworthy reasons, that they might even have nothing better to say than that the classical schools and universities opened the way to desirable acquaintances, and to what is termed good society. When the mass of men, and educated men, can give no reasons but such as are lamentably weak and unworthy for following a particular course in a matter to which, as it most deeply affects their dearest interests, their attention must have been turned, it breeds in us a suspicion that, to say the least of it, the reasons for that course are not discernible by ordinary minds. 'Instinct' is a very convenient word, but it belongs not so much to men as to animals, treading without reflection the familiar path, even though it may have ceased to be expedient. The only instinct worthy of men is one capable of being resolved into sound reasons. And what is the reason into which Mr. Gladstone resolves this instinct, the dictates of which he thinks superior, we may almost say, to common sense? It is a reason which we will venture to say not one parent in ten thousand would have given, and which, now that it is given, we will venture to say not one parent in ten thousand will appreciate. It is a statement of an assumed fact, viz., that the modern European civilisation from the middle age downwards is the compound of two great factors, the Christian religion for the spirit of man, and the Greek and Roman discipline for his mind and intellect (science and modern philosophy having no part in the matter); coupled with an assertion that this arrangement is not human but divine, that it was consecrated by the union of Greek learning with Christianity in the person of St. Paul, and that it is immutably fixed by the decree of Providence to the end of time. Surely if there ever was a decree of Providence which to the unenlightened eye of man might seem arbitrary and partial, it is this. It is suspended during the whole of the middle ages, and since the close of the middle ages, it takes effect in England only in favour of those educated at certain schools founded and endowed at a particular period, and such of the other schools as are under their influence. In continental Christendom it can hardly be said to have taken effect at all, for on the continent generally, though Latin may be said to be an essential element of upper class education, the same can scarcely be said of Greek; while even in the case of the English public schools (especially of Eton) it would be rather the reverse of the truth to say that Greek had held the primary and Latin the secondary place. Mr. Gladstone says that in principle the place of Aristotle in Christian education is not

mutable. In fact, however, as he well knows, Aristotle was for a long time the tyrant of the human mind: an arrangement which seemed providential and immutable to the advocates of the scholastic system, who, in the once famous controversies between the 'Greeks' and the 'Trojans,' opposed the introduction of the new classical system of education with the same tenacity with which the advocates of the classical system now oppose the introduction of the new instruments of education afforded by the growth of modern literature and science. We confess that this sort of reasoning, verging very closely on the mystical, affords us little satisfaction. The union of Greek learning and Gospel teaching in an Apostle does not reconcile us to the expenditure of a large portion of a boy's time, and the waste of a large amount of his energies, in writing bad Greek Iambics. It is easy to cite Providence. But Providence, in ordinary affairs, makes known its councils to man only through his reason: and our reason tells us not that we should cling religiously for ever to the system of education which naturally prevailed at the period of the revival of learning, but that, the whole intellectual world having been changed by the rise of a new literature and a new science, the system of education should undergo some corresponding change.

Mr. Gladstone himself, indeed, proceeds to guard his principle against indiscreet application in a way which seems to show that he feels a *reductio ad absurdum* pretty close under his lee. 'It involves,' he says, 'no extravagant or inconvenient 'assumption respecting those who are to be educated for trades 'or professions, in which the necessities of specific training 'must more or less limit general culture'—a qualification which might be interpreted as admitting that those who have any particular calling in life would be in danger of wasting their time by undergoing what is represented as the best general system of education. Again, Mr. Gladstone says that his principle 'leaves open every question turning upon individual aptitudes 'and inaptitudes, and by no means requires that boys without a 'capacity for imbibing any of the spirit of classical culture are 'to be mechanically plied with the instruments of it after their 'unfitness in the particular subject matter has become manifest' —another qualification, which appears to open a wide breach in the defences of the classical system, considered as a universal system of education for the upper classes.

The Commissioners themselves decide in favour of the retention of the classical system, with qualifications which we shall presently mention. Their decision is given in very eloquent and forcible language:—

'We believe that for the instruction of boys, especially when collected in a large school, it is material that there should be some one principal branch of study, invested with a recognised and, if possible, a traditional importance, to which the principal weight should be assigned, and the largest share of time and attention given.

'We believe that this is necessary in order to concentrate attention, to stimulate industry, to supply to the whole school a common ground of literary interest, and a common path of promotion.

'The study of the classical languages and literature at present occupies this position in all the great English schools. It has, as we have already observed, the advantage of long possession, an advantage so great that we should certainly hesitate to advise the dethronement of it, even if we were prepared to recommend a successor.

'It is not, however, without reason that the foremost place has in fact been assigned to this study. Grammar is the logic of common speech, and there are few educated men who are not sensible of the advantages they gained as boys from the steady practice of composition and translation, and from their introduction to etymology. The study of literature is the study, not indeed of the physical, but of the intellectual and moral world we live in, and of the thoughts, lives, and characters of those men whose writings or whose memories succeeding generations have thought it worth while to preserve.

'We are equally convinced that the best materials available to Englishmen for these studies are furnished by the languages and literature of Greece and Rome. From the regular structure of these languages, from their logical accuracy of expression, from the comparative ease with which their etymology is traced and reduced to general laws, from their severe canons of taste and style, from the very fact that they are "dead," and have been handed down to us directly from the periods of their highest perfection, comparatively untouched by the inevitable process of degeneration and decay, they are, beyond all doubt, the finest and most serviceable models we have for the study of language. As literature they supply the most graceful and some of the noblest poetry, the finest eloquence, the deepest philosophy, the wisest historical writing; and these excellences are such as to be appreciated keenly, though inadequately, by young minds, and to leave, as in fact they do, a lasting impression. Besides this, it is at least a reasonable opinion that this literature has a powerful effect in moulding and animating the statesmanship and political life of England. Nor is it to be forgotten that the whole civilisation of modern Europe is really built upon the foundations laid two thousand years ago by two highly civilised nations on the shores of the Mediterranean; that their languages supply the key to our modern tongues; their poetry, history, philosophy, and law, to the poetry and history, the philosophy and jurisprudence, of modern times; that this key can seldom be acquired except in youth, and that the possession of it, as daily experience proves, and as those who have it not will most readily acknowledge, is very far from being merely a literary advantage.' (*Report*, p. 28.)

The case could scarcely be better put. But even so put, it seems to us—we mean exactly what we say—not conclusive. It consists of two propositions, first, that a dominant study is necessary, and secondly, that this dominant study ought to be Greek and Latin. The first proposition is founded, it will be observed, not upon the interest of the individual pupil so much as upon the exigencies or assumed exigencies of a particular class of schools; and these exigencies consist partly in the need of a common path of promotion. It may be that competition is necessary as a stimulus; and if it is, there can be no doubt of the convenience of having a common study for the whole school, so that there may be a single arena of rivalry, and a single standard of merit. But competition is the means, not the end; and a tendency to contract the subject matter of education and to disregard the natural diversities of mental gifts with a view to the more convenient application of this particular stimulus, ought, to say the least, to be very carefully watched. The necessity of the stimulus, at least of the use of it to the degree now customary, may arise partly from the repulsive Procrusteanism of the course of instruction; and if so, to insist on the Procrusteanism for the better application of the stimulus is reasoning in a practical circle of a very vicious kind.

The second proposition is founded partly on the argument of long possession, partly on the value of grammar as a study and the merits of classical literature. Long possession is a very good argument against the sudden 'dethronement' of classics by the fiat of a Royal Commission; but it is no more a good argument against a gradual change now than it was in the sixteenth century, when the scholastic system was relinquished and the classical system was introduced in its place. That mere grammar, apart from the intrinsic merits of the works to be read, is a study worthy to engross the whole of the educational course, is a proposition which the veriest pedagogue would scarcely venture openly to advance. The intrinsic merits of the classical literature as contrasted with modern literature are stated with something of the partial affection of great classical scholars. Granting the truth of what is said as to ancient poetry and oratory, the philosophy of the ancients is not the deepest, nor is their historical writing the wisest. Both, with all their admirable qualities, are shallow compared with the wisdom that has been produced by the enlarged intellect, the extended inquiries, the matured character of man. But rating them as high as they can be rated by any reasonable being, the Commissioners are encountered, as they do not fail to perceive,

by the objection, that to all this wisdom and beauty the majority of the pupils remain strangers to the end of their course, never getting beyond the tough shell in which this precious kernel is enclosed. To put the case in their own words, 'of 'the young men who go to the Universities, a great number 'never acquire so much Latin and Greek as would enable them 'to read the best classical authors intelligently and with plea- 'sure, and more than half of those who leave school do not go 'to the Universities at all; among these the average of clas- 'sical attainment is certainly lower still, and probably in nine 'cases out of ten they never, after they have quitted school, 'open a Greek or Latin book.' Under the recent examination statute of the University of Oxford the portion of ancient history taken in by the student who is not a candidate for honours at his final examination is, three books of Herodotus, four books of Livy, or four books of Tacitus. Three books of a Greek or four of a Latin historian, are the largest amount of ancient history which the extreme difficulty of the dead language in which that history is contained permits the University to require of an ordinary student. From such a mere segment, he can hardly learn more of the historical wisdom of the ancients than he could of the beauty of St. Mary's church from a single window. Nor does he, any more than the boy who leaves school without coming to the University, open his classics again when his last examination is past. In these, the majority of cases, to talk of the glories and the treasures of ancient literature is really little better than nonsense.

The strain imposed by the slow, painful, unfructifying study of dead languages on the mere will of the pupil, goaded on by rewards and punishments, is enormous. Every mature student knows what it would be to give enforced attention to a study in which he felt no interest either literary or practical; how great would be the waste of mental energy in such a process, to say nothing of the disgust. It is constantly taken for granted that a disagreeable and profitless exercise of the mental powers must be more invigorating than one which is more pleasant. But this ascetic doctrine is, we suspect, like asceticism in general, at variance with nature. The greater interest a man takes in his work, the more he is able to employ his faculties on it without exhaustion, the more, consequently, his faculties are exercised, and the greater their powers become. This is a fact of which every one is conscious, or which every one may observe; and it is not to be left out of account, merely because, if recognised, it would render the process of education less odious to the pupil, and less irksome to the instructor.

The rudiments of every study must inevitably be dry. An adult in mastering them is supported by his present sense of the valuable knowledge to which they lead: a boy must be supported by boyish inducements—the desire of pleasing his instructors, and ultimately the fear of punishment. But here is a whole educational course up to the age of twenty-two to be passed in learning rudiments, and so far as the majority of the pupils are concerned, rudiments alone. In the time of our forefathers, the victim was kept up to his work by the constant and unsparing use of the rod. The schoolmasters of that day, to use their own phrase, 'put it in at the right end.' And the reward of their well-directed efforts was, we have no doubt, that the majority of pupils in those days were 'better grounded' than they are now: in other words, they could repeat with an unfailing accuracy, the fruit of perpetual whippings, the contents of the old Eton and Westminster grammars—an accomplishment, or rather a virtue, the decline of which is much deplored by the Spartans of education, though its value, intellectually speaking, was absolutely null. Public opinion has now forbidden the use of the rod as a regular instrument of instruction. The substitute, the use of which is being daily carried to greater lengths, is competition; a stimulus which is of course operative only in the case of ambitious boys, and which in the case of ambitious boys, is liable to produce infirmities of character, and sometimes leads to such an overstraining of the mental powers in youthful contests as to impair the energies for the real work of life. A certain degree of interest in the subject, or at least of that sense of real progress towards excellence which partly supplies the place of interest, especially in the case of boys, is the motive power indicated by nature to support the will in the effort of sustained attention. And so far as experience has gone, it seems to us to prove that the indications of nature cannot safely be defied.

Let us emphatically repeat that we are not counselling what Mr. Gladstone calls 'organic rashness.' We are perfectly aware that on such a subject as education change must be gradual, and that it must rather wait upon than anticipate the course of public opinion. We are not even venturing to recommend any change at all. What we do recommend, and most earnestly recommend, is, that this subject, so vital and (considering the improvement of education which is going on in the classes below the gentry) of such pressing importance, should be cleared of mere prejudice, looseness of thought, and mystical fancies; and that the problem before us should be submitted to the ordinary tests of reason and experience fairly

applied, and with a rational determination to abide by the result. We are all the more concerned to insist on this when a new lease of life, as it were, is given to the existing system by the judgment of so distinguished a tribunal as that of the Royal Commission.

The Commissioners, however, see plainly that the system of dead languages, and nothing but dead languages, which was that of Eton and the public schools generally down to the time of Arnold, must be finally abandoned; and that more modern subjects, and subjects of greater practical utility, must be introduced, though, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase 'not in a 'parallel or equal, but in an ancillary position.' They recommend that besides classics, all the pupils should be thoroughly taught arithmetic together with the elements of geometry, algebra, and plane trigonometry—at least one modern language —the elements of natural science, and either music or drawing.

Arithmetic and mathematics are now a part of the regular school course at every school. Even at Eton they have effected a lodgment, after an arduous struggle, in the territory of their enemy, though their position there is still 'ancillary' in the strictest and most etymological sense of the word. The history of the struggle is given by the Commissioners. We regret that our limits forbid us to quote it. Before the year 1836 there appears to have been no mathematical teaching of any kind at Eton. There was a titular teacher of writing, arithmetic, and mathematics, who had been originally styled teacher of writing and arithmetic only. In 1851 mathematics were for the first time incorporated into the regular work of the school, and Mr. Hawtrey was made Mathematical Assistant Master, which placed him on the same level as the Classical Assistants. But his own Assistants are still placed on a footing of studied inferiority.

We have seen from the evidence of Professor Price that the fruits of mathematical instruction at the great public schools, as tested by University competitions, are not of the first order. We are persuaded that this is due not to any defects on the part of the teachers, who are most competent men, but to the fact that, under the cold shade of the dominant study, it is difficult for anything else to grow. Not only do the boys feel that mathematics are in an inferior position, comparatively unhonoured and unrewarded, but their energies are absorbed by the demands made upon them by the classical part of their work.

In every school but Eton one modern language at least now

forms part of the regular course. At Eton there is a single teacher of French for 850 boys, who has no recognised place in the school-staff, or in the time table; but is in every sense an *extra*, or, to use his own phrase, an *objet de luxe*. His average attendance is about one-tenth of the school. Continuous attention is not paid by the boys to the study, which is commenced in one school time and discontinued the next. The parents naturally do not like the extra payment, nor does the boy like the sacrifice of part of his hours of play. A prize for modern languages, established by the late Prince Consort, attracts a fair number of competitors; but half of the best candidates are not pupils of the French Master. The Master has no means of enforcing attendance. He can only complain to the Head Master, who 'does not appear to like to interfere,' and to whom 'reports are unavailing;' or to the Tutors, who 'pin up 'his report on the pupil-room wall.' The natural result is perfect unscrupulousness in shirking lessons on the part of the boys, and a scale of proficiency in French which the teacher regards as 'very unsatisfactory indeed.' The late Head Master, *acting on the request of many persons that French should be introduced into the work*, allowed proficiency in it to be slightly recognised in one of the school examinations; but the present Head Master has discontinued the practice. The opinion of the present Head Master on the subject is not doubtful:—

'(*Lord Clarendon.*) Would it not be considered necessary by the authorities of Eton to render obligatory a thing which they think ought to be part of an English gentleman's education?—I should not.

'3527. You would not consider it necessary to devote any part of the school time to its acquisition?—No, not a day.

'3528. You do not intend to do so?—No.

'3529. Do you not think that it is a matter which a boy should be required to learn?—He ought to learn French before he came to Eton, and we could take measures to keep it up as we keep up English.

'3530. What measures would you take to keep up French, and I may also add, what measures do you now take to keep up English at Eton?—There are none at present, except through the ancient languages.

'3531. You can scarcely learn English reading and writing through Thucydides?—No.

'3532. (*Sir S. Northcote.*) You do not think it is satisfactory?—No, the English teaching is not satisfactory, and as a question of precedence, I would have English taught before French.

'3533. You do not consider that English is taught at present?—No.'

To the inquiry what measures he would adopt for keeping up French in the case of a boy who had learned it, Mr. Balston

was 'not prepared' to give an answer; but he subsequently explained that he had no objection to the language being taught and made compulsory in certain parts of the school—below the Remove and after reaching the upper division of the Fifth Form,—though he would think it necessary to exclude it during the whole intermediate period. The Commissioners observe that the interval between these two points comprises at present nine or ten school divisions and 370 boys, and appears to cover about three years out of the four and a half during which a boy commonly stays at school.

Yet it would seem that if there was a school in the world where a knowledge of French and other modern languages ought to be regarded as indispensable, it is that in which the sons of the wealthiest class receive their education. The evidence which we have quoted as to the state of training in which Eton boys came up to the University, coupled with our general knowledge of the facts, renders it absurd to suppose that in the mass of cases the time which is so contemptuously withheld from French and German is really devoted to more solid acquisitions. Ignorance, sheer ignorance, we repeat, is the net result of an extremely expensive education attended with moral dangers which, in the case of an idle boy, form a very heavy set-off against the social advantages of a fashionable public school.

It happens, too, curiously, or perhaps we should rather say naturally, that at the very school, the Head Master of which is so unwilling to admit a modern language into the course, the classical *curriculum* is remarkably meagre and contracted. Very little Attic Greek is read; and the want of variety and proper gradations in the work is such that boys of all ages between the extremes of thirteen years nine months and eighteen years eleven months are performing the same tasks. This arrangement also the present Head Master thinks excellent, because even the same passage of the same author may, in the hands of skilful men, open questions so different, that the teacher of the young may propound out of it elementary matters to the least advanced, while the teacher of the old may extract from it materials to exercise the wit and improve the knowledge of the proficient. The fact is that the Fifth Form at Eton has grown, since the lessons were fixed, from the dimensions of a class into those of a larger school, which a boy now takes three years in passing through; but its lessons remain unaltered as though it were still a class, and the lovers of the past find an ingenious reason for keeping things as they are.

It is difficult to estimate the results of the teaching of

modern languages in the public schools generally, because these languages do not enter into the entrance examination at the University. Professor Max Müller states that in the Competitive Examinations for the Royal Artillery and the Indian Civil Service, a gradual improvement in this respect is apparent; but he has no means of determining whether the candidates who show this increased proficiency come from the great public schools. The Taylorian Scholarships for modern languages at Oxford, he says, are carried off, almost without exception, by the sons of foreign parents or of ambassadors, or by youths who have lived abroad.

The case for the study of modern languages rests, be it observed, not only on their social and diplomatic utility, or on their necessity as keys to the polite literature and the ideas of other nations. There is scarcely any intellectual calling, be it that of the theologian, the lawyer, the medical man, or the man of science, in which access to works written in French and German is not absolutely indispensable; and it is plain that the knowledge which is indispensable to a man in entering on his profession ought to be imparted to him during the period of his education. Nor need the study, if properly conducted, be so trivial, or so unproductive of the philological training to which this unapproachable supremacy is assigned, as is commonly assumed. French learnt of a French *bonne* no doubt is a trivial study, and one which affords no training to the philological faculties or to the taste; but French studied under a really good teacher, with attention to the niceties of the language, and with a French classic as a text-book, may afford a good deal of training to both. That modern languages, in the study of which some boys have accidental advantages, are not so available for competitive examinations as the dead languages in which all start on the same footing of ignorance, must be allowed; but again we must say that competitive examinations are the means, and that a good education is the end.

It is suggested that the study of French might be combined with that of History, to which, as well as to its necessary adjunct Geography, the Commissioners justly desire to see greater attention paid. At Oxford there is now a school of Modern History, into which, as it is impossible that History can be properly studied in English historians alone, it is surely expedient that a knowledge of the principal modern languages should be introduced. Such a recognition of the study of modern languages at the University could not fail to produce a greater attention to it at the schools.

Natural Science has just gained a precarious footing, but

scarcely a recognised place, in some of the public schools. At Rugby it is taught by an assistant master to those whose parents prefer it to Modern Languages, and it counts in promotion. Lectures are occasionally given on it at Eton, but attendance is quite optional. There is a Lecturer on Chemistry at Charterhouse, and there are voluntary examinations in Natural Science at Harrow. In the case of Winchester the Oxford University Commissioners provided by their ordinance for the addition of Physical Science, as well as of Mathematics, to the subjects of instruction for the boys on the foundation specifically mentioned in the statutes. But the present Commissioners intimate their opinon that the understanding between the College and the Oxford Commissioners on which this arrangement was founded has not hitherto been very cordially carried into effect. The present Head Master is not favourable to the study, and frankly states his opinion that as a part of education for boys in general it is 'worthless.' The Commissioners, on the contrary, think that it is worth a good deal.

'Natural science, with such slight exceptions as have been noticed above, is practically excluded from the education of the higher classes in England. Education with us is, in this respect, narrower than it was three centuries ago, whilst science has prodigiously extended her empire, has explored immense tracts, divided them into provinces, introduced into them order and method, and made them accessible to all. This exclusion is, in our view, a plain defect and a great practical evil.' (*Report*, p. 32.)

We have said that the Commissioners recommend an increased study of History. At Rugby, and at Harrow (which has received two Head Masters from Rugby in succession) 'a 'regular historical cycle has been constructed, by which every 'boy is made to traverse the whole outline of classical, Biblical, 'and English history in the course of his stay at school, pro-'vided he remains the average time and advances at the average 'rate.' On the whole, however, 'it does not appear that much 'is systematically done either to awaken an intelligent interest 'in this subject, or to secure the acquisition of that moderate 'knowledge of it, which every young man leaving school may 'fairly be expected to possess.' The Head Masters seem generally not indifferent, but at a loss as to the right mode of dealing with the subject. 'I wish we could teach more History,' says the Head Master of Winchester; 'but as to teaching it in 'set lessons I should not know how to do it.' Yet there is no difficulty about teaching History in set lessons if the whole force of the school is not turned in a different direction.

The Commissioners also desire to see more attention paid to English Composition and Orthography. 'A command,' they say, 'of pure grammatical English is not necessarily gained by 'construing Latin and Greek, though the study of the classical 'languages is, or rather may be made, an instrument of the 'highest value for that purpose.' We shamefully maltreat that which, take it all in all, is the grandest and the richest of modern tongues; and the main cause of this maltreatment is that no attention is paid to English in education. The French cultivate their language with care, and they have succeeded in giving it a European position something like that which Latin occupied in the Middle Ages. It would be a misfortune if the language of any modern European nation should succeed in really attaining such a position, because, whereas Latin was perfectly neutral and truly cosmopolitan, the language of a modern nation would unduly diffuse, and render too dominant, the ideas and sentiments of the nation to which it belonged. Giving all due credit to the French prose writers for the excellence of their style, which, while the study of the English language is neglected, will continue to bear the palm, we should be sorry to see French culture become predominant in Europe. But the question as to the position of our language among the languages of Europe is secondary: the first object is to secure the great and manifold advantages of a highly cultivated organ of thought to our own people.

When, however, we survey these recommendations of the Commissioners, we confess that a sense of despondency comes over us, as we suspect it will over the schoolmasters to whom the recommendations are addressed. 'Who is sufficient for 'these things?' Two dead languages are to be mastered by every pupil, and mastered in such a way that he shall really enter into and enjoy the beauty of ancient poetry, the grandeur of ancient oratory, the depths of ancient philosophy, the wisdom of ancient history. Besides this he is to learn arithmetic, geometry, algebra, plane trigonometry, French and German, natural science, music or drawing, history, geography, and English composition, with the addition of course of religious knowledge. How is this to be contrived, especially in the case of boys who leave school at fifteen or sixteen? At Cheltenham there are two departments, a classical and a modern; and it appears that the modern department is very prosperous. But this is two schools under the same general government, not a combined or enlarged system of education. At other schools, as at Marlborough, a certain deviation from the ordinary course of classical study is allowed in the case of boys destined for

particular lines, such as the Indian and the Civil Service. But this again is, to the extent of the deviation, a double and divergent, not a combined system of education. The Commissioners have constructed a time-table, showing, in their judgment, that there is room for all the modern subjects which they recommend, as well as for the classics which they leave supreme, in the distribution of lessons in every week.

I. Classics, with History and Divinity . .	11
II. Arithmetic and Mathematics . . .	3
III. French or German	2
IV. Natural Science	2
V. Music or Drawing	2
	20

The Commissioners assume that the school lessons will take an hour each; and that in the case of Classics they will take ten, and in the case of Modern Languages and Natural Science respectively, two additional hours for preparation in the course of the week. Five hours besides are allowed for Composition.

We do not doubt that what is here proposed is feasible, so far as time is concerned. What we doubt is, whether any head master or other person will think that it is feasible in any other sense, when he considers what the difficulties of mastering two dead languages are, what a concentration of energy on the part of the masters, and what an application of special stimulants of all kinds to the boys this Sisyphean task demands, how really absorbing and exhausting are the efforts which an ambitious boy makes to obtain distinction in this the grand line of preferment, how wearied boys who are not ambitious are left after toiling under compulsion at the rudiments of a language which they know they will never acquire. The fact is, as it seems to us, that here are two competing systems of education—one belonging to the sixteenth century, the other to the nineteenth. The system belonging to the nineteenth century is struggling to force, and, backed by the requirements of the Civil Service, Indian and Army Examinations, has to a very limited extent succeeded in forcing, its way into the place of that belonging to the sixteenth. The Commissioners see the struggle; cling, like Mr. Gladstone, with a natural tenacity to the old system adorned by so many great names, and so rooted in the allegiance of the English gentry; but at the same time appreciate, like enlightened men, the claims of modern knowledge, and attempt to settle the difference by superadding the new system to the old. We are not sanguine as to the result of their plan.

We are not sanguine, at least, unless some method can be discovered of teaching Greek and Latin with much less expenditure of labour and time than they demand at present. And it is not only possible, but probable, that there may be a good deal to be done in this direction. Classical education hitherto has not only, like the Turk, allowed no brother near its throne, but it has indulged in a sort of prodigality of tyranny which disdained any economy of the labour and time devoted to its service. The teachers of classics have never taken the trouble really to convince themselves and prove to the world that what is called 'a good grounding,' that is, the learning of grammars by rote before books or even vocabularies are employed—the most irksome and repulsive of all conceivable tasks—is so indispensable a preliminary to the study of Greek and Latin as it is practically assumed to be. In the case of a modern language, such a process would be absurd; and though the case of a dead no doubt differs in this respect from that of a living language, we should be glad to have it ascertained, on rational grounds, how far the difference extends. To the schoolmasters of the old *régime* the asceticism of the established method was in itself almost a sufficient recommendation. Their ideal of education was the beating into a boy something which he was by nature very unwilling to learn; and if an easy way of becoming a good scholar could have been invented, scholarship would almost have lost its merits in their eyes. But we may hope that their notions on this subject are by this time buried in their venerated graves. Ascham, the great educational liberal of his day, recommends, in his 'Schoolmaster,' that the rules of grammar should be read, not alone, but with an author, whose sentences the teacher is to explain by reference to the rules. 'This,' he says, 'is a lively and perfite waie of teaching 'of rewles; where the common way used in common scholes, 'to read the grammer alone by itselfe, is tedious for the master, 'hard for the scholer, and uncomfortable for them both.' But the article in which retrenchment seems most obviously feasible is that of Greek and Latin composition, especially in verse. Porson, according to his recent biographer, pronounced modern Latin and Greek verses worthless. We need not go so far as this. We will allow that many of these compositions, the work of men of taste and genius, who had acquired an extraordinary familiarity with the idiom of a dead language, are really beautiful: and if they are beautiful to us, it signifies very little whether they would have seemed perfectly correct in diction to a Greek or Roman reader. Perhaps they would have seemed as correct to Claudian as the verses of Claudian

would have seemed to Virgil. Let them be written as crowning displays of consummate scholarship by those who have a turn for them, and who have a sufficient command of the Greek or Latin language to enable them to write poetry in it with a chance of obtaining excellence, or at least with a chance of rising above doggrel. Let them form a part, an optional part at all events, of the examinations, the object of which is to distinguish the most exquisite scholars. But to extort them as a weekly, or even (at Eton) more than a weekly task from boys or youths who have no command of the language, and who are physically incapable, and well known by their teachers as well as themselves to be physically incapable, of producing anything but the most abject trash, is a system of folly, and almost of cruelty, of which we never heard any reasonable defence. We must say the same with regard even to prose composition, if it is of such a nature as to require a greater command of the language than the pupil, from the extent of his reading, can be expected to possess. Exercises, no doubt, are requisite in learning any language; and in learning a dead language they are indispensable. But to set a boy to do exercises with his grammar and dictionary is a different thing from setting him to do a composition requiring stores of phraseology and idiom which he cannot possibly possess. Nothing can exceed the wretchedness of this work to pupil and master, or the tendency which it has to disgust the pupil with learning, and to make him look upon it as at once odious and worthless. 'There is no one thing,' says Ascham, 'that hath 'more either dulled the wittes or taken awaye the will of chil-'dren from learning then the care they have to satisfie their 'masters in the making of latines.' He afterwards speaks of 'this butcherlie feare in making of latines;' and those who have do with the Latin compositions of boys, or even with those of men at the University, trying to produce Latin prose under the fear of a 'pluck,' will acknowledge the appropriateness of the expression.

The Commissioners, in concluding the general part of their Report, say —

'It remains for us to discharge the pleasantest part of our task, by recapitulating in a few words the advances which these schools have made during the last quarter of a century, and in the second place by noticing briefly the obligations which England owes to them,—obligations which, were their defects far greater than they are, would entitle them to be treated with the utmost tenderness and respect.

'That important progress has been made even in those particulars in which the schools are still deficient, is plain from the short review

contained in the foregoing pages, and will appear still more clearly from the more detailed statements in the Second Part. The course of study has been enlarged; the methods of teaching have been improved; the proportion of masters to boys has been increased; the quantity of work exacted is greater than it was, though still in too many cases less than it ought to be. At the same time, the advance in moral and religious training has more than kept pace with that which has been made in intellectual discipline. The old roughness of manners has in a great measure disappeared, and with it the petty tyranny and thoughtless cruelty which were formerly too common, and which used indeed to be thought inseparable from the life of a public school. The boys are better lodged and cared for, and more attention is paid to their health and comfort.

'Among the services which they have rendered is undoubtedly to be reckoned the maintenance of classical literature as the staple of English education—a service which far outweighs the error of having clung to these studies too exclusively. A second, and a greater still, is the creation of a system of government and discipline for boys, the excellence of which has been universally recognised, and which is admitted to have been most important in its effects on national character and social life. It is not easy to estimate the degree in which the English people are indebted to these schools for the qualities on which they pique themselves most—for their capacity to govern others and control themselves, their aptitude for combining freedom with order, their public spirit, their vigour and manliness of character, their strong but not slavish respect for public opinion, their love of healthy sports and exercise. These schools have been the chief nurseries of our statesmen; in them, and in schools modelled after them, men of all the various classes that make up English society, destined for every profession and career, have been brought up on a footing of social equality, and have contracted the most enduring friendships, and some of the ruling habits, of their lives; and they have had perhaps the largest share in moulding the character of an English gentleman. The system, like other systems, has had its blots and imperfections: there have been times when it was at once too lax and severe—severe in its punishments, but lax in superintendence and prevention; it has permitted, if not encouraged, some roughness, tyranny, and licence: but these defects have not seriously marred its wholesome operation, and it appears to have gradually purged itself from them in a remarkable degree. Its growth, no doubt, is largely due to those very qualities in our national character which it has itself contributed to form; but justice bids us add that it is due likewise to the wise munificence which founded the institutions under whose shelter it has been enabled to take root, and to the good sense, temper, and ability of the men by whom during successive generations they have been governed.' (*Report*, p. 56.)

We transcribe with pleasure, and with the conviction that it is substantially borne out by the evidence, this general sentence

of approbation, before noticing one or two cases to which certain parts of it scarcely apply. We mean, of course, in regard to other matters than the maintenance of classical studies as the staple of education, which the Commissioners regard as the leading claim of the schools to our gratitude, and of which we have already said enough.

The proportion of masters to boys, in the case of Eton especially, though it has been increased, is still not sufficient. Each classical master has a class of, on the average, forty boys; but besides this he has the tuition of forty private pupils unclassified, and of all ages and degrees of advancement. An addition to their number is, it appears, not desired by the assistant-masters; but we are not surprised to find that many of them speak strongly of the heavy amount of their work, and of its exorbitant demands upon their time. An Eton master fully employed is said by some witnesses to work fourteen hours a day: the lowest estimate is nine or ten. There is, of course, no time for private reading in the term; and in the vacations a master so overworked can scarcely do anything but take physical rest. The present head master, who takes all the bulls by the horns, regards this pressure of work as a positive advantage, because it concentrates the master's whole thoughts and attention on his duties; but he forgets, we venture to think, that it is a part, and a very essential part, of a master's duties to afford, especially to the elder boys, some of the advantages of intercourse, not with an unsleeping gerund-grinder, but with a cultivated man. 'The true question,' say the Commissioners, 'appears to be, not whether the work is 'unduly hard, but whether there is time to do it as it ought to 'be done.' We submit that the results of the present inquiry and the experience of those who have had sons at Eton tend to prove that there is not. If there is not, the public has a right to expect that the number of masters shall be increased and the emoluments reduced. Those emoluments, as the Commissioners observe, are ample. Every assistant-master at Eton, whose house is full, receives at least 1,700*l.* a year. At Rugby, of the thirteen classical assistants, the five highest only have incomes ranging from 1,600*l* to 1,400*l.*: the incomes of the other eight range only from 870*l.* to 340*l.*: and assuredly the Rugby masters are scholars at least as distinguished as the masters of Eton. In reply to any argument that may be urged on the ground of vested interests, the Commissioners properly observe that a man can hardly have a vested interest in taking more pupils than he can properly attend to, or than consists with the interests of the school.

The immense number of the boys at Eton, which exceeds eight hundred, while that of the largest of the other schools (Harrow and Rugby) falls below five hundred, is in itself an evil. It is not possible that one head master should know anything about eight hundred and fifty boys; it is scarcely possible that they should form in any real sense one school. This, of course, is not a matter of reproach to the masters; on the contrary, they are entitled to point to the great and still-increasing number of the boys as a proof of the public confidence: and certainly, if they give ear to any demands for reform while their prosperity is so high, they will be fully entitled to say that they do it from a sense of duty, and not from fear. The fact, however, is, that the popularity of Eton depends not solely or principally on the reputation of its masters, or on its merits as a place of instruction, but rather on a great aristocratic connexion, which was firmly consolidated some twenty or thirty years ago, when Harrow, Winchester, and Westminster were all, from different causes, in a depressed state. A good many parents, especially among the class, so numerous in this great commercial country, of *nouveaux riches*, may probably be said to send their sons to Eton less with a view to their being taught Latin and Greek, or taught anything in particular, than with a view to their receiving a social diploma and forming aristocratic connexions. A light cavalry regiment is frequently, in these cases, the conclusion of the educational course. That parents who do this are not wise makes no difference in the fact. And perhaps the masters of Eton, and, in a less degree, the masters of Harrow, are entitled to plead in extenuation of shortcomings that they have to do with the boys who come from the least industrious homes, and who are most devoid of the stimulus, which even a boy feels to a certain extent, of the need of preparing himself to earn his bread. The tutor of a voluptuary's spoiled and stupid heir may not unreasonably urge that there is nothing in the sow's ear out of which, let the skill and industry of the weaver be what they may, a silk purse is to be made.

The cost of education at Eton and Harrow is considerably greater than at Rugby, where the education is at least equally good and conceived in a far more liberal and practical spirit. But the treatment of the boys, who come from a wealthier and more luxurious class, is almost inevitably more luxurious; and the scale of social expenses, as distinguished from the regular charges of the school, is fixed by parents too often lavish of pocket-money, and in their own persons setting all the rules of frugality at defiance. This, however, will

not excuse the masters in failing to curb, to the best of their power, extravagance, as well as any other vice. The system of giving 'leaving-books,' which entails a very inconvenient expense on parents, out of whose purse these, nominally the presents of a boy to his friend, really come, is treated by the Commissioners with more consideration than it deserves. The fact that it is the parent and not the pretended giver that finds the money, is in itself a condemnation of the system. We heartily endorse the recommendation which we find in the special Report on Eton, that all extra payments for subjects of instruction forming part of the school course should be abolished, and that all leaving-fees and irregular or ill-defined payments should be put an end to. Every well-conducted hotel now puts all the charges, attendance included, in the bill: every well-conducted establishment of whatever kind will do the same.

It is perhaps partly in consequence of the excessive numbers of the school, and the insufficiency of the staff, which naturally leads to a rough-and-ready mode of dealing with difficulties, that flogging, the use of which is generally on the decrease, appears still to be more frequent at Eton in proportion to its numbers than at the other schools, with the exception perhaps of Charterhouse. The late head master states that, in his time, this punishment had a tendency to diminish. The Commissioners, however, observe that his evidence does not tally with that of a witness who left Eton three years and a half ago:—

'8519. (*Lord Clarendon.*) Has flogging diminished since the time when you first went to Eton?—No.

'8520. (*Mr. Vaughan.*) Is it any great dishonour to be flogged, or is it regarded as a natural incident of the day?—It is regarded as a natural incident of the day.

'8523. (*Lord Devon.*) Supposing a form-master to send up a boy to the Head Master, does the Head Master consult with the tutor or communicate with him before he sets the punishment?—No, very seldom. He considers himself a machine, and seldom takes any excuse, observing that what has failed to satisfy the complainant cannot satisfy him.

'8524. (*Sir S. Northcote.*) Does the master who sends up the boy first consult with his tutor before he sends up his name to the Head Master?—By no means necessarily.

'8525. Is not that always done—I thought it was?—No, I do not think so; the tutor generally hears of it eventually, I suppose.

'8526. Is it not always considered the rule?—No, I am sure that is not the case.'

That a boy's tutor is always consulted by the master complaining of him before he is flogged, is asserted on the one hand

and, as we see, denied on the other; and it may fairly be inferred that there is a general understanding that it ought to be done, but that the rule is not very strictly observed. The Eton authorities must not suppose that they can set themselves in this matter above the sentiments and the decencies of the world. Their system descends to them from a barbarous time, and a time moreover of perverted asceticism, when to show as little respect as possible for your own body or for that of any other person was thought meritorious in a religious point of view. Civilisation and common sense now claim as their right, that disgraceful punishments shall be limited to offences really disgraceful, and that the infliction, if necessarily severe, shall not be gratuitously indecent.

The great improvement which has of late years been made in the Foundation at Eton appears, among its other good effects, to have broken up, to a great extent, the system of tyrannical fagging and bullying which used to prevail there, and of the former existence of which some traces are found in the evidence before us. But at Westminster, which has the special misfortune, as it almost invariably proves, of being attached to an ecclesiastical institution, the old system appears, we are sorry to say, still to a considerable extent to prevail. Serious complaints on the subject were made to the Commissioners by a father and son, the latter of whom had just been removed from the school on account of the treatment to which he was exposed.* Their evidence was very properly laid by the Commissioners before the Head Master, who denied a portion of their representations, but left enough undenied to suggest a very urgent necessity for reform. It is not denied, for example, that junior boys are compelled to get up at half-past three or four o'clock to light fires for seniors who get up at five. It is not denied that the juniors are required to provide for the seniors, under penalty of a thrashing, stationery of various kinds which the seniors ought to provide for themselves. It is not denied that the seniors have the power of inflicting painful and degrading punishments on juniors for anything which they may please to consider a 'grave moral 'offence.' It is not denied, though the Head Master does not appear to have been acquainted with the fact till it was revealed by the present inquiry, that the seniors are in the habit of delegating this power to boys in a class below them. There is a very sinister vocabulary denoting different kinds of cor-

* See evidence of W. Meyrick, Esq., and Mr. W. S. Meyrick, vol. iii. pp. 475, 495.

poral punishments, one of them dangerous as well as brutal; and the things corresponding to these names, though happily they appear to belong in their full virulence to the good old times, do not seem as yet to have become entirely a matter of history. There is a general relation between the upper boys as masters and the lower boys as servants, from which, our knowledge of the nature of boys assures us, a thousand petty acts of tyranny and vexation will arise. The infliction of punishment by one boy at his discretion on another, no matter for what offence, is a thing which ought not to be endured. There is no security in such cases for justice; and the practice of injustice, whether we regard the boy who inflicts it or the boy on whom it is inflicted, is a lesson which goes deeper than all the precepts of the schoolmaster, and the evil effects of which no amount of teaching or preaching will countervail. It may impair the boy's character for life, and make him, according as he is the bully or the sufferer, a tyrant or a slave. The Head Master of Westminster is examined:—

'(*Mr. Twistleton.*) You were not aware, I understand, of this power that was delegated to the second election, until Mr. Meyrick gave his evidence?—I never heard of it.

'Is it not, then, equally possible that too severe a punishment might have been inflicted on boys without your having heard of it?—Yes; but what my answer was directed to, was not the possibility of punishments having been too severe, but as to the class of offences for which it would have been inflicted.

'You admit that the punishment might have been too severe for a particular class of offences without you having heard of it?—Clearly it might.

'(*Mr. Vaughan.*) Might not, for the same reason, such a punishment be inflicted in a case in which, according to the principles of good discipline, it ought not to be applied at all, and yet you not hear of it?—There may be some uncertainty, of course, how far one's own knowledge goes, but things are mentioned by boys after they have left.'*

This speaks for itself. It is thought a necessary rule in public schools in general (at Eton, for example), that an assistant-master shall not be allowed himself to inflict corporal punishment in hot blood on a boy who has offended him, but that he should send him up, with a statement of his offence, to the head master, who has not been personally offended. How much more is such a rule necessary in the case of an angry boy! The 'monitorial' system, or the system of governing the younger boys through the elder, seems, like our public-school

* Rep. vii. p. 507.

discipline in general, to have its prototype in the Statutes of Winchester, which provide that in each chamber there shall be three senior scholars, of good character, to superintend the behaviour of the rest. But these seniors are not entrusted with the power of punishing offenders with their own hands. They are required to report the case to the warden, sub-warden, and head master, in order that, at their hands, 'the scholar 'guilty of immorality, negligence, or idleness, may be chastised, 'corrected, and punished in exact proportion to his demerits.'*

There is a good deal of difference of opinion as to the necessity of the monitorial system, which is regarded as the great pillar of the school at Rugby, while at Eton (among the oppidans at least) it scarcely exists. It may imbue the elder boys with a desirable sense of responsibility; and, on the other hand, it may make them overbearing and priggish. Comparative experience only can decide. That the system is capable of being carried to a preposterous excess, and of bringing ridicule on itself and the school in which it prevails, was proved to the satisfaction of the public in general by a case which occurred some years ago at one of our public schools, where we saw the head master recommending one of his pupils to go and be beaten by another. This much, however, we may confidently say, that the system is to be endured only on condition of its being kept thoroughly under the control of the master, so that the school may be really governed, and punishment awarded where it is due—not by his pupils, but by himself.

As to the necessity of *fagging*, again, opinions differ. At Eton, among the oppidans, it appears to have been reduced to a vanishing point, and apparently without any increase of other evils. But by some disciplinarians it is still regarded as an indispensable antidote to bullying. 'If you had not a 'recognised fagging system,' says the Head Master of Westminster, 'you would have a bullying system.' This, we confess, seems to us rather a hard saying. A well-organised place of education surely ought to be furnished with some method of preventing systematic cruelty more direct and more certain in its operation than the performance by the pupils of offices properly belonging to the servants. We say, more certain in its operation: and it is in evidence that the existence of a recognised fagging system of peculiar intensity at Westminster does not prevent, but seems rather to facilitate, the existence of a bullying system, also exceeding the ordinary measure, in the same school; while at Eton, so far as we learn either from the evidence before us or from other sources, there is a very

* Statutes of Winchester College, Rub. 34.

laudable absence of bullying, in spite of the reduction of fagging, among the oppidans, to an almost nominal amount. We can quite understand how, in a mediæval school, the boys were required to do the work of servants, just as in monasteries the monks performed menial offices for each other. But we suspect that the retention of this custom under the name of fagging at the present day is only another instance of the perpetuation of the mediæval system long after the departure of the age to which it belonged, and of the purposes which it was intended by its authors to serve; and that the reason alleged in favour of its continuance is in fact merely one of those subtle apologies which are ever ready on behalf of familiar institutions, however noxious they may be, and however completely they may have survived all rational grounds for their existence. We will, however, refrain from dogmatising on the subject. But we cannot refrain from saying that if fagging is to continue, effective measures ought to be taken to prevent the fags from being exposed to anything which can interfere with their studies, or which (like getting up at half-past three in the morning) can be injurious to their health. A school which cannot secure this is not worthy of the confidence of the public.

The Commissioners very properly call attention to the fact that the parents have a duty to perform as well as the schools. It appears that at present the duties of too many parents in preparing their children for the public schools are very badly performed, and even that there is a tendency to deteriorate in this respect. The great influx of wealth during the last twenty or thirty years has rendered our upper classes rather pleasure-hunting and at the same time rather restless in their habits; and perhaps on this account the quiet and stationary offices of life are liable to be less conscientiously fulfilled. The schools, however, have the remedy in their own hands, since, as the Commissioners suggest, they may institute a proper entrance examination. The same remedy is in the hands of the universities, which, like the schools, complain of having youths sent up to them ill prepared, and of being consequently compelled to occupy themselves in teaching rudiments unworthy of a high place of education. An entrance examination for all students has, in fact, been repeatedly proposed at Oxford: the proposal was urged with especial earnestness by the late Archbishop Whately, when a member of the governing body of the university. But his efforts were defeated by the opposition of the inferior colleges, which had an interest in the admission of students on any terms provided they would pay the rent of rooms and the tutors' fees.

In the case of Eton and Winchester, which are attached to colleges, and of Westminster, which is attached to a chapter, the composition of the governing bodies is a question for serious consideration. Matters have been greatly changed in many respects since the time when this arrangement was made by the founders. The schools which then comprehended but few boys besides those on the foundation, have now expanded, Eton especially, far beyond the bounds contemplated by the founders; so that the original governing bodies have, in fact, a new institution brought under their sway. The special advantages, moreover, which in unsettled times a school would have from being anchored, as it were, to a body capable of securely holding and managing the property, have in a great measure passed away. On the other hand, a governing body filled with retired masters, or other elderly men connected with the foundation and accustomed to its ancient ways, who sometimes interfere actively with the masters and constantly make their presence felt as a sort of dormant veto on all change, is evidently apt to degenerate into a mere clog. The history of Eton is a notable proof of the existence of this danger. The rule, so senseless, so devoid of any shadow of legal foundation, and so grossly unjust to the public, by which all the masterships of the school were turned into perquisites of King's, and strictly confined to the fellows of a college which at that time was in every respect about the lowest in reputation at Cambridge, was notoriously maintained by the authority of the provost against the remonstrances of a head master who wished to obtain proper teachers for the school. This evil the Commissioners propose to remedy by clearly separating the jurisdiction of the governing bodies, as administrators of the endowments and general guardians of the institution, from that of the head master, and giving the head master free play in that which concerns the teaching and discipline of the school. They further propose to introduce into the governing body in each case a certain number of honorary fellows without stipends, but with the same powers as the rest in regard to the appointment of the head master, and the general regulation of the subject of instruction in the school. A portion of these honorary fellows they could have, in each instance, appointed by the Crown. There can be little doubt that the introduction of such an element would be very beneficial to the public interest, and we wish the recommendation may take effect. At present English public school education, so far as its character is determined by Eton, Winchester, and Westminster, is fast bound to bodies too conservative in their composition to keep pace with the just requirements of the time.

ART. VII.—*Life of Edward Livingston.* By CHARLES HAVENS HUNT. *With an Introduction* by GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: 1864.

WE have rarely been more struck or interested by any biographical work than by this book. It re-animates and elevates its theme by dint of truth and earnestness, without exaggerating a merit or palliating a defect; and we speedily found ourselves following with anxious admiration the career of a legislator and jurist, whose rejected System of Penal Law has hitherto been thought to constitute his sole title to European attention or celebrity. This effect may be partly owing to the light thrown by his speeches and correspondence on the causes and growth of the internecine dissensions of the once United States; but the grand attraction may be traced to the fact that his chequered life, quite independently of its manifold and momentous relations to public measures and events, is fraught with useful lessons in conduct and deeply coloured with romance. We may simultaneously deduce from it, by way of moral, that honesty and energy of purpose must succeed in the long run, and that the development of the highest talents, or the prosecution of the loftiest aims, may be fatally checked by pecuniary embarrassments resulting from neglect. It is a welcome change to turn from the sanguinary contentions, the sordid passions, and the shattered condition of the American people at the present time, to the wisdom, the dignity, and the love of freedom which marked the great citizens of the commonwealth in its earlier years. Of these men Edward Livingston was one.

The master passion of a prosperous family in the New World is to prove its descent from one of traditional nobility or gentility in the Old. A member of the transatlantic tribe of Warrens has printed a comely quarto to prove that the last Earl de Warrenne (who left no issue) was their lineal ancestor; and a Bright of Boston has devoted a royal octavo of three hundred and forty-five pages to 'The Brights of Suffolk;' in which, strange to say, he lays no claim to relationship with his distinguished namesake, the Member for Birmingham. We may consequently consider ourselves as let off cheaply by Mr. Hunt, when he disposes of the Livingston pedigree in a single chapter of moderate length, having had strong temptations to overcome; for that pedigree is remarkable alike for its clearness and its respectability. It is modestly commenced with Sir

Alexander Livingston, of Calendar, who on the death of James I. of Scotland, in 1437, was appointed one of two joint Regents during the minority of James II., and was made Keeper of the King's person, his associate Crichton being Chancellor. The murder of Earl Douglas in Edinburgh Castle by these worthies, has done more to perpetuate their memories than any good or wise action performed by either of them; but, as was pointedly said by Gibbon, 'treason, sacrilege, and proscription are often the 'best titles of ancient nobility.' The Livingstons had their fair share of this sort of illustration; having generally managed to lose their peerages nearly as fast as they got them by taking the losing side in 1715 and 1745. The destinies of the founder of the American branch, Robert, were swayed, in his own despite, by the independent and insubordinate spirit of his race. He was born in Teviotdale, in 1654, the son of the Reverend John Livingston, who played a prominent part in Scottish ecclesiastical history, and passed the last nine years of his life (from 1663 to 1672) at Rotterdam, under sentence of banishment for Nonconformity. Robert was bred up amongst Dutchmen, and as soon as he came to man's estate, he started for New York, took up his residence in Albany, then a Dutch village, and proceeded to amass landed property in a fashion which will sound strange to the conveyancers of Lincoln's Inn. The first purchase, we are told, was of two thousand acres on Roelof Jansen's Hill. The deed, bearing date July 12, 1683, was executed by two Indians and two squaws, with names defying pronunciation and orthography. The consideration consisted of 300 guilders and a strange medley of assorted goods and articles to be paid or delivered in five days. The other conveyances were of the same character, and at the foot of one of them is this receipt:—

'This day, the 18th July 1687, a certain Cripple Indian Woman named Siakanochqui of Catskil acknowledges to have received full satisfaction by a cloth garment and cotton Shift for her share and claim to a certain Flatt of Land Situate in the Manor of Livingston; Which Witness, &c.'

In this way Robert Livingston became the proprietor of a territory embracing upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand acres, which was erected by patent from the Crown into the Lordship; and he fondly looked forward to its perpetuation, one and undivided, like an ancestral manor in Great Britain, in a succession of representatives. But the force of democratic institutions was too strong; and the third possessor parcelled it out amongst his children with as proud a contempt for primogeniture and aristocracy as if he had been a cotton lord or

manufacturer—perhaps prouder. In allusion to the resulting loss of concentrated influence and importance, Mr. Hunt exclaims:—

'What a change has the intervening half-century wrought, not merely in the affairs of this house, but in those of all like establishments in this country! The Livingstons are now a multiplied host of for the most part energetic and successful individuals, and their aggregate wealth and influence exceeds the probable dreams of their ambitious ancestor. Yet the strength which comes of combination is gone from them. Our democracy divides every clan, minces every estate, individualises everybody, disintegrates everything. Each man is the head of his own family; no man can be the head of the family of his ancestors.'

Down to this point the writer seems to favour the inference that the change is for the best. But in the very next paragraph we are shown the reverse of the medal, and are warned to anticipate a consummation which is already more than half completed:—

'In the United States, we seem to be out-heroding this tendency of the times. Our political leaders, representatives, and even judges, are now too often individuals whom many an obscure, well-bred person would not meet in the same drawing-room for all the world. We are certainly making some progress in bridging the gulf which once generally separated low manners from high positions. Such progress is one of the worst of our present evils; it threatens us with the most palpable of our future dangers. How far the effrontery of ill-bred ignorance and incapacity will carry itself towards monopolising places of dignity, power, and trust, is truly a question of moment. It is frightful to contemplate the possibility that the entire government in all its branches of so great and prosperous a country may, some day, be given permanently over to unlettered and unmannered statesmen. The whole world always did and always will respect a man who becomes conspicuous by force of high capacity and virtue, in spite of humble birth and imperfect education; but surely it would be better if public opinion should restrain politicians from aspiring to the Presidency without a respectable knowledge of grammar and the proprieties of life.'

Unluckily it is this very public opinion which encourages these unlettered and unmannered 'statesmen,' as they are called by courtesy, and it will be well if they transgress no higher rules than those of grammar and propriety. The democratic principle, however, was only just beginning to operate when Edward Livingston was approaching manhood: its foundations had hardly been so much as laid when he came into the world; and he had all the advantages at starting which the wealth, position, and connexions of progenitors and parents can bestow.

His father was a judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony of New York, and was so highly esteemed that one of his most intimate friends, William Smith, the historical writer, was accustomed to say, 'If I were to be placed in a desert island, 'with but one book and one friend, that book should be the 'Bible, and that friend Robert R. Livingston.' His mother, Margaret Beekman, 'a woman of a large and heroic mould,' is described as a meet mate for such a man.

An anecdote of Edward's boyhood proves both his own sweetness of temper and the maternal sagacity on which the formation of character in children so materially depends. One of his sisters came with a complaint to the mother of having been roughly accosted or unkindly treated by him. 'Then go into 'the corner. I am sure you have been very naughty, or 'Edward would not have done so.' His only battle at school was in vindication of his veracity, when assailed, like that of Bruce in the centre of Africa, for the statement of a familiar fact. 'The occasion,' says Mr. Hunt, 'was the moral necessity 'of backing up a statement which he casually made among his 'fellows, to the effect that at Clermont they had an ice-house in 'which ice was preserved for family use through the summer,— 'a statement which one of the boys, because he had never 'heard of such a thing before, honestly but indiscreetly pro-'nounced to be—a lie.' He was not remarkable for diligence at school, but no degree of idleness could deprive a boy of his stamp of the education of events and circumstances; and these were of the most impressive kind at the precise time when his heart and imagination were most prone to be moved and stirred by them.

Born on the 26th May 1764, he was in his thirteenth year on the day of the Declaration of Independence: his first degree at college, Nassau Hall, Princeton, was contemporary with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis in 1781; and his legal studies were completed about the time when 'a grave little gentleman 'in black (John Adams) walked up St. James's as first Ameri-'can ambassador.' Before attaining his majority, he had mingled in the contest for the most sacred of rights: he had played his part in popular demonstrations: he had witnessed marches and countermarches, advances and retreats: he had seen all that was dearest to him repeatedly at stake: he had heard the angry clamour of the market-place suddenly drowned by the rattle of musketry; and when his family were hastily decamping with their household goods from their cherished home, with the hostile soldiery at hand, he had caught courage from the hearty laugh of his mother at the figure made by a favourite

servant, a fat old negro woman, perched in solemn sadness on the top of a waggon. The training supplied by scenes of this kind is at least as valuable as that which the university can confer; and Edward Livingston's mind was fortunately steeled by them for vicissitudes for which no ordinary culture would have afforded an adequate preparation.

At the same time, we are not prepared to accept his own statement that he neglected the usual studies or was deficient in the common round of attainments at school or college. The extensive knowledge of science and literature which he subsequently displayed, must most of it have been acquired—at least the foundations of it must have been laid—in his student days; and that he was not thought an idle boy by his friends appears from (amongst other indications) a letter written by John Jay, from Paris, to Chancellor Livingston (his elder brother) in 1783: 'I send you a box of plaster copies of medals: if 'Mrs. Livingston will permit you to keep so many mistresses, 'reserve the ladies for yourself, and give the philosophers and 'poets to Edward.' It may certainly be doubted whether Edward would have consented to this partition to the extent of abandoning all claim to a share of the ladies, for his finical attention to his dress had earned him the title of Beau Ned; and at a still later period he wrote on the fly-leaf of his Longinus:

'Longinus, give thy lessons o'er;
I do not need thy rules:
Let pedants on thy precepts pore,
Or give them to the schools.

'The perfect beauty which you seek,
In Anna's verse I find;
It glows on fair Eliza's cheek,
And dwells in Mary's mind.'

The ladies in question were the daughters of Mr. McEvers, a merchant of New York; and the Mary, whose perfect beauty dwelt in her mind, subsequently became his wife.

The division of labour which is rigidly enforced amongst English lawyers has never been held compulsory on the profession in America, where the callings of barrister and attorney are frequently combined. We must not, therefore, be surprised at reading that Livingston was admitted to practise as an attorney in January 1785, and that he speedily became a formidable rival to the advocates of highest reputation at the New York bar. A sketch of these is given by Mr. Hunt; and amongst other names that have acquired more than provincial celebrity, are those of Aaron Burr and Alexander

Hamilton. No particulars are given of our hero's forensic career, of the prosecutions which he conducted, the accused persons whom he defended, or the causes that he led. We are simply assured that in the course of nine years' practice he had distanced the great bulk of his competitors, that he was Romilly or Scarlett of New York, and that his reputation as an eminently accomplished orator led to his being elected a member of Congress for that city in 1794. He was opposed by a Mr. Watts, a gentleman whose speciality was that he had never articulated anything but 'aye' and 'no' during his congressional career; and he was contrasted for this very reason (his friends thought favourably) with one whose ready rhetoric was denounced as an unanswerable proof of shallowness.

Livingston's most remarkable effort in his first session was the delivery of a speech, occupying nearly a day, in support of the right of Congress to question the policy of treaties with foreign countries, on which it was contended to be the prerogative of the President to decide with the consent and advice of the Senate. He also brought forward a resolution for the protection of American seamen; and on each occasion found himself measuring his strength with Madison, Sedgwick, and Fisher Ames. His re-election in 1796 was vehemently opposed in a manner and by a man that bore ample testimony to the importance he had obtained in the eyes of the antagonist party, the Federalists; who, at the instigation of Alexander Hamilton, made strenuous exertions to get a Mr. Watson preferred to him, on the curious ground, actually put forward in a handbill of Hamilton's composition, that he kept a chariot; rendered more curious by the retorted fact that the Federalist candidate kept a chariot too. There is a passage in M. Nisard's Life of Armand Carrel alluding to 'that cabriolet which had 'been made such a topic of reproach to him, either by men 'who would have sold the tombs of their fathers to have one, 'or by those friends of equality who call for it in fortunes to 'console them for the inequality of talents.' But this was at a time when it was truly and wittily said of 'young France' that each of them was striving to be the equal of his superior and the superior of his equal; and it is new to us that such an objection could be raised with effect in the freshly emancipated colony still clinging to the habits and modes of thought of the parent country. From the intelligence that is almost daily reaching us, also, of the present social condition of New York, we should infer that the display of wealth in equipages and dress is no longer typical of, nor associated in the popular mind with, aristocracy.

On the occasion of his second candidature in 1796, Livingston received a letter from his elder brother, the chancellor, which may be read with advantage by many a rising lawyer who is looking to a seat in Parliament, or many a would-be statesman who under-estimates the conditions of success:—

'As I naturally feel myself much interested in your political career, I cannot but entreat you to consider that you are at this moment making immense sacrifices of fortune and professional reputation by remaining in Congress. Nothing can compensate for these losses but attaining the highest political distinction. But, believe me, this will never be attained without the most unwearied application, both in and out of the House. Read everything that relates to the state of your laws, commerce, and finances. Form and perfect your plans, so as to bring them forward in the best shape. Forgive, my dear brother, both my freedom and my style. I write from my heart, not from my head. Be persuaded that no extent of talent will avail, without a considerable portion of industry, to make a distinguished statesman.'

The debates in which Livingston most distinguished himself in his third session possess an historical interest, and throw light on the contrasted progress of democratic and monarchical institutions. Two measures bearing a suspicious resemblance to the English 'Gagging Bill,' and a still stronger to the French Law of Public Safety, were introduced by the President (Adams) in 1798, popularly known as the Alien and Sedition Laws. The one made it a high misdemeanour, punishable with fine and imprisonment, to combine to oppose any measures of the Government, or to traduce or defame the Legislature or the President by declarations tending to criminate the motives of either. The other invested the President with power to imprison or banish suspected aliens, or perpetually exclude them from the rights of citizenship, or to grant them licenses of residences revocable at pleasure. 'Both these odious 'measures,' says Mr. Hunt, 'were passed under the spur of party 'discipline. Both excited at once the bitterest opposition of the 'Republican party, and presently incurred the hearty abomina-'tion of the country. Such experiments in legislation are not 'likely to be repeated while our form of Government lasts.' Never was there a more unfortunate prediction. It is precisely 'our form of government' which has proved most fruitful of such measures. Arbitrary restrictions of personal liberty are at this moment rifest in North America, the pride of democracy, and under the French Empire, the boasted creation of universal suffrage; whilst the existing generation of Englishmen practically know nothing of exceptionally repressive or oppressive laws of any kind. The Alien and Sedition Bills

were opposed at every stage by Livingston; and his principal speech against the Alien Bill was printed on satin and largely distributed throughout the States. In one passage he went the length of invoking popular resistance to it if passed: it may be cited as a favourable specimen of his style: —

'But if, regardless of our duties as citizens, and our solemn obligations as representatives; regardless of the rights of our constituents; regardless of every sanction, human and divine, we are ready to violate the Constitution we have sworn to defend,—will the people submit to our unauthorised acts? will the States sanction our usurped power? Sir, they ought not to submit; they would deserve the chains which these measures are forging for them, if they did not resist. For let no man vainly imagine that the evil is to stop here; that a few unprotected aliens only are to be affected by this inquisitorial power. The same arguments which enforce those provisions against aliens, apply with equal strength to enacting them in the case of citizens. The citizen has no other protection for his personal security, that I know, against laws like this, than the humane provisions I have cited from the Constitution. . . . . You have already been told of plots and conspiracies; and all the frightful images that are necessary to keep up the present system of terror and alarm have been presented to you; but who are implicated in these dark hints, these mysterious allusions? They are our own citizens, Sir, not aliens. If there is any necessity for the system now proposed, it is more necessary to be enforced against our own citizens than against strangers; and I have no doubt that, either in this or some other shape, this will be attempted. I now ask, Sir, whether the people of America are prepared for this? Whether they are willing to part with all the means which the wisdom of their ancestors discovered and their own caution so lately adopted, to secure their own persons? Whether they are willing to submit to imprisonment, or exile, whenever suspicion, calumny, or vengeance shall mark them for ruin? Are they base enough to be prepared for this? No, Sir, they will—I repeat it, they will—resist this tyrannical system; the people will oppose, the States will not submit to its operations; they ought not to acquiesce, and I pray to God they never may.'

In the concluding sentences, he was copying, consciously or unconsciously, Lord Chatham's famous burst: 'I rejoice 'that America has resisted; three millions of people so dead 'to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be 'slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all 'the rest.' As the part Livingston took on this occasion raised him to the height of popularity, it does not appear, nor does his biographer explain, why he retired from Congress in 1801; for the domestic affliction, the loss of his first wife, which occurred subsequently in the same month, was not anticipated. He probably began to see the importance of acting on his brother's

advice by attending more to his professional prospects; for his retirement was almost immediately followed by his appointment to the office of Attorney for the district of New York, as well as to the Mayoralty of New York, then a post of dignity and importance. The celebrated De Witt Clinton, we are reminded, resigned, with a view to its acceptance, his seat in the Senate. Besides presiding over the deliberations of the Common Council, the Mayor was *ex-officio* the chief judge of the highest court of this city, with jurisdiction civil and criminal. The emoluments were such that a few years' incumbency carefully managed was reckoned equivalent to a handsome competency.

Livingston was now thirty-seven; his worldly prospects wore a smiling aspect, and his varied duties were performed with spirit and efficiency. His decisions gave satisfaction; his refined hospitality as chief magistrate to distinguished strangers reflected credit on his fellow-citizens, and he was unceasingly active in endeavouring to reform abuses and mitigate distress. A favourite scheme, in which he warmly urged the Mechanical Society to cooperate, was to found an establishment for insuring the employment of, first, strangers during the first month of their arrival; secondly, citizens who had been thrown out of work by sickness or casualties; thirdly, widows and orphans; fourthly, discharged or pardoned convicts. The leading feature of the project being the opening of public workshops, like the *Ateliers Nationaux* of 1848, the sound political economist will see at a glance that it could not have been carried out without a mischievous disturbance of the labour market; and the Mechanical Society wisely, we think, declined to concur in it. His practical philanthropy was of a nature that did not admit of denial or dispute. In the summer of 1803, the yellow fever broke out in New York, and spread rapidly in all classes. First amongst the self-sacrificing portion of the community was the Mayor, who not only saw to the execution of the needful official regulations, but kept a list of the houses in which there were sick, and visited them all in turn as well as the hospitals. At length he caught the contagion, and his life was in serious peril for a period. 'He was now,' says Mr. Hunt, 'the object 'of extraordinary popular gratitude and regard. When his 'physicians called for madeira to be administered to him, not a 'bottle of that or any other kind of wine was to be found in 'his cellar. He had himself prescribed every drop for others. 'As soon as the fact was known, the best wines were sent to 'his house from every direction. A crowd thronged the street 'near his door, to obtain the latest news of his condition; and

'young people vied with each other for the privilege of watching 'by his bed.'

Except in this absorbing crisis, he found time for science and literature, as well as for legislation and jurisprudence, and was always ready to promote parties of amusement, or to add his joyous laugh to the merriment of the gay and young. 'I wish I could go to the theatre every night,' exclaimed a lively niece of sixteen. 'Well, my dear,' said the Mayor, 'you shall, you shall;' and he actually took her night after night until she was compelled to cry enough. Escorting Theodosia Burr, yclept the celebrated, with a party to see a frigate lying in the harbour, he told her as they neared the ship: 'Now, Theodosia, you must bring none of your sparks 'on board: they have a magazine, and we should all be blown 'up.' He had a mania for punning, but was obliged to own that the only tolerable pun he had ever made was whilst he was asleep. 'He had dreamed that he was present in a crowded 'church, at the ceremony of the taking of the veil by a nun. 'The novice's name was announced as Mary Fish. The 'question was then put, who should be her patron saint. "I '"woke myself," said Livingston, by exclaiming, "Why, St. '"Poly Carp, to be sure!"'

The fifth volume of Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' concludes with a laudatory quotation from Captain Hall, and the remark '—with his flourish of trumpets I must drop the curtain on a 'scene of unclouded prosperity and splendour. The muffled 'drum is in prospect.' The stage of Livingston's life at which we have now arrived might well justify a similar pause, and suggest a similar train of reflection. He was in the enjoyment of almost every blessing, and not a cloud was visible in the horizon of his future, when a crushing blow fell upon him, shattering both fame and fortune, and dooming him to a series of severe trials for the best of his remaining years. In the autumn of 1803, he became a public defaulter for an amount beyond his immediate or anticipated means to satisfy; and the utmost that he could hope in the emergency was that a charitable interpretation of the circumstances would save him from disgrace. It was one of his duties and perquisites in his official capacity to receive certain moneys from public creditors through the hands of agents, for whom he was responsible. He never could be made to attend to pecuniary transactions or accounts; a weakness or peculiarity for which his multifarious engagements were partially an excuse, especially in the fever year, when the chief *deficit* occurred. Five years later, in the course of a controversy to which we shall recur, he made a

clean breast of the matter in terms which we cannot do better than adopt:—

'It is time that I should speak. Silence now would be cruelty to my children, injustice to my creditors, treachery to my fame. The consciousness of a serious imprudence, which created the debt I owe the public, I confess it with humility and regret, has rendered me perhaps too desirous of avoiding public observation,—an imprudence which, if nothing can excuse, may at least be accounted for by the confidence I placed in an agent, who received and appropriated a very large proportion of the sum, and the moral certainty I had of being able to answer any call for the residue whenever it should be made. Perhaps, too, it may be atoned for in some degree by the mortification of exile, by my constant and laborious exertions to satisfy the claims of justice, by the keen disappointment attending this deadly blow to the hopes I had encouraged of pouring into the public treasury the fruits of my labour, and above all by the humiliation of this public avowal.'

The agent of whom he speaks was a confidential clerk, a Frenchman by birth; and it will be fresh in the memory of most readers that Thomas Moore was subjected to a similar embarrassment by the failure of his deputy in Bermuda, and that the 'disorder in the *chest*,' which compelled Theodore Hook to quit his treasurership at Mauritius was also mainly owing to a clerk.

In his Essay on Decision of Character, Forster relates the true story of a prodigal, who, having sold the whole of his paternal estate and spent the last sixpence of the proceeds, seated himself on a rising ground commanding a view of the property, made a solemn vow to get it back, and by dint of industry and parsimony succeeded in so doing. The dream of Warren Hastings' life was the recovery of his ancestral home of Daylesford. Moore met his unmerited misfortune with an equanimity that extorted the half-comic praise of Rogers:—'It is well you are a poet; you could never bear it as you do 'if you were a philosopher.' Sir Walter Scott nobly put forth his full strength at all hazards and against all remonstrances, till, like the overtasked elephant, he broke down and died. But no victim or hero, genuine or apocryphal, could have displayed a finer, more chivalrous, or more self-denying spirit than Livingston. Having promptly satisfied himself of his liability, he at once, without waiting for the formal adjustment, confessed judgment for the largest estimated amount—subsequently fixed at $43,666—assigned over all his property in trust for the State, and resigned both his offices. The citizens of New York on their part were not wanting in generosity; he was strongly urged to retain the Mayoralty;

and a highly laudatory address was voted and presented to him by the Common Council. But his mind was made up to quit the scene of the honours and the prosperity thus fatally reversed, and to quit it instantly for the field of exertion offering the best chance of the speedy redemption and restitution for which he panted.

In the spring of that very year, 1803, Louisiana had been purchased by the United States of France. New Orleans was the rising commercial city, the El Dorado of the South, where talent and enterprise would have freer scope than in any more settled community. To New Orleans, therefore, he would go, and never return to New York till he could return free and independent, with his debts paid and his position no longer open to a reproach.

'He now had need of all his philosophy. He was considerably past the period of life when usually, if ever, a man undertakes for the first time such an adventure, and to this one all his habits and associations, his tastes, and his affections, opposed themselves. It was to quit the scene of his long prosperity and happiness, his family, his friends, and the fresh graves of his wife and eldest son; while the comfort and safety of his two remaining children, now nine and five years old, the objects of his tenderest feelings, would require them to be left behind for years. Nevertheless, he resolved upon the enterprise, and having made the resolution, did not lag in its execution. He at once arranged his affairs, procured all practicable means of extensive introduction to Louisianians, and leaving his children, from whom he had never yet been separated, in the care of his brother, John R. Livingston, whose wife was Eliza McEvers, the sister of their mother, he embarked, during the last week of December, 1803, within two months after retiring from the mayoralty, as a passenger on board a vessel bound to New Orleans. All the money and pecuniary resources which he had reserved out of his property and now carried, consisted of about one hundred dollars in gold, and a letter of credit for one thousand dollars more.'

He almost at once assumed the lead of the bar at New Orleans, where his knowledge of languages stood him in good stead; and soon after his arrival he was requested to draw up a Code of Procedure, which thenceforth regulated the practice of the courts. Fearne, the profoundest and acutest of English real-property lawyers, was deeply versed in chemistry and other branches of science. With equal versatility, Livingston was wont to amuse his leisure hours with mechanical contrivances; and a carpenter whom he employed to make models, naïvely observed:—'It is odd that a lawyer should understand 'my trade so well as Mr. Livingston does: I know nothing in 'the world of *his*.' He was a zealous Freemason, and a

passage from one of his addresses as President of the Louisiana Lodge, is introduced for the sake of the anecdote connected with it:—

'My brethren, have you searched your hearts? Do you find there no lurking animosity against a brother? Have you had the felicity never to have cherished, or are you so happy as to have banished, all envy at his prosperity, all malicious joy at his misfortunes? If you find this is the result of your scrutiny, enter with confidence the sanctuary of union. But if the examination discovers either rankling jealousy or hatred long concealed, or even unkindness or offensive pride, I entreat you, defile not the altar of Friendship with your unhallowed offering; but, in the language of Scripture, "Go, "be reconciled to thy brother, and then offer thy gift."'

Here the speaker was interrupted by the sudden movement of two of the audience, who rushed into each other's arms. They were real brothers, who had quarrelled, and not been on speaking terms for several years. 'No triumph at the bar or 'tribune,' said Livingston, 'could be worth the satisfaction I 'felt at that moment.'

In 1805, he married his second wife, Louise Moreau de Lassy, the young widow of a gentleman from Jamaica, and a native of St. Domingo. She is described as exceedingly beautiful. 'Slender, delicate, and wonderfully graceful, she 'possessed a brilliant intellect and an uncommon spirit.' Two months after his marriage, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Tillotson:—

'I have now, indeed, again a home, and a wife who gives it all the charms that talents, good temper, and affection can afford; but that home is situated at a distance from my family, and in a climate to which I cannot, without imprudence, bring my children.'

For a time everything seemed succeeding to his wishes. Besides receiving a large income from his profession, he had made money by successful speculations in land; and he was beginning to calculate the time—three or four years at the utmost—before he could return with credit and comfort to New York. But twice before that consummation could be reached, he was destined to be flung back and pressed down by the heavy hand of power, arbitrarily and wrongfully stretched forth beneath that young tree of liberty which was to overshadow the world with its branches. A private debt due from him when he left New York had been assigned to Aaron Burr, who, in July 1806, wrote to him by one Dr. Bollman respecting it, and arrangements were forthwith made with Bollman for its discharge. When Burr's conspiracy broke out, General James Wilkinson, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the

United States and Governor of Upper Louisiana, then at Orleans, ordered the military arrest of Bollman and two others on a charge of misprision of treason; and on a *habeas corpus* being granted, personally attended on the return-day of the writ, to enforce its discharge. In the course of a speech which he thought fit to address to the startled judges, he said he had taken this step for the national safety then menaced by a lawless band of traitors associated under Aaron Burr, 'whose 'adherents were numerous in the city, including two councillors 'of that court.' He then cast his eyes slowly round the bar, enjoying the suspense of the members, till he named Mr. Alexander, and proceeded:—'As to Mr. Livingston, I have 'evidence that Dr. Bollman brought a draught upon him for '$2,000 and upwards, which he paid.'

'He finished by asking the court that his oath might be taken to the truth of the charges he had exhibited. He raised his hand as if to have the oath administered, when the court mildly suggested the propriety of reducing the statement to writing. He then hesitated. One of the judges offered him a seat at his side on the bench, and proposed himself to take down the charges and testimony. This the General declined; upon which the court suggested that one of the judges would wait on "His Excellency," at any time that might be convenient to him, to take his deposition. This offer the conquering hero condescended to accept, and retired from the bar, after receiving the thanks of the presiding judge for his communication, and an apology for the trouble the business had caused him.

'But just as Wilkinson was about to withdraw, Mr. Livingston, who, till then, during this shocking scene of judicial sycophancy, had sat in melancholy silence, arose to demand and then to entreat of the court that his accuser should not be allowed to leave the bar without substantiating his charge upon oath, in order that, if it should appear that he was guilty, he might be immediately committed to prison, and if not, that he should not be compelled to go home loaded with the suspicion of crime. The appeal was fruitless, and the General went his way, promising, however, to make good the charge on the following day.'

Of course he never did make good the charge, the utter groundlessness of which was thoroughly and fearlessly exposed by Livingston without delay; but the General went on his way exulting, with as little dread of responsibility or regard to consequences as might be supposed to influence Marshal von Wrangel, General Butler, or any other military despot at this hour.

'When he returned to his house after the scene in court, in which the accusation of Wilkinson had fallen suddenly as a thunderbolt upon him, his young wife, then the mother of their only child,

but a few months old, besought him earnestly not to withhold from her any part of his confidence. "We have not lived long together," she said, "and you may not know the whole strength of my character "or of my affection. Whatever may have been the scheme of Burr, if "you have had anything to do with it, tell me, so that I may share "your thoughts as well as your destiny." His response was a laugh so hearty as to dispel in an instant from her mind any shadow of fear that he was really implicated in the mysterious enterprise.'

It was hard to be forced into an unequal conflict in this fashion with the Commander-in-Chief on a question of liberty and reputation, but it was harder still to be brought to the verge of ruin by a controversy with the President, who, instead of leaving the matter in dispute to the uncontrolled decision of the courts of justice, exerted all his official and personal influence to bear his adversary and intended victim to the ground. Here, again, we shall have to mark a course of proceeding on the part of the Executive of the model Republic, for which there has been no parallel under the English monarchy since the worst days of the Stuarts.

The Batture Controversy, to which a chapter of fifty pages is devoted in this biography, may take rank with the most striking of the logical or literary duels to which we are wont to refer long after their local or temporary interest has died away, as specimens of learning, acuteness, raillery or wit. Livingston's answers to Jefferson are little inferior in their way to Bentley's reply to Boyle, Porson's Letters to Travis, or the best of Paul Louis Courier's pamphlets; and they moreover involve principles of jurisprudence of universal application. What in a double sense might be called the battle-ground was a part of the delta of the Mississippi at New Orleans, then in a transitional state between land and shore, serving sometimes as an anchorage and sometimes as a quay according to the height of the river. Although the adjacent proprietor had laid early claim to it, no exclusive right was attempted to be set up till he became a client of Livingston's, who saw its future value at a glance. 'This rural bank must 'soon give place to urban wharfs like those of New York. Ah, 'here was a mine to be worked, and opportunity to escape 'from bankruptcy at a single bound, instead of trudging only 'the tedious road of careful industry.' He bought a portion of the property and began inclosing it. Then awoke the popular tumult, and then began the official oppression. Both people and government persevered in treating him as an intruder, and a long course of harassing litigation, comprising civil and criminal proceedings of many kinds, was the result.

At the end of a nine or ten years' contest, he succeeded in establishing his title and confounding his opponents, but the loss of time and the waste of intellectual energy were irrecoverable.

The English invasion of Louisiana, and the assault of New Orleans in 1815, brought out Livingston in an entirely new and highly favourable light. He organised meetings to encourage the citizens to resistance; he drew up animating addresses; with the rank of colonel, he acted as aide-de-camp to General Jackson; and he was deemed one of the most effective of the military council and staff. Mr. Hunt dwells with pardonable complacency on the military services of his hero; and if we are compelled to pass them over, it is from no patriotic wish to deprive him of any part of the glory obtained in great measure through British mismanagement or mishap.

We now come to the culminating point of Livingston's reputation, his System of Penal Law, or Criminal Codes.* In 1796, when he first took his seat in Congress, his attention had been drawn to the subject, and he procured first one Committee and then a second (of both which he was Chairman), to report on the Penal Laws of the United States. No report was made, and his labours in this walk did not recommence in earnest till 1820, when he drew up and introduced an Act authorising the preparation of a Criminal Code for Louisiana. In February 1821, he was elected by joint ballot of the General Assembly of that State to revise its entire system of criminal law. The existing system was a compound of French, Spanish, and English laws or customs—confused, uncertain, and occasionally revolting from severity or absurdity. Thus sentence of infamy was passed indiscriminately upon whole classes, without the smallest reference to personal innocence or guilt, the bare fact of their coming within the description being enough: children of illegal marriages; suitors or advocates incurring rebuke, just or unjust, from a judge; widows marrying before the expiration of a year's mourning, and their new husbands; procurers, comedians, slanderers, usurers, gamblers,

* The whole of his labours under this head are collected in an octavo volume (now before us) of 745 closely printed pages, entitled 'A System of Penal Law for the State of Louisiana: consisting of 'A Code of Crimes and Punishments: A Code of Procedure: A Code 'of Evidence: A Code of Reform and Prison Discipline: A Book of 'Definitions. Prepared under the authority of a law of the said State, 'by Edward Livingston. To which are prefixed a Preliminary Report 'on the Plan of a Penal Code, and Introductory Reports to the 'several Codes embraced in the System of Penal Law. Published by 'James Kay, Jun. & Co., Philadelphia, 1833.'

and buffoons. It was also a crime, punishable by banishment and confiscation of all property, for an advocate to betray the secrets of his client; for any person to say mass without ordination; to change a name for one more honourable; or for a woman to feign maternity and produce a counterfeit heir.

None of the popular objections to codification could consequently arise in this instance; and Livingston's eventual failure to satisfy the pressing and practical wants of his employers, was owing to the vastness of his conceptions and the comprehensive philanthropy of his views. He was far in advance of the most advanced legislative or representative assembly then existing in either hemisphere; and he assumed as the groundwork of his system doctrines or principles which are still disputed by the majority of enlightened jurists. He insisted on the abolition of capital punishment as imperatively required by reason, justice, and humanity; whilst the grand aim of his system of secondary punishments was the reform and gradual restoration of the offender to society. For this purpose, he proposed to bring under one central direction, crime, vagrancy, mendicity, and all forms of pauperism; to combine in single establishments the whole machinery of poorhouse, workhouse, bridewell, and penitentiary. Society, he lays down, is formed of two divisions—those who by their industry or property provide subsistence for themselves and their families, and those who do not. The latter may be subdivided into three classes—those who can labour and are willing to labour, but cannot find employment; those who can labour, but are idle from inclination, not for want of employment; those who are unable to support themselves by their labour from infancy, old age, or inferiority of body or mind. He then proceeds to justify his projected establishment:—

'This establishment enters most essentially into the plan I propose. Its different departments, under the name of poorhouses, workhouses, and bridewells, are known not only in England and the states which derive their jurisprudence from that country, but in different parts of Europe, but they are there distinct institutions, and want that unity of plan from which it is thought their principal utility will arise. This requires elucidation. If the duty of supporting its members be once acknowledged to be one incumbent on society to the extent that has been assumed, and if the classification I have made is correct, the necessity becomes apparent of distinguishing in what degree the different applicants are entitled to relief; but that system would be obviously imperfect that was confined to making this distinction, and granting relief only to the one class without making any disposition of the others. Every applicant, if my premises be true, must belong to one or the other of those classes; and

the same magistrate who hears his demand of support, or before whom he is brought, on an accusation of illegally obtaining it, is enabled at once to assign him his place. Is he able and willing to work, but cannot obtain it? Here is employment suited to his strength, to his age, his capacity. Is he able to work, but idle, intemperate, or vicious? His habits must be corrected by seclusion, sobriety, instruction, and labour. Is he utterly unable to provide for his support? The great social duty of religion and humanity must be performed. *One investigation on this plan puts an end to the inquiry.* Every one applying for alms, or convicted of illegal idleness and vice, necessarily belongs to one or the other class, and immediately finds his place; he no longer remains a burthen on individuals, and society is at once relieved from vagrancy and pauperism.'

The primary object of this part of his system is to prevent the idle or unemployed from becoming lawbreakers. He deals with actual criminals by carefully classifying them, and subjecting them to imprisonment varying in time, place, and circumstance with their respective degrees of guilt. Seclusion and labour afford him the means of increasing punishment to the utmost point of severity admitted by his code. The article relating to murderers runs thus:—

'Art. 167. No murderers, in any degree, shall have any communication with other persons out of the prison than the inspectors and visitors; they are considered dead to the rest of the world.

'Art. 168. The cells of murderers (in any degree) shall be painted black within and without, and on the outside thereof shall be inscribed, in large letters, the following sentence:—

'"In this cell is confined, to pass his life in solitude and sorrow, A.B. convicted of the murder of C.D. [by assassination, parricide, &c., describing the offence, if of an aggravated kind]; his food is bread of the coarsest kind; his drink is water, mingled with his tears: he is dead to the world; this cell is his grave; his existence is prolonged that he may remember his crime, and repent it, and that the continuance of his punishment may deter others from the indulgence of hatred, avarice, sensuality, and the passions which lead to the crime he has committed. When the Almighty, in his due time, shall exercise towards him that dispensation which he himself arrogantly and wickedly usurped towards another, his body is to be dissected, and his soul will abide that judgment which Divine Justice shall decree."

'Art. 169. The same inscription, changing only the words "this cell" for the words "solitary cell in this prison," shall be made on the outside of the prison wall, in large white letters on a black ground. The inscriptions shall be removed on the death of the convicts to which they relate.'

Treating voluntary labour as a mitigation and a resource, he denies it to the worst class of criminals; and one strong

objection to his substitute for capital punishment is that it frequently produces insanity. His main reasons for sparing life, however, are not of a sentimental character; nor does he shrink from the infliction of necessary pain. He dwells most emphatically on the demoralising character of executions, and on the danger of placing unjust judgments beyond recall. The passages in which he enforces these topics are as good specimens as could be produced of the rich, varied, and sustained language of his Reports:—

'History presents to us the magic glass on which, by looking at past, we may discern future events. It is folly not to read; it is perversity not to follow its lessons. If the hemlock had not been brewed for felons in Athens, would the fatal cup have been drained by Socrates? If the people had not been familiarised to scenes of judicial homicide, would France or England have been disgraced by the useless murder of Louis or of Charles? If the punishment of death had not been sanctioned by the ordinary laws of those kingdoms, would the one have been deluged with the blood of innocence, of worth, of patriotism, and science, in her revolution? Would the best and noblest lives of the other have been lost on the scaffold, in her civil broils? Would her lovely and calumniated queen, the virtuous Malsherbes, the learned Condorcet—would religion, personified in the pious ministers of the altar—courage and honour, in the host of high-minded nobles—and science, in its worthy representative Lavoisier—would the daily hecatomb of loyalty and worth—would all have been immolated by the stroke of the guillotine; or Russel and Sidney, and the long succession of victims of party and tyranny, by the axe? The fires of Smithfield would not have blazed; nor, after the lapse of ages, should we yet shudder at the name of St. Bartholomew, if the ordinary ecclesiastical law had not usurped the attributes of Divine vengeance, and by the sacrilegious and absurd doctrine, that offences against the Deity were to be punished with death, given a pretext to these atrocities. Nor, in the awful and mysterious scene on Mount Calvary, would that agony have been inflicted, if by the daily sight of the cross, as an instrument of justice, the Jews had not been prepared to make it one of their sacrilegious rage. But there is no end of the examples which crowd upon the memory, to show the length to which the exercise of this power, by the law, has carried the dreadful abuse of it, under the semblance of justice. Every nation has wept over the graves of patriots, heroes, and martyrs, sacrificed by its own fury. Every age has had its annals of blood.'

The following is his picture of the innocent convict about to suffer death:—

'Slow in its approach, uncertain in its stroke, its victim feels not only the sickness of the heart that arises from the alternation of hope and fear, until his doom is pronounced, but when that becomes inevitable; alone, the tenant of a dungeon during every moment that

the cruel lenity of the law prolongs his life, he is made to feel all those anticipations, worse than a thousand deaths. The consciousness of innocence, that which is our support under other miseries, is here converted into a source of bitter anguish, when it is found to be no protection from infamy and death; and when the ties which connected him to his country, his friends, his family, are torn asunder, no consoling reflection mitigates the misery of that moment. He leaves unmerited infamy to his children; a name stamped with dishonour to their surviving parent, and bows down the grey heads of his own with sorrow to the grave. As he walks from his dungeon, he sees the thousands who have come to gaze on his last agony; he mounts the fatal tree, and a life of innocence is closed by a death of dishonour. This is no picture of the imagination. Would to God it were! Would to God, that if death must be inflicted, some sure means might be discovered of making it fall upon the guilty. These things have happened. These legal murders have been committed! and who were the primary causes of the crime? Who authorised a punishment, which once inflicted, could never be remitted to the innocent? Who tied the cord, or let fall the axe upon the guiltless head? Not the executioner, the vile instrument who is hired to do the work of death; not the jury who convict, or the judge who condemns; not the law which sanctions these errors, but the legislators who made the law; those who, having the power, did not repeal it. These are the persons responsible to their country, their consciences, and their God.'

His Code of Reform and Prison Discipline comprises the minutest instructions for the treatment of every class of prisoner; and its efficiency in practice would obviously depend in a great degree on the zeal and intelligence of the administrators. In fact, Livingston, like many other eminent philanthropists, was prone to consider society as a parent watching over a family of children and accurately acquainted with the disposition and tendencies of each.

His scheme, as might have been anticipated, was respectfully declined, despite the almost impassioned appeal to the legislature of Louisiana with which he pressed its adoption in the Introductory Report—an appeal which might be appropriately addressed to almost any halting or hesitating body of legislators:—

'Legislative functions are in the most ordinary times attended with high responsibility. Yours, from the duty which your predecessors have imposed upon you, are peculiarly so. From the performance of this duty there is no escape. The defects of your penal laws are arrayed before your eyes. Former legislative acts have declared that they exist, and they have established principles and laid down rules by which laws are to be framed for their removal. Those laws are now submitted for your consideration. You cannot avoid acting. It is impossible to say that the evils are imaginary. You must then

either declare that the principles for correcting them, heretofore unanimously established by the representatives of the people, are erroneous, or that the plan prepared is not drawn in conformity with them. In either alternative the duty of correcting the principles or reforming the work is one that must be performed. For, disguise it as we may, it is a truth which must be told and ought to be felt; that, circumstanced as you are, should you shrink from the performance of these duties, to you will be attributed the future depredations of every offender who escapes punishment from the ambiguity of your laws; the vexations of all who suffer by their uncertainty; the general alarm caused by the existence of your unknown and unrepealed statutes; the depravity of those who are corrupted by the associations into which they are forced by your prison discipline; the unnecessary and violent death of the guilty; and, worse than all this, legislators! the judicial murder of the innocent who may perish under the operation of your sanguinary laws. All this, and more, will be laid to your charge, if you do not embrace the opportunity that is afforded to reform them; for the continuance of every bad law, which we have the power to repeal, is equivalent to its enactment.'

But whatever opinion may be formed of the practicability of Livingston's system taken as a whole or estimated by its distinctive qualities, no doubt can exist of the vast amount of thought, knowledge, intellectual grasp, originality of conception, and powers of expression displayed in its development. The volume already mentioned is a perfect treasure-house of juridical and legislative schemes and suggestions, doctrines and contrivances; and its indirect influence has been immense. That a collection of codes and reports so large, so comprehensive, so systematically shaped and so logically connected, should have been produced in less than five years, would sound incredible, did we not remember that he drew upon stores that had been accumulating for thirty; and wonderful to relate, it would have been produced in three years, but for an accident under which a mind of less energy must have been crushed. The misfortune was thus announced to M. du Ponceau, from whom he had borrowed a volume of Bacon: —

'The night before last, I wrote you an apologetic letter, accounting for not having before that time thanked you for your letter and your book. My excuse lay before me, in four Codes: of Crimes and Punishments, of Criminal Procedure, of Prison Discipline, and of Evidence. This was about one o'clock; I retired to rest, and in about three hours was waked by the cry of fire. It had broken out in my writing-room, and, before it was discovered, not a vestige of my work remained, except about fifty or sixty pages which were at the printer's, and a few very imperfect notes in another place. You may imagine, for you are an author, my dismay on perceiving the

evidence of this calamity; for circumstanced as I am, it is a real one. My habits for some years past, however, have fortunately inured me to labour, and my whole life has to disappointment and distress. I therefore bear it with more fortitude than I otherwise should, and, instead of repining, work all night and correct the proof all day, to repair the loss and get the work ready by the time I had promised it to the legislature.'

A few days later he wrote:—

'I thank you most sincerely for your kind participation in my calamity, for although I put the best face upon it, I cannot help feeling it as such. I have always found occupation the best remedy for distress of every kind. The great difficulty I have found on those occasions was to rally the energies of the mind, so as to bring them to undertake it. Here, exertion was necessary not only to enable me to bear the misfortune, but to repair it; and I therefore did not lose an hour. The very night after the accident I sat up until three o'clock, with a determination to keep pace with my printer; hitherto I have succeeded, and he has, with what is already printed, copy for a hundred pages of the penal code.'

'The part I shall find most difficult to replace is the preliminary discourse, of which I have not a single note, and with which (I may confide it to your friendly ear) I was satisfied. A composition of that kind depends so much upon the feeling of the moment in which it is written, the disposition that suggests not only the idea but the precise word that is proper to express it is so evanescent, (mine at least are,) that it will, I fear, be utterly impossible for me to regain it.'

When Porson's manuscript copy of the Codex Galeanus a masterpiece of caligraphy, was accidentally destroyed by fire, he set about and completed a fresh one. But this was a merely mechanical task: there were no thoughts to reclothe in chosen language; no studied trains of reasonings, or spontaneous bursts of eloquence, to reproduce in their original freshness. 'Oh, Diamond, Diamond, you little know what mischief you 'have done'—is the temperate expression of regret which the popular legend has placed in the mouth of Newton, when his little dog upset the candle amongst his papers. But Sir David Brewster rejects the legend, and equally discredits that version of the incident which represents the brain of the philosopher as temporarily impaired by the shock. According to him, rumour or malice has exaggerated both the loss and its consequences. Livingston's misfortune, therefore, may be regarded as the most trying of the kind recorded in the annals of intellectual labour; and the manner in which he bore up under it does the highest honour to his energy, patience, capacity, fertility, readiness, and self-command.

He had his reward in the praises and congratulations of the

most distinguished of his contemporaries, as well as in the certainty of durable fame. Jeremy Bentham proposed that the English Parliament should cause the entire work to be printed for the use of the nation. M. Villemain declared the 'System' to be a work without example from the hand of any one hand. Victor Hugo wrote: 'You will be numbered 'among the men of this age who have deserved most and best 'of mankind.' He received autograph letters on the subject from the Emperor (Nicholas) of Russia and the King of Sweden; a gold medal with a laudatory inscription was presented to him by the King of the Netherlands; and he was elected Foreign Associate to the Institute of France.

The lapse of time has deepened and strengthened the foundations of his fame. No longer ago than 1856, Dr. Maine, formerly Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge and now a member of Council at Calcutta, spoke Livingston as 'the first legal genius of modern times.' But the recognition of his success of which he had most reason to be proud was a letter from his old adversary (we might almost say, enemy) Jefferson, who concludes: 'Wishing 'anxiously that your great work may obtain complete success, 'and become an example for the imitation and improvement 'of other States, I pray you to be assured of my unabated 'friendship and respect.' Another letter from Jefferson, in 1822, contains this striking passage, referring to a question of government:—

'But age has weaned me from questions of this kind. My delight is now in the passive occupation of reading; and it is with great reluctance I permit my mind ever to encounter subjects of difficult investigation. You have many years yet to come of vigorous activity, and I confidently trust they will be employed in cherishing every measure which may foster our brotherly union, and perpetuate a constitution of government *destined to be the primitive and precious model of what is to change the condition of man over the globe.*'

At the same time he is not blind to the danger:—

'They [the judges] are practising on the Constitution by inferences, analogies, and sophisms, as they would on an ordinary law; they do not seem aware that it is not even a *Constitution* formed by a single authority, and subject to a single superintendence and control, but that it is a compact of many independent powers, every single one of which claims an equal right to understand it, and to require its observance. However strong the cord of compact may be, there is a point of tension at which it will break.'

In July 1822, whilst Livingston was still employed on his Codes, he was re-elected member of Congress, in which he

continued to sit till 1830. In the year 1826 he discharged his long-standing debt to the government; and thenceforth there was only one more disappointment, and that not a very severe or irremediable one, in store for him. He lost his election for New Orleans in 1830, very much as Lord Macaulay lost his for Edinburgh in 1847; the opposition being principally caused by his alleged disregard of the local interests of his constituents and his neglect of the personal attentions they deemed their due. The legislature of Louisiana immediately elected him a senator of the United States; a position which fully satisfied his political ambition, although he was not long permitted to rest in it. It was in the Senate in March 1830, that he delivered a very remarkable speech; especially memorable on account of the applicability of the principles laid down in it to the existing state of things in North America. The subject was the policy of the Government with respect to the public lands, but amongst the mass of relevant or irrelevant topics introduced was the nature of the Federal compact and of the reserved rights of the several States. The opinion of Livingston, the first constitutional lawyer of his time and country, was that the States had respectively surrendered a part, and only a part, of their sovereignty to the Union, and that each would be justified in resorting to any measure of resistance for the assertion and preservation of the rest. After specifying the steps that might be constitutionally taken in the first instance, he proceeds:—

'And, finally, if the act be intolerably oppressive, and they find the General Government persevere in enforcing it, by a resort to the natural right which every people have to resist extreme oppression.

'Secondly, if the act be one of those few which in their operation cannot be submitted to the Supreme Court, and be one that will, in the opinion of the State, justify the risk of a withdrawal from the Union, that this last extreme remedy may at once be resorted to.

'That the right of resistance to the operation of an act of Congress, in the extreme cases above alluded to, is not a right derived from the Constitution, but can be justified only on the supposition that the Constitution has been broken, and the State absolved from its obligation; and that, whenever resorted to, it must be at the risk of all the penalties attached to an unsuccessful resistance to established authority.'

In other words, the resisting State would stand precisely in the same relation to the Union in which the colonies conceived themselves to stand to Great Britain at the commencement of the War of Independence. The apprehended (rapidly becoming actual) evils of the opposite theory are thus stated:—

'That the theory of the Federal Government being the result of the general will of the People of the United States in their aggregate capacity, and founded, in no degree, on compact between the States, would tend to the most disastrous practical results; that it would place three-fourths of the States at the mercy of one-fourth, and lead inevitably to a consolidated Government, and finally to monarchy, if the doctrine were generally admitted, and if partially so, and opposed, to civil dissension.'

Chatham drew one of his finest figures of speech from the tapestry of the House of Lords. Livingston converted the marble columns of the hall in which he spoke into illustrations.: —

What were they originally? Worthless heaps of unconnected sand and pebbles, washed apart by every wave, blown asunder by every wind. What are they now? Bound together by an indissoluble cement of nature, fashioned by the hand of skill, they are changed into lofty columns, the component parts and the support of a noble edifice, symbols of the union and strength on which alone our government can rest, solid within, polished without; standing firm only by the rectitude of their position, they are emblems of what senators of the United States should be, and teach us that the slightest obliquity of position would prostrate the structure, and draw with their own fall that of all they support and protect, in one mighty ruin.'

The friendship which Livingston had formed for General Jackson at the siege of New Orleans had been gradually cemented by what is almost indispensable to strong mutual regard between active men of mark under free institutions—the *idem sentire de republicâ;* and in May 1831, he consented, at the earnest solicitation of the General (then President), to accept the Secretaryship of State, vacated by Van Buren. He was so much in the habit of consulting his wife about everything he wrote or did, including his Codes, that she playfully compared herself to the old woman of Molière. On the subject of his appointment, he writes to her:—

'Here I am in the second place in the United States,—some say the first; in the place filled by Jefferson and Madison and Monroe, and by him who filled it before any of them,—my brother; in the place gained by Clay at so great a sacrifice; in the very easy-chair of Adams; in the office which every politician looks to as the last step but one in the ladder of his ambition; in the very cell where the great magician, they say, brewed his spells. Here I am without an effort, uncontrolled by any engagements, unfettered by any promise to party or to man; here I am! and here I have been for a month. I now know what it is; am I happier than I was? The question is not easily answered.'

He was the chief supporter of the government whilst he formed part of it; but his services could only be appreciated

by those who are versed in the domestic politics of the United States. One of the most pleasing results of Livingston's tenure of office, was the assistance he was enabled to afford to Alexis de Tocqueville in the composition of his great work, 'De la 'Démocratie en Amérique.' A graceful note of acknowledgement in the Introduction concludes: 'Mr. Livingston is one 'of those rare men whom we love in reading their writings, 'whom we admire and honour even before becoming acquainted 'with them, and to whom we are happy to owe a debt of 'gratitude.'

On the 29th May 1833, he resigned the office of Secretary of State, and the same day was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France. It appears from his correspondence with Lafayette, one of his earliest and most attached friends, that the French Embassy had been proposed or suggested to him before his acceptance of office in 1831. The special object of his mission was to come to some arrangement with the French Government for the payment of the indemnity agreed to be paid to subjects of the United States for illegal seizures under the Berlin and Milan decrees. The amount had been fixed at twenty-five millions of francs, by a treaty of July 1831, signed by Louis Philippe; but the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies was required, and this, on a division, was refused by a majority of eight. A Ministerial crisis ensued; a breach between France and the United States became imminent: the arbitration of Great Britain was accepted, and the matter was at length satisfactorily arranged. But the intervening proceedings were of a nature to tax the temper and judgment of Livingston to the utmost, and he was allowed on all hands to have hit the happy medium between firmness and conciliation by his diplomacy.* During his visit to Europe he lost no opportunity of obtaining materials or hints for Law Reforms. In a letter dated Paris, February 1834, to the writer of these pages, he says:—

'Perceiving that some parts of the System of Penal Law which I had prepared for the State of Louisiana have fallen under your notice, it has occurred to me that this whole work might not prove unacceptable, and I therefore have sent a copy to Mr. Vail to be offered to you.

'Should any improvement in your penal or civil jurisprudence be adopted or even proposed, I will be greatly obliged by a notice of it.'

* A brief account of the incident of the American Indemnity, and the ministerial complications to which it gave rise, is given by M. Guizot in his Memoirs (vol. iii. pp. 233–237). He maintains the justice of the demand, and substantially confirms Mr. Hunt.

He was naturally anxious to visit England, but the sudden and peculiar close of his mission compelled him to return direct, and he arrived at New York on the 23rd of June, in the 'Constitution' frigate. His reception was highly flattering from all parties, and he attended some public dinners given to welcome him and do him honour. The most interesting of his last public displays, however, was his appearance in the Supreme Court at Washington, as counsel in the case of the Municipal Authorities of the City of New Orleans, Appellants, *versus* the United States, Respondents: Daniel Webster acting as his junior. An allusion having been made to the Batture Controversy, he said that he had been spared the lasting regret of reflecting that Jefferson had descended to the grave with a feeling of ill-will towards him. 'The offended 'party forgot the injury, and the other performed the more 'difficult task (if the maxim of a celebrated French author be 'true) of forgiving the man upon whom he had inflicted it.'

This was in January 1836. He was taken ill in the following month, and on the 23rd May 1836, within five days of the completion of his seventy-second year, he expired, 'easily, 'serenely, and cheerfully, surrounded by his family and many 'of his friends.' His death at this ripe age was regarded by those who knew him as premature, for none of them had come to regard him as an old man; and it was remarked that his black hair resting on the pillow of his coffin, presented a striking contrast to the record of his years inscribed on the lid.

This book ends with an estimate of Livingston's qualities by his biographer, and begins (by way of introduction) with a summary of his services by Mr. Bancroft, the historian. The biographer says:—

'As for his intellect, it was one of general acuteness and uniform power, without any dull side or any dazzling gift; just as his writings and speeches present few salient, distinct, and quotable beauties, but rather a steady felicity, a constant power, and a pervading eloquence.

'But this grand capacity was not perfectly rounded. One faculty it signally lacked. At no period of his life was he competent, practically, to manage financial affairs. In this one regard he was not much more than a child. It was as if a guardian genius had purchased for him gifts sufficing for all other emergencies, by debarring him from one important endowment which even the stupid often possess. If the dull favourites of Mammon ever envied his shining parts, they perhaps found comfort in the substance of the maxim from Chaucer,—

'"The gretest clerkes ben not the wisest men."'

The greatest statesmen are not less open to the imputed

weakness than 'the gretest clerkes,' and genius has been so often associated with irregularity that poor human nature must be content to bear a full share of the reproach. Bacon, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Mackintosh, Gentz, Scott, Lamartine, are a few amongst innumerable examples of the loss of comfort and independence, possibly of self-respect, and (in the case of the 'brightest, meanest') of fair fame, through improvidence.

Mr. Bancroft recapitulates Livingston's public and private virtues, and dwells exultingly on the fact that the adviser of Jackson in a crisis of the Constitution was 'one who to the 'clearest perceptions and the firmest purpose added a calm con-'ciliating benignity, and the venerableness of age, enhanced by 'a world-wide fame.' He then proceeds:—

'That fame was due to the fact, that Edward Livingston, more than any other man, was the representative of the system of penal and legal reform which flows by necessity from the nature of our institutions. The Code which he prepared at the instance of the State of Louisiana is in its simplicity, completeness, and humanity *at once an impersonation of the man, and an exposition of the American constitutions.* If it has never yet been adopted as a whole, it has proved an unfailing fountain of reforms, suggested by its principles. In this work, more than in any other, may be seen the character and life-long faith of the author. The great doctrines which it developes will, as time advances, be more and more nearly reduced to practice, for they are but the expression of true philanthropy, and, as even the heathen said, "Man loves his fellow-man, whether he will or no."'

The first half of this paragraph is fortunately qualified and expanded by the last. It sounds almost like a contradiction in terms to say that Livingston's Code was at once an impersonation of the man *and* an exposition of the American constitutions—those constitutions which are cracking and crumbling as we write. There was nothing local, limited, provincial, conventional, nor even national, in or about the system or the man: he never gave up to party what was meant for mankind; he and his work were essentially cosmopolitan: if asked for his country, he might have pointed, like the Grecian sage, to heaven; and it is as a citizen of the world, not as a citizen of an American Republic, that he will be consulted, cited, interpreted, practically applied, and hailed as an honoured guide, by the generations of converts yet unborn that are promised him.

ART. VIII.—1. *Inscriptiones Christianæ Urbis Romæ, septimo Sæculo antiquiores.* Edidit JOANNES BAPT. DE ROSSI, Romanus. Volumen primum. Fol. Romæ: ab An. 1857 ad An. 1863.

2. *Vetri Ornati di Figure in Oro trovati nei Cimiteri dei primitivi Cristiani di Roma, raccolti e spiegati da* RAFFAELE GARRUCCI. Fol. Roma: 1858.

3. *Inscriptions Chrétiennes de la Gaule antérieures au VIIIme. Siècle.* Par EDMOND LE BLANT. *Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut.* 1er volume. 4to. Paris: 1856.

4. *Cimitero degli antichi Ebrei scoperto recentemente in Vigna Randanini, illustrato da* RAFFAELE GARRUCCI. 8vo. Roma: 1862.

5. *Nuove Epigrafi Giudaiche di Vigna Randanini.* 8vo. Roma: 1862.

6. *Les Mystères du Syncretisme Phrygien dans les Catacombes Romaines de Prétextat.* (Nouvelle Interpretation.) Par RAPHAEL GARRUCCI, S. J. 4to. Paris: 1854.

7. *Notice sur deux Catacombes de la Nouvelle Voie Salaria à Rome et sur deux Peintures qui s'y trouvent.* Par l'Abbé ARCHANGELO SCOGNAMIGLIO. Paris: 1863.

THE 31st of May, 1578, forms an epoch in the science of Christian archæology. On that day the quiet routine of the Roman schools was startled by intelligence of the discovery of an 'ancient Christian cemetery, extending, 'like a vast subterranean city, far and wide, beneath and along 'the Via Salaria.' A gap of a thousand years had been suddenly filled up in the Christian annals. A happy chance had restored to Christian piety and science the long-forgotten catacombs, almost the same in all substantial particulars as in the days when the names of Fabian and Cornelius were still fresh on their walls; when Damasus adorned their monuments with those graceful epigrams which still survive*; when Jerome, on the Sundays, after service, used to wander with his awestruck companions through their lonely galleries†; and Prudentius described their dark and tortuous recesses in verses which breathe all the solemnity and gloom that still pervade their

* Roma Subterranea, i. p. 278.
† S. Hieronym. in Ezechielem, c. 40.

atmosphere, hallowed by associations to which no Christian mind can be insensible:—

> 'Attamen excisi subter cava viscera montis
> Crebra terebrato fornice lux penetrat.
> Sic datur absentis per subterranea solis
> Cernere fulgorem, luminibusque frui.'*

The piety and scholarship of Rome were stirred to their very depths. Devotees, artists, and, above all, antiquarians, crowded to the spot—Ciaccone, Philip Winghius, Macarius (L'Heureux), Ugone, and the younger and more earnest and enthusiastic Bosio. In reading the record which the last named, and the latest of them all, has left of his explorations, one is carried back to the event and moved with the actual spirit of the time. He tells, with all the freshness of genuine enthusiasm, of each new incident of the search—the variations of hope and disappointment—the failure and the recovery of the clue—the alternate blanks and prizes in the sacred lottery. At one time he is rushing along in breathless haste, 'the desire with which 'he burns adding wings to his wearied feet.' At another, he is 'creeping, serpent-like, through the low and crumbling pas-'sages,' and consoling himself for the difficulty and discomfort of the effort by the thought, that 'this lowly attitude befits the 'humble and reverent spirit in which a place consecrated by 'such memories ought to be approached.' At one time he finds nothing to reward his toil but blank walls without a fragment of decoration; at another, he is all triumph and exultation at the sight of 'pictures bright, as with the colours of yesterday, and 'characters still sharp and angular from the primeval graving-'tool.' Few parallels, indeed, are to be found for the energy and devotedness of this celebrated scholar, in what is well described as 'a search beneath Rome for another Rome.'

'Taking with him a hermit's meal for the week,' says Disraeli, 'this new Pliny often descended into the bowels of the earth by lamp-light, clearing away the sand and ruins till a tomb broke forth, or an inscription became legible. Accompanied by some friend whom his own enthusiasm had inspired with sympathy, here he dictated his notes, tracing the mouldering sculpture and catching the fading picture. Thrown back into the primitive ages of Christianity, amid the local impressions, the historian of the Christian catacombs collected the memorials of an age and of a race which were hidden beneath the earth.'†

It is at this point that the published materials for the study

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* Peri Stephanon Hym. xi. 165–9.

† Literary Characters, p. 144.

of Christian epigraphy, properly speaking, commence. At the date of the discovery of the Roman catacombs, the whole body of known Christian inscriptions collected from all parts of Italy fell far short of a thousand in number. Of these, too, not a single one was of subterranean origin, and not one dated earlier than 553. At present the Christian inscriptions of Rome alone, and anterior to the sixth century, considerably exceed 11,000.

Nevertheless, down to a very recent period, the study was pursued without any very definite principles, and chiefly with a view to the accumulation of materials. At length, however, it has begun to feel the influence of that revolution which, within our own generation, has taken place in most of the other sciences.

Heretofore it had been almost entirely abandoned to the rival schools of polemics. By them it had been pressed arbitrarily into service, often in utter disregard of criticism and chronology. Each school, indeed, had habitually used it, just in so far and in such particular way as suited its immediate purpose of argument or of illustration. The publications enumerated at the head of these pages are the first fruits of an earnest and meritorious effort to bring this important branch of Christian archæology within the sphere of exact scientific inquiry, the chief praise of which is due to the distinguished editor of the 'Inscriptiones 'Christianæ Urbis Romæ.' In this truly great work, as well as in the 'Bulletin of Christian Archæology,' which is intended as its supplement, Cav. de Rossi has adhered with severe impartiality to the true principle of inductive investigation. His present collection is but the first step in the inquiry, and is devoted exclusively to the work of bringing together all the facts and data of the study, of subjecting them in detail to a rigorous critical examination, of distributing them into classes, and of arraying them in chronological order. For its own place, when the data shall have been satisfactorily ascertained, is reserved the really important inquiry towards which all the rest is but preliminary,—namely, as to the doctrinal, social, and historical conclusions to which these facts may lead.

M. de Rossi's work, having, without the author's consent, been prematurely announced for publication, has held the expectation of the learned on the stretch for nearly twenty years. But it is hardly too much to say, that even those impatient scholars who had chafed most fretfully under the long delay, will forget the tedium of expectation in the completeness of the work, in the candour and moderation of its criticism, in the clear and philosophical method which it pursues, and, above all,

in the various and exhaustive scholarship with which it discusses every detail of its comprehensive subject.

The value of M. de Rossi's work will be best explained by a brief *resumé* of the earlier literature of its subject. That literature extends over an immense range, and the materials for its history could only be collected at first-hand from a vast variety of little known, and, to most scholars, inaccessible sources. But M. de Rossi's clear and comprehensive Introduction has made the inquiry easy and even attractive; and although there is no part of the author's own Introductory Essay which will not well repay the labour of careful and attentive perusal, we shall sufficiently effect our present purpose by a short outline of the origin and progress of the study of this branch of Christian antiquities, such as it existed before the recent movement of which M. de Rossi may be truly regarded as the centre.

The study is of earlier origin than will probably have been supposed, being traceable as far back as the ninth century; an age which gets but little credit for literary activity. Several of the scholars of the age of Alcuin are known to have cultivated Christian epigraphy. M. de Rossi mentions an Einsiedeln MS. of that date, containing a considerable collection of ancient inscriptions, about one-third of which are of Christian origin, and another MS. of Kloster-Neuburg, the contents of which are exclusively Christian. But it may be presumed that the movement which these works represent arose from some accidental impulse, or, at all events, was fitful and transitory; since, from this date down to the fifteenth century, the study of epigraphy shared the common stagnation into which even the more attractive studies lapsed during that interval. Even when it was revived, the direction which it took was, in common with that of other branches of contemporary literature, rather profane than sacred. With the early Italian collectors of ancient inscriptions, Signorili, Poggio, Feliciani, Ferrarini, Marcanova, and others, the rude and barbarous forms which characterise the records of the early Christians, although not entirely overlooked, had, it will readily be believed, but slender interest in comparison with the more attractive profane specimens of the classic lapidary style.*

The first recorded collector of purely Christian inscriptions, after the revival of letters, was Pietro Sabini, who presented his collection to Charles VIII. of France, in 1495. It has

* See De Rossi's 'Prime Raccolte d'antiche Iscrizioni.' Roma, 1852.

never been printed; but M. de Rossi, after a long search, discovered the MS. in the library of St. Mark's at Venice. A large proportion of Sabini's inscriptions, however, are mediæval. The same appears to have been the character of a somewhat later volume drawn up by Giovanni Capoti; and almost all the other authors on this subject, during the following half century, confined themselves chiefly to profane inscriptions. Onofrio Panvini, it is true, projected an elaborate and comprehensive work, mainly devoted to the Christian view of the subject; but this undertaking, it is to be feared, shared the fate of the many abortive projects of that impulsive and laborious, but unpractical scholar. Whether it was ever fully carried into effect seems sufficiently doubtful. M. de Rossi inclines to a negative conclusion from the existing evidence; and at all events, even had the work been completed, it is plain, from the programme of it which Cardinal Mai has given*, that out of the twelve books of which it was to consist, not one was purely Christian. Panvini's celebrated contemporary, the younger Aldo Manuzio, formed a general collection, a portion of which is Christian; but Manuzio's inscriptions belong to a comparatively late period; and the results of the labours of this whole epoch may be summed up in the single statement, that more than a century had elapsed after the discovery of printing before a single inscription of the early Christian centuries had been given to the world.

Even after the impulse which the study received from the discovery of the catacombs, its actual progress for a time was slow. Gruter's 'Corpus Inscriptionum' (1616) devotes a special title to Christian inscriptions; but it was long before the subject reached the honour of separate publication. Giambattista Doni drew up what was meant as a supplement to the Christian title in Gruter's 'Corpus Inscriptionum.' This supplement fills nearly two hundred pages; but it still remains unpublished in the Marucelli Library at Florence; and a similar collection on a larger scale, projected by Carlo Morone, under the patronage of the munificent Cardinal Francis Barberini, to whom sacred literature owes many obligations besides, proceeded no further than the printing of a few specimen pages.

Among the scholars whom this truly munificent patron of sacred letters enlisted in a great project which he conceived for the illustration of the antiquities of the Christian Church, was the well-known Antonio Bosio, referred to in a former page. The task which Bosio assumed to himself, as his peculiar share

* Spicilegium Romanum, ix. p. 335.

of the common work, was that of a complete and systematic exploration of the catacombs. To him, to speak more in detail, was assigned the duty of deciphering and transcribing the inscriptions found there; of taking exact copies of the frescoes and other pictorial representations; of classifying all the objects of art or of piety which might be discovered; and, finally, of determining the bearing of each of these objects, or classes of objects, on the doctrine, the ritual, or the history of the period to which they severally belong. The scrupulous fidelity with which Bosio accomplished his task was in keeping with the energy and perseverance which, as we saw, he exhibited during its progress; and the minute exactness of his descriptions has been over and over again attested, in the various recent re-explorations which have been made of the vast extent of ground which was traversed by him, and of which many portions had, until now, remained entirely unknown since his first examination. The well-earned honours of this great scholar, nevertheless, are almost entirely posthumous, and indeed in part vicarious. The copious materials which he had brought together were transferred, after his death in 1629, to the Oratorian father John Severani; and the now well-known 'Roma Sotterranea' was published by that father, in Italian, in 1632, and afterwards, in an enlarged Latin version, in 1650, by Paolo Aringhi, a priest of the same congregation.

Of the immediate successors of Bosio—Montfaucon, Fabretti, Buonarroti, and Boldetti and Marangoni—the two last-named, who laboured in concert, are made especially memorable by one of those catastrophes which occasionally diversify the monotonous history of student life. They had spent more than thirty years in the exploration of the catacombs and other sacred antiquities of Rome. Boldetti's volume, published in 1720, comprised a portion of the results; but by far the greater part still remained in manuscript, when, in 1737, an unlucky fire destroyed in a few hours the fruit of all these years of toilsome research. The loss, it is melancholy to add, was complete and irreparable. Boldetti's great age precluded all hopes of his being able to repair his portion of the work. Marangoni, although grievously depressed, resumed his labours with great energy; but M. de Rossi has everywhere sought in vain for the results of his attempted restoration.

It is difficult, after an interval of more than a century, to form an exact estimate of the loss which Christian archæology has sustained by the destruction of these papers; but it may well be feared that it can no longer be repaired. The same ground which these indefatigable explorers thus bootlessly examined, has

again, it is true, been traversed by explorers hardly less devoted to the work, and possessing every qualification of scholarship as well as of enthusiasm. Most of the forgotten discoveries of the seventeenth century have been practically re-discovered in our own day by Fathers Marchi, Secchi, and Garrucci, and, above all, by M. de Rossi himself. But the exposure to the air consequent on the first opening, and the long interval of neglect which succeeded, have made sad havoc on their remains. Time has done its ordinary work even in these sealed-up receptacles of antiquity; and M. de Rossi deplores in language, the evident sincerity of which is no less pleasing than its classic elegance, the present condition of these venerable monuments—*demolita, et horrendum in modum vastata.* One result of M. de Rossi's re-examination has been, while it bore witness to the personal energy and fidelity of Boldetti, to expose the unpardonable negligence of the transcribers employed by him, and thus to confirm the suspicion, more than once expressed, of the verbal accuracy of his texts. M. de Rossi complains bitterly, too, of the frequent mistakes in the sites assigned in the 'Cimiteri dei Santi Martiri' to the various inscriptions;—mistakes so grave as to lead him to suspect that Boldetti, in many cases, had trusted to his memory for the site of the inscriptions which he had copied; and, although he professes his unwillingness to speak ill of the dead, he considers Boldetti's delinquencies in this particular so grave, that he cannot suppress the declaration, *ei me iratissimum profiteor.*

The great body of Muratori's 'Novus Thesaurus Veterum 'Inscriptionum' is of course profane; but the collection of Christian inscriptions which it contains is so much more complete than any which had preceded it, that it deserves a place among the special Christian collections; the only drawback on its usefulness being the liberty which is frequently assumed in it, of restoring or completing the inscriptions by conjectural emendation; a liberty which, however judiciously exercised, of its own nature deprives the work of that authority which would be its best recommendation. Scipio Maffei projected a purely Christian collection. M. de Rossi justly laments the loss which the criticism of this branch of Christian antiquities has sustained in Maffei's not having lived to fulfil his promise; but in his case also, as well as that of Gori, the examination of the manuscripts which he left behind has enabled M. de Rossi to detect a gross literary imposture of which he was made the victim.*

* The well-known inscription of the DACIANA DIACONISSA.

To the purely antiquarian or critical epigraphists succeeded a class of polemics, who considered the science chiefly, if not exclusively, in its bearing upon doctrinal or disciplinary controversy; a perfectly legitimate use of the subject, and indeed its true ultimate end, but one for which, from the insufficiency of the data, the time had not fully arrived. Of these the most noticeable are the celebrated Jesuit divine and church historian Antonio Zaccaria, who devoted to the subject a special Latin treatise entitled 'On the use of Ancient Christian Inscriptions in Theology,' * and his friend and fellow-labourer F. Danzetta. Zaccaria's plan was a very comprehensive one; and if it were fairly carried into execution, with the more abundant materials now at command, would afford valuable aid to the historical and theological student. Zaccaria's inscriptions were to be arranged under heads, comprising every subject of interest in theology: as God; the Saints; the Churches; Sacred Ornaments; Festivals; Sacraments; the Hierarchy in all its several grades; Monks; the Laity; Dignitaries; Arts and Occupations; and finally, Church Laws. Danzetta's scheme was even more exclusively theological, as, indeed, is implied in his proposed title, 'Theologia Lapidaria.' Neither of these writers, however, lived to accomplish the projected work; but, at the earnest solicitation of Zaccaria in his later years, it was undertaken with great spirit by Gaetano Marini, who devoted very many years to the collection and preparation of materials. Marini's work was to embrace all the Christian inscriptions of the first ten centuries; but although he distributed them into classes, he abandoned the purely polemical classification proposed by Zaccaria and Danzetta, adopting in its stead a far more comprehensive distribution, which resembles in its main features that of Gruter in his general collection. Marini's labours were interrupted by the French Revolution; and, at his death, he bequeathed to the Vatican Library the MS. materials which he had compiled, and which, having recently been put into order by M. de Rossi, are found to fill no fewer than thirty-one volumes. Among these, four volumes had been partially prepared for publication, of which the first was in a comparatively forward state. This is 'the Inscriptionum Christianarum Pars Prima,' which is printed in the fifth volume of Mai's 'Scriptorum Veterum Nova Col-

(Museum Veronense, p. clxxix.) See De Rossi, 'Prolegomena,' p. xxx.

* Published by Migne, 'Cursus Completus Theol.,' vol. v. pp. 309 and following.

'lectio.' And perhaps it may be said that it is to the incomplete and unsatisfactory condition of the remaining portion of Marini's papers that we are indebted for much of the far more critical and scholarly work of which the titles prefixed to these pages present a specimen. M. de Rossi's publication was undertaken at the express solicitation of Cardinal Mai, who, finding the task of preparing for the press the rest of Marini's materials entirely incompatible with his other engagements, transferred to his young and learned friend the undertaking, for which his tastes, his studies, and his genuine love of the subject pointed him out to Mai as eminently fitted. M. Le Blant's work on the Gaulish portion of the subject is due, at least indirectly, to the new impulse thus given to the general study.

Although, therefore, the collections of MM. de Rossi and Le Blant differ very much in their plan, we propose in the following notice to use both indiscriminately in illustrating the study, to which both alike must be regarded as the most important contributions which have been made in modern times.

As regards M. de Rossi, however, it would be a mistake to suppose that the Marini papers have furnished much to him, beyond the occasion, and a portion of the materials, of his own undertaking. His 'Inscriptiones Christianæ' is, in the largest sense of the word, an entirely new work—new in its plan, new in the limits of time within which it ranges, new in the order which it follows; new, above all, in the stern and unsparing criticism with which its materials are tested, as well in reference to their age and authenticity, as to the literal exactness with which they are reproduced.*

* A somewhat amusing example of the danger of conjectural emendation occurs in Dr. Maitland's 'Church of the Catacombs,' p. 185. An epitaph was discovered in 1787, which was published with a supposed fac-simile, by Antonio Paoli. The slab is now in the Vatican Gallery; and the inscription, as there transcribed, is given as follows by M. de Rossi (p. 176):—

PERPETUAM SEDEM NUTRITOR POSSIDES IPSE
HIC MERITUS FINEM MAGNIS DEFUNCTE PERICLIS.
HIC REQUIEM FELIX SUMIS COGENTIBUS ANNIS.
HIC POSITUS PAPAS ANTIMIO QUI VIXIT ANNIS LXX.
DEPOSITUS DOMINO NOSTRO ARCADIO II. ET FL. RUFINO
VVCCSS NONAS NOVEMB.

The original editor, taking the word FELIX in the third line as a proper name, published the epitaph as of POPE FELIX. In a short time, however, Marini pointed out the inaccuracy of this conjecture, and explained the inscription as the epitaph not of Felix, but of ANTIMIO, who is named in the fourth line under the designation

M. de Rossi's first volume, as the title implies, contains only the Christian inscriptions of the city of Rome, and of these, only the inscriptions which are anterior to the sixth century, and of whose genuineness, as well as age, no reasonable doubt can, in the editor's opinion, be entertained. He has fixed on the sixth century as his limit, chiefly on account of the difficulty of assigning, after that date, any point of time sufficiently distinguished from what follows to be assumed as a characteristic boundary; and, having resolved to follow the geographical classification of the subject, he has commenced with the inscriptions of Rome, as the most numerous and by far the most interesting. In classifying the Roman inscriptions he has endeavoured to consult, by a single arrangement, for all the objects which are sought to be attained by the various modes of classification proposed by the earlier editors. His First Part, that now before us, comprises those inscriptions only which contain some express note of time, and are therefore susceptible of exact chronological arrangement. The Second Part will comprise 'select inscriptions;' viz., first, sacred and historical ones, and next, those 'which, either by testimony, by 'forms, or by symbols, illustrate the doctrines, the worship, or 'the morals of the Christians.' The Third will be purely topographical, assigning each inscription to its proper place among

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Papas. Paoli replied by a very angry, but a very silly defence of his original reading; and the controversy, which led to a great deal of good-humoured pleasantry, was taken up by Fea, Tiraboschi, and others, who made it plain that Marini was right, and that the slab really commemorated Antimio, who was a *papas* (written also *pappas*), that is, a 'tutor' or 'governor,' to which office the word *nutritor* in the first line evidently refers, and which is alluded to by Juvenal in his sixth satire:—

——prægustat pocula *pappas*
Timidus.

Unfortunately, Dr. Maitland had never heard of all this controversy; and, finding the epitaph in the Lapidarian Gallery, he transcribed it into his book. Still more unluckily, he quite missed the point of the inscription; and, conceiving that there could only be question of a *papa*, he read instead of PAPAS ANTIMIO, PAPA SANTIMIOO, which he further conjecturally amended into SANCTISSIMUS. He translates it, accordingly, *the most holy pope;* and, what is not a little amusing, he argues from this epitaph, to prove, what surely needed no additional evidence, as it is freely admitted by Catholics, that the name *papa*, though since limited in its use, was originally applied to bishops in general. See 'Church of the Cata-'combs,' p. 185.

the ancient localities of the city; and it will also contain inscriptions of unknown or uncertain locality, as well as inscriptions of spurious origin or doubtful authenticity. For this last volume he has reserved the inscriptions of the Roman Jews. But we shall find ample illustrations of this part of the subject in a small but most interesting collection, published by Father Garrucci, already well known by his antiquarian researches.

The first impression, therefore, which the actual *text* of M. de Rossi's opening volume will make upon the reader must, we fear, be of disappointment. The inscriptions which it contains, being selected solely from chronological considerations, are, for the most part, destitute of the interest which Christian archæologists have chiefly sought in the study. For the materials of that interest we must wait the publication of the second volume; but, in the meantime, it is impossible to over-estimate the critical value and importance of the less attractive work which has been accomplished in the volume before us. It is plain that for historical, and indeed for theological purposes, these inscriptions can only be used with effect by fixing, at least approximatively, the age to which they belong, and thus bringing them to bear upon other contemporary records already known.

The common use of the Christian era as a note of time began, as is well known, considerably later than the date at which M. de Rossi's series terminates. In the earlier centuries, Christians kept note of time either by the year of the bishop, or by some of the civil forms which prevailed in the various countries in which they resided. In Rome the common date was that of the consular year; but, in some cases, M. de Rossi has availed himself of other chronological indications in determining the date. Out of the 11,000 extant Roman inscriptions anterior to the seventh century, M. de Rossi finds *chronological* evidence of the date of no fewer than 1,374. The remaining inscriptions are without any note of time whatever; but we shall see later, that it is possible, notwithstanding, in very many instances, if not to determine the exact date of each, at least to fix certain limits within which each may, with almost absolute certainty, be placed.

Of the dated inscriptions, the earliest is of the third consulate of Vespasian, which falls in the year of our Lord 71. This inscription is but a fragment, and bears no internal evidence of Christian origin; the main reasons for regarding it as Christian are that it was found in the catacombs, and that, both in the rudeness of the character, and in the traces of mortar about the edges of the marble, it strongly resembled

the slabs with which the Christian tombs are ordinarily closed. Another, equally uninteresting in its contents, bears date from the year 107, and a third from 111; a gap of nearly a hundred years then intervenes, during which not a single dated inscription is found. From the year 204, in which the next inscription with a date occurs, till the Peace of the Church in 312, twenty-eight dated inscriptions have been found.

One of these, although fragmentary, is of sufficient interest to call for a brief notice. It is as follows:—

vi XIT

GAL. CONSS.

It has been the common, although not quite unquestioned, opinion of Church historians, that the use of the well-known monogram which appears in the above fragment had its origin under Constantine, and as a consequence of the celebrated vision which heralded his victory over Maxentius. Now, from a careful consideration of the above fragment, which M. de Rossi himself discovered in 1844, in the catacomb of St. Hermes, on the Via Salaria, he is strongly inclined to think that we must regard the use of this monogram as of considerably earlier origin. On a comparison of the letters of this consular title, GAL. with the consular lists subsequent to the year of Constantine's victory, 312, only two consuls, according to M. de Rossi, are found whose names can be regarded as corresponding with these letters, viz., Ovinius *Gallicanus*, in 317, and Ovinius *Gallicanus*, in 330. Now it seems to him extremely improbable that either of these can be the consul referred to in the above tablet. From the use of the plural form CONSS. it seems certain that *both the consuls of the year* must have been named in the inscription, and, as the order of the names is rigorously observed in such dates, that the consul indicated by the letters GAL. must have been *the second of the two.* Now in the Fasti, as well of 317 as of 330, *Gallicanus* is named not *second* but *first.* Unless, therefore, it be supposed, either that the order of the names is inverted in this tablet, or that the plural form, CONSS., is an error of the engraver, and, at the same time, that (as sometimes occurs in Christian inscriptions) but one consul, and that the second in order, is named, we must conclude that the inscription refers to a consulate anterior to the history of Constantine. The consulate on which M. de Rossi fixes is that of Anicius Faustus and *Severus Gallus*, in the year 298.

So far M. de Rossi's conclusion appears exceedingly pro-

bable; but there is another possible supposition, regarding which his reasoning is by no means equally satisfactory. The common text of the Fasti Consulares assigns to the year 352 as consuls, the Emperor Flavius Constantius (V.) and Constantius Gallus Cæsar (I.); and the position in which the letters GAL occur on the tablet makes it quite probable, *primâ facie*, that this may be the very consular date to which the fragment refers.

Against this hypothesis M. de Rossi contends that, although such might be the case if the inscription were of eastern origin, yet, in an inscription of the city of Rome, which, in the year 352, still was subject to Magnentius, the consuls of Constantius would not have been recognised. And this is borne out by more than one of his own Roman inscriptions, in which we find as consuls in the Magnentian interest for that year the names of Decentius (Magnentius's brother) and Paulus.

Now, in the first place, it must be remembered that early in that year, Magnentius, having suffered a bloody defeat at Mursa in the previous autumn, Constantius was acknowledged at Rome and throughout Italy; and we see no difficulty in supposing that, at all events in the latter part of that year, these consuls would be recognised, even at Rome. And, in the second place, whatever may be said of the year 352, as the same consuls, Constantius and Gallus, are again found *both in* 353 *and in* 354, when Magnentius had long been dead, there is not the least reason why the tablet in question may not refer to one of these years. At all events, we think that M. de Rossi has failed to make it at all probable, from this evidence, that the monogram was in received use anterior to the time of Constantine.

After the Peace of the Church, the number of dated inscriptions increases rapidly. Between the accession of Constantine and the close of the fourth century, M. de Rossi's collection contains 450 dated inscriptions, and the fifth century presents about the same number; but in the sixth, the number again declines, that century producing little more than 200.

It is not difficult to account for this diversity of practice. The usage of Christians in the civil, and for the most part in the social, order followed that of their pagan contemporaries; and, as in the sepulchral inscriptions of the latter we seldom, after the first few reigns of the emperors, meet with a date, it is not wonderful that the Christian epitaphs of the same time should present the same characteristics. By degrees, however, the Christian practice of commemorating the dead in the Liturgy involved the necessity of recording the date of the death or of the burial; and, although at first the simple record of the day

of the month sufficed for the regulation of the anniversary commemoration, yet, in the progress of time, the year also came to be added, even at a period when, in the contemporary pagan epitaphs, the practice had gone almost entirely into disuse.

The use of dates is common to the epitaphs, as well as of the catacombs as of the cemeteries of the upper world; and it is not uninteresting to trace, in M. de Rossi's collection, the proportions which the two classes bear to each other at the several stages of the early progress of the Church. Up to the edict of toleration, in 312, as might naturally be expected, the epitaphs are almost exclusively subterranean, not a single one being *certainly* referable to any other locality than the catacombs. Under Constantine himself, from 312 to 337, nearly two-thirds of the dated inscriptions are from the catacombs. Under the sons of Constantine, and under Julian the Apostate, the subterranean epitaphs assume the proportion of about one-half; but, from this time forward, the ratio decreases. In the last quarter of the fourth century, the Church has all but abandoned her concealment; and the inscriptions from the catacombs form little more than one-fourth of the entire. Between 400 and 410 they are scarcely a tenth; and from that date they may be said to disappear altogether.

On this fact M. de Rossi founds one of the rules by which the age of undated inscriptions may be approximatively determined. Any inscription which *certainly* comes from the catacombs may *primâ facie* be presumed, at least, not to be later than the close of the fourth century, or the first year of the fifth. In arriving at a closer approximation to the age of each inscription, M. de Rossi applies certain other tests, founded on the language, on the style, on the names, and on the material execution of the inscription. The full discussion of these tests, however, is reserved for his second volume, which will comprise the undated inscriptions. Upon one of his tests, that of the names, we shall have occasion hereafter to offer a few observations.

It is time, however, that we should turn to the work of M. Edmond Le Blant on the 'Christian Inscriptions of Gaul,' which has been compiled almost contemporaneously, and it would seem in concert, with the 'Inscriptiones Urbis Romæ,' and is second in interest only to that most important work. The 'Gaulish Inscriptions' are not arranged in chronological order, but they are distributed into geographical groups, each, as far as possible, being assigned to its proper locality. The first volume now before us comprises nearly 400 inscriptions,

distributed, in very unequal proportions, over three provinces, Lugdunensis, Belgica, and Germanica. Most of the cities of this part of ancient Gaul are represented in the collection, as Poitiers, Dijon, Autun, Châlons, Nantes, Paris, Chartres, Orleans, Metz, Cologne, &c. But the bulk of the inscriptions comes from a few localities, of which the most fruitful are Tours, Lyons, and Trier or Trèves. The inscriptions from Tours are 30 in number; Lyons contributes 77, and Trier, 97. It should be added, however, that some of the localities less prolific in number, fully make amends in interest, by the importance of the few inscriptions which they supply; among these we shall hereafter instance Autun, the ancient Augustodunum. But a very small proportion of the Gaulish inscriptions are dated; and of these one only is in Greek, and not a single one is anterior to the Peace of the Church under Constantine. Indeed, the earliest Gaulish inscription with a date is one at Lyons, in the very last years of that emperor's reign, under the consuls Optatus and Paulinus, in the year 334. The next in order, which is from Autun, is as late as the sixth consulship of Valens and the second of Valentinian, A.D. 378; and we may add that the inscriptions of Gaul, for the most part, present an evidence of their later origin in their more artificial structure and more rhetorical and poetical style, which contrasts very strikingly with that of those among the Roman inscriptions the early age of which has been most satisfactorily ascertained.

We now proceed briefly to examine some of the most curious of the inscriptions which these works contain. Both of them, indeed, are still only in progress; and M. de Rossi has expressly reserved for his later volumes that class of the Roman inscriptions, which is not only by far the most numerous, but the most important for the illustration of doctrinal and disciplinary controversy. Nevertheless, although the data derived from his collection in the present stage of its progress, would, as the groundwork of any systematic scheme of the doctrine or discipline of the early Church, be not merely unsatisfactory, but possibly even deceptive, yet even the inscriptions of his opening volume, and perhaps still more those of M. Le Blant, abound with illustrations of almost every branch of early Christian literature, history, and antiquities.

And first, as regards the language. Both collections exhibit a certain intermixture of Greek with the Latin inscriptions which form the staple of both. Hardly any other foreign element appears in either. In the inscriptions of Gaul there are a few Runic epitaphs, for the most part fragmentary. The Roman

epitaphs are exclusively Latin and Greek. It will be felt, we think, that the first appearance of both collections, especially of that of M. de Rossi, seems difficult to be reconciled with Dean Milman's interesting theory as to the strong preponderance of the Greek element in the early western Church, and especially in that of the city of Rome.

Beginning with the inscriptions of Gaul, or rather of those portions of Gaul which are represented in M. Le Blant's collection, the number of Greek inscriptions is quite inconsiderable. Indeed, with the exception of the inscription found at Autun, there is not a single important Greek epitaph in the entire volume. Nor can it even be said that the latinity of the Gaulish epitaphs exhibits in any marked way those curious evidences of the presence and influence of the Greek element upon the popular language, which the latinity of the Roman catacombs largely presents, not only in its idiomatic structure, but also in its forms and inflexions. A few Greek inflexions of Latin words, it is true, do occur; as, for example, in the Lyons epitaph of 334, already referred to, the name SILENTIOSA is inflected in the genitive case, Silentio*ses* instead of Silentiosæ; but this appears to be confined to proper names, nor do we meet such forms in common nouns, and still less in adjectives; — as, for example, the VIDUES, or VITES, or the 'partis dimidi*es*,' or 'fili*es* m*ees*' of the Roman catacombs. A few minor indications of a Greek hand occasionally appear in the inscriptions of Gaul; as the use of the Greek P instead of the Latin R in Latin words (as P*P*ECESSIT for P*R*ECESSIT); but they are very rare; and, on the other side, we find a corresponding interchange in the opposite direction, in the incorporation of the Latin R instead of the Greek P with the X of the Christian monogram.

Confining the inquiry to M. de Rossi's Roman inscriptions, it must be confessed that Greek holds but a very small proportion to Latin among them. The learned editor, so far as we are aware, has not made any formal comparison; but we have gone through the inscriptions down to the year 400 without finding more than about a score in Greek; a proportion which, if not otherwise explained, would seem fatal to the notion of any very large admixture of Greeks in the Christian population of Rome. Some explanation of this preponderance of Latin inscriptions in the first part of M. de Rossi's collection, may perhaps be found in the classification which he has followed. The inscriptions of this part consist exclusively of those which *have the consular date attached.* It may not improbably be alleged, that foreigners would be the least likely

to use what was properly a Roman designation; and therefore that, by its very nature, this class of inscriptions would be mainly of native rather than of foreign origin. It would seem to us, therefore, that the Greek inscriptions are to be expected chiefly in *the undated class*, to which M. de Rossi purposes to devote his second volume.

And perhaps it is some confirmation of the theory of the preponderance of the Greek element in the early Roman Church, that, among the inscriptions anterior to the accession of Constantine, the ratio of Greek to Latin is much larger than at the later period, amounting to one-eighth of the entire. Perhaps, too, the language of some of the inscriptions of the early period bears intrinsic marks of the existing confusion of elements, almost as plain as would be that of the actual use of the Greek tongue. Here is a curious example of the year 269—a rude Latin inscription in Greek characters:—

ΚΩCΟΥΛΕ ΚΛΥΔΕΙΩ
ΕΔ ΠΑΤΕΡΝΩ ΝΩΝΕΙC
ΝΟΒΕΜΒΡΕΙΒΟΥC ΔΕΙΕ ΒΕΝΕΡΕC ΛΟΥΝΑ XXIIII
ΛΕΥΚΕC ΦΕΛΕΙΕ CΕΒΗΡΕ ΚΑΡΕCCΕΜΕ ΠΟCΥΕΤΕ
ΕΔ ΕΙCΠΕΙΡΕΙΤΩ CΑΝΚΤΩ ΤΟΥΩ ΜΟΡΤΟΥΑ ΑΝΝΩΡΩΜ LV
ΕΔ ΜΕCΩΡΩΜ XI ΔΕΥΡΩΝ X

Or, in Roman characters:—

KOSVLE (consule) KLVDEIO (Claudio)
ED (et) PATERNO NONEIS (nonis)
NOBEMBREIBOVS (Novembribus) DEIE (die) BENERES (Veneris) LOVNA (luna) XXIIII
LEVKES PHELEIE (filiæ) SEBERE (Severæ) KARESSEME (carissimæ) POSVETE (posuit)
ED (et) EISPEIREITO (ispirito, for *spiritui*) SANKTO (sancto) TOVO (tuo) MORTOVA (mortuæ) ANNOROM (annorum) LV.
ED (et) MESOROM (mensium) XI DEVRON (dierum) X.

'In the consulship of Claudius and Paternus, on the nones of November, on the day of Venus, the twenty-third of the moon, Leuces erected this to his dearest daughter, Severa, and to thy holy soul. She died, aged fifty-five years, eleven months, and ten days.'

The inflexions of this epitaph, some of which appear also in an epitaph of the year 291, betray its Greek origin, almost as plainly as the characters in which it is written. The same may be said, with even more confidence, of one or two other inscriptions within the same period, which contain Greek names, or ejaculatory addresses, as *ζήσῃς*, 'Mayst thou live!' intermixed with the Latin. But there are others in which the

latinity is equally rude, and in which, nevertheless, it is impossible to identify the solecisms as of Greek origin.

The language of these inscriptions affords some indication both of the nature of the dialect of Latin which prevailed among the Christian population of the city, and of the gradual transition by which the purity of the Augustan age passed into the rudeness and barbarism of the mediæval latinity. And in this respect the precise class of inscriptions with which M. de Rossi has commenced, is particularly instructive; inasmuch as this class may be considered as representing the Latin and native, far more than any foreign, element of the population.

This branch of the subject is far too wide for discussion in a cursory notice like the present. But we may at least call attention to a few leading peculiarities of the inscriptions which bear upon it. The reader at once recognises in the latinity of these epitaphs, the germ of that total change in the government of prepositions, which is one of the great sources of distinction between the ancient and the modern languages of Italy. The old distinction of government between the ablative and the accusative has evidently begun to disappear. Many of the prepositions are used indiscriminately with both those cases. Thus we read (p. 82) that Pelegrinus 'lived in 'peace *cum uxorem suam Silvanam;*' and in another place (p. 108), Agrippina erects a monument to her 'sweetest hus-'band, *cum quem vixit sine lesione animi, annos tres et menses* '*decem.*' A third monument is erected *pro caritatem* (Le Blant, p. 400). In a fourth, a mother is entreated to pray for the child she has left behind, '*pro hunc unum ora subolem*' (De Rossi, p. 133). Conversely, we find *de sua omnia* (De Rossi, p. 133) and *decessit de seculum* (p. 103). And although an occasional solecism of this kind might be explained by the rude and illiterate character of the individual author of the inscription, the frequency of the occurrence clearly indicates the settled tendency of the popular usage of the prepositions towards the abolition of all distinction in the government of cases. We may add that the same confusion of case is found in the inscriptions of the Jewish catacombs published by Father Garrucci, among which we read, on the one hand, *cum* with the accusative, as *cum Virginium* (p. 50), and *cum Celerinum* (p. 52); and on the other, *inter* with the ablative, as *inter dicæis.*

It is hardly worth while, perhaps, to advert to such solecisms as pauper*orum* for pauper*um* (although it is plain from the recurrence of the same form in other words, as omni*orum* for *omnium*, that the change is not an accidental error); or to the occasional use of forms rare, but not entirely unexampled, in

classical Latin, as *nectus* (Le Blant, p. 15) as the participle of *neco*, or *utere* (De Rossi, p. 233) as the ablative of *uter*, a rare form following the third, instead of the second declension. But it is impossible not to discern a foreshadowing of the modern idiom of Italy in such words as *pulla*, and still more *Pitzinnina*, which is the direct prototype of the Italian *Piccinina*. The same may be said of the orthography, which, in many cases, points clearly towards the modern pronunciation. The form *santa* for *sancta* already appears; and the *x*, as in *sexies* for *sexies*, begins to give place to the modern *s*. This tendency goes, however, beyond individual words, and seems to indicate certain general principles of usage. We do not mean those broad characteristics which distinguish Italians and foreigners generally from ourselves, in the sounds of the vowels and diphthongs of the ancient languages; although in all these the interchanges of the characters of the two languages which the inscriptions frequently exhibit, and the characters employed in each to represent equivalent sounds of the other, are quite decisive against the English usage. We refer rather to certain peculiarities of Italian pronunciation, which are regarded as defects even by the Italians themselves, and which nevertheless find their counterpart here. One of these is the well-known *coda*, or additional vowel sound, which Italian speakers often attach to words ending with a consonant. Of this there are numberless examples in De Rossi's volume; as *posuete* for *posuit* (p. 18). In like manner we find a type for the vowel sound prefixed to words; as *ispiritus* for *spiritus*, *iscribit* for *scribit* (p. 228); and the actual Italian sound of *h* (*ch* or *k*) between two vowels, which has long been the subject of ridicule, is found directly expressed in these inscriptions, in which mi*chi* is one of the forms of '*mihi*.'

It is amusing, too, to meet in the Roman catacombs, or among the Christians of ancient Gaul, the prototype of the cockney aspirate and its contrary. Thus we find, upon the one hand (Le Blant, p. 2–3), *H*ossa (for ossa), *H*ordine, *H*octobres, *H*eterna; and upon the other, *oc* for *h*oc (Le Blant, p. 93), *ic* for *h*ic, *I*larus, *o*ra, *O*norius, &c.

Another subject on which the inscriptions will be looked to with interest, is that of names; and especially in so far as they illustrate that gradual process of change, from the old Roman usage of the much-coveted 'three names' down to the various systems of nomenclature which modern nations have adopted. The small proportion of patrician families among the early Christians will hardly suffice to explain the rapid disappearance among them of the use of the three names, which had

hitherto been the peculiar privilege of the aristocratic class. Not a single inscription after Constantine presents three names; and of the ante-Constantinian inscriptions, there are but two in which the three names occur, Marcus Aurelius Prosenes; and Tiberius Claudius Marcianus. Remembering Juvenal's 'gaudent prænomine molles auriculæ,' one is still more struck to find, that, after the third century, this once eagerly-desired distinction falls rapidly into abeyance. The contrast of the names in the two periods is very remarkable. M. de Rossi has printed twenty-three inscriptions with the names complete, prior to Constantine. Of these, no fewer than seventeen have prænomens; whereas, after Constantine, except Flavius, which continued in partial use, prænomina may be said entirely to disappear. The old distinctive *Gentile* name, too, quickly followed. The inscriptions before Constantine abound with Aurelii, Cornelii, Claudii, Antonii, &c. In this matter, indeed, there might even be suspected a certain design in the use of names, which, like the Victorias, Alberts, Alexandras, &c. of our own time, become fashionable in compliment to the dynasty of the day. Thus, in the Aurelian age, we find Aurelius or Aurelia repeated seven times; and, under Constantius and his sons, Constantinus, Constantius, and Constans, have their turn of popularity. The Gentile name, however, was quickly displaced by new forms terminating in *ntius*, as Lactantius, Dignantius, Crescentius, Leontius; or in *osus*, as Bonosus. A favourite form, in the third and succeeding centuries, was some laudatory epithet, as Benignus, Castus, Grata, Castula; often, especially in Africa, in the superlative degree; as Dignissimus, Felicissimus, Acceptissima, Verissimus. Sometimes similar adjectives appear in the comparative degree; as Dignior, Nobilior; and occasionally the abstract quality itself, as Prudentia, Ἀγαπη, &c., is found as the name. The names of the fourth, fifth, and later centuries would be found, on examination, to furnish the type, if not the exact equivalent, of most of the fanciful appellatives of the palmy days of Puritanism. We meet, not merely with simple forms, such as Πίστις, Ἔλπις, Ἀγαπη, Decentia, Prudentia, Dignitas, Idonitas, Σωζομένη; or Renatus, Redemptus, Refrigerius, Projectus; or the more self-abasing appellatives, Stercorius or Contumeliosus, but compound names of the true Puritan stamp, such as Deus Dedit, Servus Dei, Adeodatus, Quod vult Deus. And, side by side with these, came, as designating the individuals, names of saints and martyrs; at first probably assumed (as for example, the ecclesiastical historian's name, *Eusebius Pamphili*, i. e. Servus

Pamphili) by the bearer himself, in reverence of the saint, but ultimately imposed by the parent or guardian.

Another curious, although not peculiarly Christian usage, of which these inscriptions contain some examples, is the adaptation of the names of the months as designations of individuals or families. M. Le Blant (p. 324) gives an epitaph placed by a certain *Febrarius*. *Januarius* was rather a common name; and M. Le Blant cites several instances of *Aprilis*, *Maius*, *September*, *October*, *December*, and *Decembrina*. To complete the series, we may add that Boldetti has given the epitaph of a man named *Kalendius*.

In a few instances occasion is taken from the name to introduce into the sentiment of the epitaph some playful allusion to the etymological import of the name; and, although this practice is more consonant with the tastes of the later times, yet the inscriptions of the classic period present examples of a similar play upon words, of which we may instance the sentence from the very pretty epitaph of Claudia given by Orelli:*—

'HEIC EST SEPULCRUM HAUD PULCRUM PULCRAI FEMINÆ.'

These allusions in the Christian epitaphs are commonly very simple. Thus we meet INFELIX FELICITAS, and INFAUSTUS FELIX. A monument is erected to *Innocentius* in recognition of his *innocence*, PRO INNOCENTIA SUA. GLYCO (γλύκυς, sweet) is described as '*sweeter* than his name.' The sorrowing friends of ANTHUS bemoan his years '*stript of their flowers;*' and, even in a very tender poetical epitaph, addressed to the memory of Verus, by his wife Quintilla (whose grief for his loss proclaims itself so extreme that it is only the fear of God that restrains her from following him to the grave, and that she vows to remain a widow for his sake), room is found, in the midst of all the writer's passionate expressions of sorrow, for a pun upon the name of—

'HIC *VERUS*, QUI SEMPER *VERA* LOCUTUS;'

a pun exactly similar to that contained in the epitaph of the Emperor Probus which Vopiscus † has preserved—

'HIC *PROBUS* IMPERATOR, ET VERE *PROBUS*, SITUS EST.'

Occasionally we meet with inscriptions arranged in some fanciful geometrical form (as in Le Blant, p. 22). Occasionally we find acrostic inscriptions. One of this class discovered

* Vol. i. p. 547. † Probus, cap. xxi.

at Autun, in which the acrostic is of the well-known symbolical Greek word, IXΘΥΣ, has been a subject of controversy, critical as well as theological, from the very date of its discovery in 1839. Since that time it has engaged the attention of many eminent scholars of both communions, among whom we may mention the learned Benedictine, Dom Pitra (now cardinal), by whom it was discovered, the Roman Jesuit, Father Secchi, Dr. Windischmann, of Munich; and, in England, Cardinal Wiseman, Canon Wordsworth, and the late Dr. Lingard. For a detailed account of the whole question, we must refer to the 'Spicilegium Solesmense,' vol. iii. p. 574. We shall content ourselves with transcribing the text, according to the latest restoration, which M. Le Blant adopts from M. François Lenormant. We may add, that although all the critics are agreed as to the antiquity of the first five verses, which form the acrostic, considerable controversy exists as to the date of the remaining lines, which plainly form an epitaph, and which, although certainly bearing the strongest resemblance to the rest in the style as well as in the material execution, might possibly have been added at a later date:—

Ἰχθυος ο[ὐρανίου θε]ῖον γένος ἥτορι σεμνῷ
Χρῆσαι λαβῶ[ν ζωὴ]ν ἄμβροτον ἐν βροτέοις
Θεσπεσίων ὑδά[τω]ν τὴν σὴν, φίλε, θαλπέο ψυχὴν
Ὕδασιν ἀενάοις πλουτοδότου σοφίης.
Σωτῆρος [δ'] ἁγίων μελιηδέα λάμβανε βρῶσιν·
Ἔσθιε, πῖνε, λ[αβῶ]ν, Ἰχθὺν ἔχων παλάμαις.
Ἰχθυ χ[αρίζον μ'] ἄρα λιλαίω δέσποτα Σῶτ[ερ],
Εὖ εὕδοι μητήρ, σε λιταζόμαι, φῶς σὺ θανόντων.
Ἀσχάνδ[ε]ιε [πα]τὲρ, τοὺμῷ κε[χα]ρισμένε θυμῷ,
Σὺν μ[ητρὶ γλυκερῇ, σὺν τε οἰκε]ίοισιν ἐμοῖσιν,
Ἰ[χθυος εἰρήνῃ σέο] μνήσεο Πειτορίοιο.

Although in all other respects we have followed M. Le Blant's reading, as perhaps exhibiting the most satisfactory results of the several conjectural restorations which have been suggested, we have thought it right to indicate by brackets the *lacunæ* of the original, which have been variously filled up by successive critics. The sense of some portions is still obscure, and the entire sentiment is highly symbolical or mystical; but the inscription, as a whole, is eminently curious and instructive. M. Le Blant's translation may not satisfy every requirement of criticism; but it approaches sufficiently near to the letter, as well as to the sentiment, of the inscription, as restored, except in the seventh line, which we profess ourselves unable to understand:—'O divine offspring of the heavenly Ἰχθυς (Saviour), 'with reverent heart, take and use the immortal life among

'mortals. Refresh thy soul, my friend, with celestial waters 'in the ever-flowing waters of wealth-giving wisdom. Receive 'the honeyed food of the Saviour of the saints. Take, eat, 'drink, holding the Ἰχθυς in thy hands. O Ἰχθυς! Lord 'Saviour! grant me the favour which I earnestly desire: may 'my mother sleep happy, I implore Thee, Thou light of the 'departed! O father Aschandeus, cherished in my soul! to-'gether with my sweet mother and my relations, do thou, in 'the peace of the Ἰχθυς, remember thy Pectorius!'*

We have looked with some interest into the evidence supplied by the inscriptions on the much-controverted question, regarding the number of Christians who embraced the profession of arms in the early days of Christianity. The strong denunciations of the military oaths by Tertullian, 'De Idololatria'†, and the martyrdom of St. Maximilian for refusing to serve, on the ground that it was unlawful for him as a Christian, have been urged as a proof that there cannot possibly have been any considerable number of Christians in the Roman army during the first centuries of Christianity. The number of epitaphs of soldiers in M. Le Blant's own collection is very small, and the same is true of the collection of M. de Rossi. But M. Le Blant has taken the trouble to compare the total number of soldiers who appear in a collection of about 10,000 pagan inscriptions, with that of the soldiers who are registered in a collection of about 4,700 Christian inscriptions; and he has ascertained that, while in the pagan list the soldiers form 5·42 per cent., they are only 0·57 per cent. in the Christian.

It may well be doubted, however, whether this comparison is a fair one. Considering the lofty notions which were inculcated and entertained in the early Church as to the dignity of the Christian profession, which was held to excel and overshadow all earthly titles of honour, it is far from probable that Christian soldiers, as a general rule, would parade upon their epitaphs the titles of any other warfare than that of Christ. Many of the inscriptions, therefore, which bear no evidence of the military profession, may yet be epitaphs of soldiers. Moreover, it is certain that a very large proportion of the ordinary epitaphs of pagan soldiers regard *officers* of higher or lower degree. Now it is equally certain that the proportion of officers would be much lower among the Christians than among the pagans. We are inclined, therefore, on the whole, to believe that the comparison made by M. Le Blant can by no means be relied on, as a conclusive test of the actual proportion

* Le Blant, p. 10. † Cap. xix. p. 117. (Ed. Rig.)

of Christians to pagans in the armies of the early empire, and that the question must still remain open for determination upon other and independent grounds.

These very inscriptions, indeed, present, although in a different matter, a curious example of the occasional inapplicability of such tests. It is well known that a very large proportion of the early Christian community was drawn from the class of slaves and freedmen; and as, among the pagan epitaphs, the names of slaves and freedmen are of very frequent occurrence, one might naturally expect to find them in a similar, or nearly similar, proportion in the Christian collections. Now, strange as it may seem, allusions to the servile condition are almost entirely unknown in Christian epigraphy. Marangoni, in thirty years' exploration, met but one single epitaph of a freedman.* M. Le Blant could only discover two epitaphs of deceased slaves†, and some five or six other inscriptions in which the names of living slaves are mentioned. The obvious ground of this suppression was that which is often professed in the acts of the judicial examination of the martyrs; viz., that in Christ there is no distinction of bondsman or free‡, and that by the Gospel liberty of Christ, the social stamp of slavery was obliterated, once and for ever, upon earth.

By a somewhat analogous application of the scriptural principle that man's life on earth is but that of a pilgrim or sojourner, and that his true country is beyond the grave, the Christian inscriptions habitually ignore all mention of the birthplace or country of the deceased. Out of about five thousand Christian inscriptions in Seguier's Index, only forty-five make mention of the country; and it may be added that, as if in recognition of the evangelical counsel to leave home, and father, and mother, and brother, and to follow Christ, the same persistent suppression extends, in nearly the same degree, to all those details of descent, at least as a designation of the individual, which form so conspicuous a feature in the pagan inscriptions of the corresponding period.

But we have dwelt too long on these critical discussions, and it is time to turn to the inscriptions themselves, as illustrating the Christian spirit of the several ages which they represent. It is hardly necessary to say that, in the ancient epitaphs, as in the modern, the utmost diversity of style may be recognised.

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* Acta S. Victorini, p. 136. † P. 22.

‡ 'There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' (Gal. iii. 28.)

In a notice of the Roman catacombs, published in this journal some years ago, the reader will find some epitaphs most touching for the extreme simplicity of their language and sentiment; and this simplicity is certainly the prevailing characteristic of the earlier inscriptions. But, on the other hand, we occasionally meet most exaggerated examples of the opposite style; and even M. de Rossi's volume, not to speak of M. Le Blant's, may, in some of its specimens, challenge comparison with the most affected sentimentalities of Père la Chaise, or the pompous inanities of our own St. Paul's.

Such rhetorical compositions, however, are the exception, while simplicity, and perhaps even rudeness, is the rule. Some inscriptions, indeed, are in the latter respect almost a puzzle. It needs all M. de Rossi's ingenuity to interpret the following:—

HIC QVIESCIT ANCILLA DEI QVE DE
SVA OMNIA POSSEDIT DOMVM ISTA
QVEM AMICE DEFLEN SOLACIVMQ REQVIRVNT
PRO HVNC VNVM ORA SUBOLEM QVEM SUPERIS
TITEM REQVISTI ETERNA REQVIEM FELICITA
S CAVSA MANBIS IIIIX KHLENDAS OTOBRIS
CVCVRBITINVS ET ABVMDANTIVS HIC SIMVL QVIESCIT
DD NN GRATIANO V ET TEODOSIO AAVGG

Disregarding the strange agglomeration of errors of case, of gender, of number, and of orthography, which are crowded into these few lines, M. de Rossi adopts the reading of Marini: 'Hic quiescit ancilla Dei, quæ de suis omnibus possidet do-'mum istam, quam amicæ deflent solaciumque requirunt. Pro 'hac una ora subole, quam superstitem reliquisti. Æterna 'in requie felicitatis causa manebis, xiv. Kalendis Octobris, 'Cucurbitinus et Abundantius hic simul quiescunt. DDNN. 'Gratiano V. et Theodosio Augustis (consulibus).' (P. 133.)

'Here rests a handmaid of God, who out of all her riches now possesses but this one house, whom her friends bewail and seek in vain for consolation. Oh pray for this one remaining daughter whom thou hast left behind! Thou wilt remain in the eternal repose of happiness. On the 14th of the Calends of October Cucurbitinus and Abundantius rest here together. In the consulship of our Lords Gratian (V.) and Theodosius Emperors.'

We cannot help thinking, however, that Marini's explanation of '*hunc unum* subolem,' 'this one *daughter*,' is a mistake. It seems hardly possible to doubt that *a son* is meant, possibly either Cucurbitinus or Abundantius, whom we find named in the latter part of the epitaph. M. de Rossi conjectures, too, with considerable probability, that 'Ancilla Dei' is a proper name

of that fanciful class described in a former page, like 'Se 'Dei,' or 'Quod vult Deus.'

Another rude inscription of about the same period, A.D. is worth transcribing for the tenderness of the sentiment tained under its uncouth form:—

INFANTIAETAS VIRGINITATIS INTEGRITAS MORVM GRABTAS
FIDEI ET REVERENTIAE DISCIPLIA IC SITA RVTINA IACET QVE VI
ANIS XXI
DEPOSITA III NONIS AVG EVAGRIO ET EVCERIO CCSS.

'Infantiæ ætas, virginitatis integritas, morum gravitas, fidei et reverentiæ disciplina, hic sita Rufina jacet. Quæ vixit annis XXI. Deposita III Nonis Augusti, Evagrio et Eucherio consulibus.' (P. 137.)

The beauty of sentiment which pervades many of these rude compositions comes out very strikingly, in contrasting them with the pagan inscriptions of the same class. This is very remarkable in the different views of death which the sepulchral inscriptions of pagans and Christians exhibit—the former, as is meet in them 'that have not hope,' all gloom and despair: INFELICISSIMI AMISSIONE EJUS; PERPETUIS TENEBRIS ET QUOTIDIANAE MISERABILI ULULATIONI DAMNATI; the latter professing as their law: VIVENTEM DEO CREDITE FLERE NEFAS, and regarding death as but the entrance to true life:—

'Mens nescia mortis
Vivit, et aspectu fruitur bene conscia Christi.'

Here is a Christian mother's view of the early death of her child:—

'MAGUS PUER INNOCENS; ESSE JAM INTER INNOCENTIS COEPISTI QUAM STAVILES TIBI HAEC VITA EST; QUAM TE LETUM EXCIPET MATER ECCLESIAE DE OC MUNDO REVERTENTEM COMPREMATUR PECTORUM GEMITUS STRUATUR FLETUS OCULORUM.'

The same habit of mind, referring all things to what, in the Christian view, is of course the great end of man, is often observable in little turns of expression, which please no less by their simplicity than by the felicitousness of the ideas which they embody. There is a world of deep Christian thought in the simple words: HOSPITA CARO.* And in the same view of our life on earth, as being but a brief journey towards our true home in heaven, the form employed to express the good work of the almsgiver is, AD COELOS PRAEMISIT OPES. 'He sent his 'wealth before him to heaven.'† The happiness of the just after

* Le Blant, p. 333. † P. 316.

death is described as 'repose in the bosom of Abraham.'* And the sentiment is occasionally conveyed in a playful allusion to the profession, or to the name of the deceased;—as in a semi-barbarous epitaph in the same collection, on a charitable merchant (negociator) named Agapus, who is described, by a metaphor borrowed from his trade, as having been throughout life a STACIO MISERIS ET PORTUS EGINIS; 'an anchorage for 'the afflicted' and a 'harbour for the needy.'†

This contrast between the spirit and sentiment of the Christian inscriptions and that exhibited in the similar monuments of pagan Rome, suggests a comparison still more interesting to the historical student, for which a recent discovery at Rome has furnished the opportunity long desired; namely, of the form of epitaph in use among the early Roman Christians, with that of the contemporary sepulchral inscriptions of the Jewish population of the same city. Among the many discoveries of Bosio during the long series of his explorations, as the readers of our notice of the Roman catacombs may recollect ‡, was that of a Jewish catacomb outside of the ancient Porta Portuensis, which he regarded as the burying-place of the Transtiberine Jews. But, in the superior attraction of the Christian remains, then in all the first freshness of their interest, the Jewish monuments were comparatively overlooked. Aringhi, in his edition of the 'Roma Subterranea,' printed one or two of the epitaphs; but the exploration does not appear to have been vigorously pursued; after a time the cemetery was forgotten; and, strange as it may seem, all trace, even of its site, has been lost. Recent explorations, however, both at Rome and elsewhere in Italy, have led to better results. At Venosa, the ancient Venusium, a very interesting Jewish cemetery, with many Hebrew inscriptions, and with the well-known seven-branched candlestick as well as other Jewish symbols, was discovered in 1853. In 1854, another cemetery of the same general character was discovered at Oria. The most important, however, for the purpose of comparison, is that which was discovered at Rome, in the beginning of 1862, in a vineyard known as the Vigna Randanini, situated on the ancient Via Appia, some distance outside of the Porta Capena. Of the catacomb itself it will be enough to say, that in all its general characteristics it resembles the Christian catacombs; consisting of long streets, or galleries, excavated in the sandstone, with the tombs cut into their perpendicular sides. Instead of the Christian symbols of the cross, or the monogram,

* P. 95. † P. 41. ‡ Ed. Rev. vol. cix. p. 101.

the anchor, the fish, or the ship, the Jewish graves display the seven-branched candlestick, the volume of the law, and other Jewish emblems; but in most other respects it would be difficult to distinguish between the cemeteries of the two races.

The point of comparison with which we are concerned at present is the character of the funereal inscriptions which the two communities respectively employed.

Of the names which appear in the inscriptions only seven are Hebrew; twelve are Greek, and twenty-four Latin; and yet the prevailing language of the epitaphs is Greek. There is not a single one in Hebrew *, and only twelve out of the entire collection are Latin. It is plain, indeed, from many circumstances, that whatever may be said of the Roman Jews as a body, the Jews who used this particular catacomb must rather have been of the Dispersion than of Judea Proper. Some of the inscriptions, indeed, expressly attest the fact. Thus:—

MANNACIVS
SORORI CRYSIDI
DULCISSIME
PROSELYTI.

'Mannacius to his sweetest sister Chrysis, *a proselyte.*' (*Nuove Epigrafi*, p. 15.)

Accordingly, the language and structure of the epitaphs are all but identical with those of the Christian epitaphs of Rome. We find in these the same confusion of Greek and Latin in the same epitaph; the same peculiarities in the orthography of both languages; the same use of Greek inflexions for Latin words; the same solecisms of government and structure; the same representing of Latin words in Greek letters, and the same rendering of the sounds of the vowels and diphthongs of either language in accordance with the peculiar orthography of the other. Several of these characteristics are curiously combined in the following short epitaph:—

BENE	PΩCA
ANPΩN	XVII
EKOYMAPI	TOYC
MHCIC	XV.†

The central column being occupied by the symbol of the

* In a few the word שָׁלוֹם, 'peace,' is found in Hebrew characters; and in one the Hebrew ש is employed, in a Latinized Hebrew name, to supply the want of any equivalent Roman character to express the Hebrew sound of ש.

† Garrucci, *Cimitero*, p. 32.

seven-branched candlestick, the epitaph reads as follows:— *Βενερώσα ἀνρῶν* xvii, *ἴκου μαρίτους μήσις* xv. 'Venerosa, aged '17 years, had a husband (was married) fifteen months.' It is unnecessary to point out the many solecisms crowded into these few words: *ἀνρων* for annorum, combines the introduction of Latin words into a Greek sentence with the equally strange anomaly of declining the Latin word with a Greek inflection. The singularly anomalous form *ἴκου* (for *εἶχε*) can only be explained as a blunder of the author of the epitaph; and *μαριτους*, which is but the rendering in Greek letters of *maritus*, is quite as clearly the blunder of a foreigner for the accusative *maritum*.

Much more important is the comparison of the sentiment and doctrine of these Jewish epitaphs with those of the Christian catacombs. And first, it is surprising to find that, while several of the symbols which appear upon the tombs are plainly Jewish, yet there are others which had hitherto been popularly regarded as almost as certainly Christian. The palm-branch, long considered as the Christian symbol of martyrdom, is a favourite emblem in the Jewish cemetery. A forceps-shaped instrument, which, upon the slabs in the catacombs, many archæologists held to represent, and which very probably when standing by itself does represent, one of the torturing-hooks used among the cruel appliances by which the fidelity of the martyrs was tried in the persecution, is here commonly found on the Jewish tombs, not singly, it is true, as in the Christian, but in connexion with the candlestick and the lamp and vessel of oil, being intended, as it would seem, to represent the forceps or scissors with which the lamp was trimmed.

Still more startling, however, is the fact, which these inscriptions reveal, that those well-known adjurations for the 'rest,' or 'life' of the dead, on which Roman Catholic controversialists rely as evidence of the early Christian use of prayer for the dead, are quite as frequent an accompaniment of the Jewish epitaph as of the Christian; nay, that, if the inscriptions in M. de Rossi's great Christian collection, so far as it has yet proceeded, be compared with Father Garrucci's purely Jewish series, the proportion of such prayers in the latter will be found to exceed very considerably that which appears in the Christian collection. The fact is so novel, that we shall transcribe a few of the most characteristic specimens. The form occurs in the Latin as well as in the Greek epitaphs. Thus:—

'Marcia Bona Judea. Dormi(tio) Tua i(n) Bonis.'

'Marcia a good Jewess. Thy sleep be amongst the good!'—P. 34.

And

'ALEXANDER
BUBULARIUS DE MA
CELLO QVIXIT ANNIS
XXX. ANIMA BONA OM
NIORIUM AMICUS
DORMITIO TUA INTER
DICAEIS (δικαίοις).'

'Alexander, a flesher from the shambles, who lived thirty years. O good Soul, friend of all men, may thy sleep be amongst the just!'—P. 44.

In the following, besides the actual prayer, there is an address to the reader to beg his prayers also:—

ΕΝΘΑΔΕ ΚΕΙΤΑΙ
ΙΩCΗC ΤΟ ΝΗΠΙΟΝ
ΗΔΥΝ ΕΤ ΒΗΗ ΠΡΟ
ΚΟΠΙC Ο ΠΑΤΗΡ ΚΡΙC
ΠΙΝΑ ΔΕ ΜΗΤ ΠΡΟC
ΕΥΧΟΙΟ ΕΝ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ
ΤΗΝ ΚΥΜΗCΙΝ ΑΥΤΟΥ.

'Here lieth Joses, a sweet infant aged two years and eight months. His father was Procopius, and his mother Crespina. Pray for his sleep in peace!'*

The discovery of these forms on the Jewish epitaphs has been hailed in the schools of popular polemics with no little triumph, as a new evidence of the extra-evangelical origin of the analogous prayers for the dead which are in use in the modern Roman Church. It is right to know, nevertheless, that the fact of these prayers having been in use among the Jews has long been well known to students of archæology. Bosio published in his 'Roma Subterranea' a few specimens of the epitaphs of the Jewish catacombs discovered by him, in which the very same form occurs. And indeed, so far are the Roman archæologists from concealing the analogy between some of the usages and forms of their church and those of ancient Judaism and even Paganism, that, soon after the publication of Conyers Middleton's celebrated 'Essay on the Heathen Origin 'of the Rites and Ceremonies of the Roman Church,' an elaborate work was published in Rome, and under the patronage of the cardinal vicar, by the celebrated Giovanni

* Nuove Epigrafi, p. 8.

Marangoni, with the express purpose of avowing the analogy*, and even tracing it into details far more minute and curious than those suggested by the English controversialist. Nay, it would seem from the only English Roman Catholic notice † of the recent discovery which has come under our observation, that, far from shrinking from the publication of the facts, they on the contrary regard it as a confirmation of that argument in favour of their doctrine which they draw from the epitaphs of the Christian catacombs, and which we discussed on a former notice of that interesting subject.

There is one other class of these inscriptions on which we shall be expected to bestow a brief notice, — some Runic epitaphs published by M. Le Blant among the Christian inscriptions of ancient Gaul. The written relics of this language, which holds an important place among the sources of the languages of modern Europe, are so rare that every accession to the store deserves to be carefully chronicled. M. Le Blant's do not possess much intrinsic interest, but they are at least links in the chain of evidences of the course of that great migration of the Teutonic race in the fourth and fifth centuries, which has left its traces, thinly scattered but unmistakeable, in every European country from the Baltic to the Western sea; in Sweden and Norway, in Denmark; at Bewcastle and Hartlepool in England; in France, in Germany, and the Spanish Peninsula.

The Runic inscriptions in M. Le Blant's volume are all from one single locality, and were discovered some years since by M. François Lenormant, at St. Eloi, on the Rille, in Upper Normandy, between Lerquigny and Fontaine le Sorel. They are all evidently funereal, engraved on tiles or slabs; and, so far as may be inferred from the dates of the only two among the number which bear a date, belong to the age of Clovis and his immediate successors. They are extremely brief, some of them consisting but of the name; others have the patronymic subjoined; and in two or three cases the reign is annexed as a date. As the characters are of the same general type of which examples occur in all the countries already named, and which are known as the Runes or Runic letters, it is only necessary to say of these particular specimens that the writing

* Cose Gentilesche e profane trasportate ad Uso ed Adornamento delle Chiese. Per Giovanni Marangoni. 4to Roma: 1744.

† Dublin Review, New Series, vol. i. p. 397. The same view is taken in the 'Théologie des Catacombes,' of the Abbé Bouix, published at Arras this year.

uniformly runs from left to right; and that they do not exhibit any instance, either of the order from right to left, or of the *βουστροφηδόν* arrangement, or the still more curious downwards and upwards course which has been observed in other specimens of Runic writing.

Of the two dated inscriptions, the first, *Ingomir Sen Hagens, in Fride. Konoung Chloudoouig Consoul.* 'Ingomir, son of 'Hagen, in Peace. In the consulate of King Clovis,' contains a curious confirmation of Gregory of Tours' statement*, which some writers had looked on with suspicion, that Clovis was formally invested with the honours of the Roman consulate. It falls upon the year 510. The other is dated simply 'In the 'reign of Childebert,' the son of Clovis, who succeeded to his inheritance in 511.

We shall only add, before we close, that the form *in Fride*, which is but the translation of the '*In peace*' of the catacombs, appears in the epitaph of Ingomir; and that, of the several analogous forms of address familiar to students of the Greek and Latin epitaphs of the catacombs, this is the only one which occurs in these Runic inscriptions.

In what we have written of these important publications, we have sought rather to excite the interest of the student than to satisfy his curiosity; and we need hardly say that no adequate estimate can be formed of their value, without a minute and careful study, as well of the venerable monuments which each contains, as of the learned and scholarlike commentaries with which they are illustrated. We gladly record our cordial acknowledgment of the frank and liberal principles of criticism which form their common basis. It is impossible not to regard with pleasure and with hopeful anticipation for the progress of science, a literary movement, undertaken and carried on under the patronage and at the expense of the Pope himself, of which, as exhibited in M. de Rossi's work, the first rule is to collect and make public every authentic memorial of antiquity, in utter disregard of its bearing upon foregone conclusions; and in which a Jesuit father is the first to bring before the world the results of a discovery, which, if we could accept without question the conclusions of Protestant zeal, might threaten to prove fatal to what has long been held one of the most cherished doctrines of the Roman Church, and one of the most favourite themes for the erudition and eloquence of the Society to which this learned father belongs.

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* Hist. Francorum, II. xxxviii. See Gibbon, 'Decline and Fall,' c. xxxviii. vol. iii. p. 398.

ART. IX.—*Eugénie de Guérin: Journal et Lettres publiés avec l'assentiment de sa Famille.* Par G. S. TREBUTIEN. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française. Paris: 1863.

IT is a remarkable proof of the impression made in France by this book, that the prize given by the French Academy was awarded to it, and that it has gone through ten editions in less than two years. Perhaps it owes these distinctions, in part, to the contrast it affords to the prevailing spirit of the French nation and the present age; but its own merits are undeniable, and we have never read a more touching record of devoted piety, sisterly affection, and love 'strong as death.' Eugénie de Guérin is an Antigone of France sublimed and ennobled by the Christian faith. Her Journal is the outpouring of one of the purest and most saintly minds that ever existed upon earth. The style is exquisitely beautiful, and it lingers in the memory like the dying tones of an Æolian harp, full of ineffable sweetness. Amidst the impurity which has so long flooded French literature, it is delightful to come upon the streams of thought that flowed in limpid clearness from the fountain of her mind, and to find in a young French girl a combination of piety and genius with so much felicity and force of expression, that her countrymen have not scrupled to compare her style to that of Pascal himself.

Religion was with her not a thing to be resorted to at certain times and on particular occasions, but it was part and parcel of her existence. She breathed its atmosphere, and it was the essential element of her life. She was one of those rare beings who seem to belong less to earth than to heaven, whose temperament, so to speak, is *theopathic*, and whose faith enables them to regard this world as a world of shadows and the unseen life as the only reality. To many even of those who think deeply on religious subjects this is a state of mind which is unattainable, perhaps hardly intelligible. The piety seems too seraphic for the wants of daily life; the armour too ethereal for the combat and struggle which are the ordinary lot of man; and they look upon it as a beautiful flower which may flourish in a cloistered solitude, but which would droop and wither in the wilderness of the world. This temperament, however, beyond all doubt does exist, and such a Journal as that of Eugénie de Guérin will find a responsive echo in many hearts, both Protestant and Catholic; for there is in it a depth of piety which transcends mere difference of creed, and swallows up, as

it were, that difference in the intensity of Christian faith and a large-hearted love of God.

No doubt there are also many to whom this ecstatic view of religion is sickly and sentimental, and who are disposed to attribute the highly-wrought expressions of pious enthusiasm to weak health, habitual solitude, and an excitable imagination. The character of Eugénie de Guérin belonged rather to the cloister than the world: and it is remarkable that in an age like the present, these journals and letters of a recluse, breathing no passion but that of the tenderest affection to God and to her brother, should have been read with extreme avidity. They owe their success to their entire moral sincerity and their great intellectual refinement. There is not a trace of cant or affectation in these pages, which indeed were never intended to be seen by any human eye but that of Maurice; and their purity of intention is equalled by a purity of style and felicity of diction so remarkable, that this unknown provincial maiden is raised by the French Academy itself to the rank of one of the best writers of the language.

Before we notice the work in detail, we will say a few words of the De Guérin family, and of the brother who may, without exaggeration, be said to have absorbed the whole of Eugénie's existence. This is necessary to justify, and even render intelligible, the devotion with which she clung to him while living, and cherished his memory when dead. Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin were born at the old family château of Le Cayla, in Languedoc, near the town or village of Ardillac, and not very far from Toulouse. They were of ancient and, indeed, noble lineage, and their ancestors had fought in the Crusades. A Guérin, or Guarini, was, at the beginning of the ninth century, Count of Auvergne, and members of the family became lords of the domains of Ols in Quercy, Rinhodes in Rouergue, Apchier in Gévaudan, and Laval, Saigne, and Cayla in Languedoc. It could boast of a cardinal, who was also a troubadour at the court of Adelaide of Toulouse; and of a chancellor of France, the Bishop of Senlis, in the reign of Queen Blanche, who animated by his example the courage of the troops at the battle of Bovines. By various intermarriages, also, it mingled its blood with some of the noblest families in France—the Séguiers, the Dulacs, the Bernis, and the Rochefoucaulds. The château itself is situated in a solitary spot overlooking a valley shaded by woods, and with broad cornfields to the north. Eugénie says in her Journal that the surrounding country is 'a great empty desert, or peopled almost as the earth 'was before man appeared on it, where one passes whole days

'without seeing anything but sheep, or hearing anything but 'birds.' A little rivulet gurgles close under a terrace in front of the windows. The house was furnished in the simplest style, for the family was not affluent. She thus describes it: —

'Our rooms are all white, without mirrors or a trace of luxury; the dining-room has a sideboard and chairs, with two windows that look out upon the wood at the north; the other saloon at the side has a sofa, in the centre a round table, some straw-bottomed chairs, an old arm-chair worked in tapestry, where Maurice used to sit (a sacred piece of furniture), two glass doors on the terrace, the terrace overlooking a green valley where a rivulet flows; and in the saloon a beautiful Madonna with her infant Jesus, a gift by the Queen— such is our abode.'

Monsieur and Madame de Guérin had four children, of whom Eugénie was the second. She was born in 1805, five years before her youngest brother Maurice, to whom she may be said to have devoted her whole existence. The difference in their ages made her feel towards him, as she expressed it, more like a mother than a sister. The other children were, a sister, Marie, or Mimi, as she was called, and a brother, the eldest of the family, named Erembert. They lost their mother at a comparatively early age, when Eugénie was thirteen years old.

This was Eugénie's first sorrow, and it made a profound impression upon her mind. She was religious from her cradle, and the loss of her mother deepened her convictions and sanctified her faith. She says, in her Journal Dec. 31, 1839, with reference to it: —

'From being a merry and laughing girl I became pensive and reserved; my life suddenly changed; there was a flower drooping and broken in a coffin. From that epoch dates a development in my faith, a religious impulse, a love of God, which carried me away from all earthly things, and which left me that which sustains me now, a hope in God which early consoled me.'

Both she and Maurice were gifted with a rare intelligence. Both were born poets in the true sense of the word. Both clothed their thoughts spontaneously in verse which gushed from them like a fountain, and the prose of both was poetry. Wandering in the solitary woods hand in hand, they passed their childhood together, 'like twin cherries on one stalk,' clinging to each other with inexpressible fondness; and each might say to the other: —

'For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould as mine.'

Eugénie showered upon the little Maurice the treasures of her love, and he returned it with all the warmth of his young

heart. One of his teachers said to his father, 'You have there 'a transcendent child.' From his earliest infancy, his delight—or, rather, his passion—was the contemplation of Nature. His sister says, in a few brief memoranda she drew up for a notice that was to be prefixed to an edition of his works after his death:—

'Maurice was, as a child, imaginative and a dreamer. He passed long periods of time in gazing on the horizon, under the shadow of the trees. He had a peculiar affection for an almond tree, beneath which he used to take refuge when he felt the slightest emotion. I have seen him stand there whole hours.'

He used, as a boy, to declaim in the open air, and made a rustic pulpit of a grotto in the woods, where he preached to his sisters—his only audience. They called it the pulpit of Chrysostom. He quitted home to attend a school at Toulouse, and at the age of thirteen he went to the Stanislaus College, in Paris, where he remained five years and brilliantly distinguished himself. During all that period he never visited his home, for Cayla was far distant and travelling was expensive. When he came back, his sister remarked in him an increase of melancholy, which was the habitual feature of his character. In a letter written in 1828, apparently in a fit of deep dejection, to the Abbé Briquet, one of the professors at the college, he attributes this to early sorrows. He says:—

'You know my birth: it is honourable—that is all; for poverty and misfortune are hereditary in my family, and the majority of my relatives have died in trouble. I tell you this, because I believe that it may have had an influence upon my character. . . . . The first years of my life were extremely sad. At the age of six I had no longer a mother. An eyewitness of the prolonged grief of my father, and often surrounded by scenes of mourning, I perhaps then contracted the habit of sadness. Living a life of retirement in the country with my family, my childhood was solitary. I never knew those games nor that noisy joy which accompany early years.'

He goes on to say that he had the image of death constantly before his eyes, and his dreams were of the tomb. Clearly his mind was then in a very morbid state. He told his sister that the sentiment in which they resembled each other was melancholy—'an affection of the soul which had been often turned 'into ridicule owing to its abuse, but which, when natural, 'ennobled the heart and became even sublime.'

At the end of 1832, at his own earnest request, Maurice was allowed to join the little society at La Chênaie, in Britanny, half Benedictine, half secular, of which the Abbé de La Mennais—that lost star in the firmament of the Roman

Catholic Church—was the head. But he had not then thrown off his allegiance to the Pope, nor startled the world with the publication of his 'Paroles d'un Croyant.' Lacordaire and Montalembert were still amongst his disciples. The community consisted of the Abbé de La Mennais, Abbé Gerbet, and six or seven young men who pursued their studies chiefly with a view to a monastic life. La Chênaie was a kind of Port Royal of the nineteenth century. It stood solitary amongst boundless woods, 'an oasis,' as Maurice de Guérin called it, 'amidst the steppes of Britanny.' In front of the house was a large garden, divided into two by a terrace planted with limes, and at the extremity was a chapel in which they offered up their daily devotions. In the following passage in a letter to his sister Maurice describes the famous Abbé, the Pythagoras of the establishment: —

'The great man is little, frail, pale, with grey eyes, oblong head, a nose large and long, his forehead deeply furrowed with wrinkles which descend between the eyebrows to the commencement of the nose: dressed in a complete suit of coarse grey cloth from head to foot; running about his room in a way that would tire my young limbs, and when we go out for a walk marching always at the head of us covered with a straw hat as old and worn as that of Charles de Bayne.'

Maurice stayed at La Chênaie until the society was broken up, in September 1833, by the pressure of ecclesiastical authority. While there, he nourished his native melancholy with the tender reminiscences of an early and lost love. We know no more of the circumstances than that the name of the object of his attachment was Louise. He wrote poetry in secret, and confided the outpourings of his muse to one intimate friend, M. de Marzan, with whom he used to roam in the solitude of the woods. Of course he kept up a correspondence with Eugénie, and some of the letters have been preserved and published, as also a journal, now well known as the 'Cahier Vert,' in which he noted down his impressions and feelings just as they occurred. The last entry in it is the following: —

'I have travelled. I know not what movement of my destiny has carried me along the banks of a river to the sea. I have seen on the banks of that river plains where nature is puissant and gay—royal and ancient dwellings marked with memories which keep their place in the sad legends of humanity—numerous cities, and the ocean rumbling in the far distance. . . . . The course of travel is delightful. Oh! who will set me afloat on the Nile?'

Wordsworth himself was not a more ardent admirer nor a

closer observer of natural scenery than Maurice de Guérin. His love of Nature was a worship and a passion, and her ever-changing forms were to him little less than beings endowed with life.

'Still snow,' he writes, in the month of March, 'torrents of rain, gusts of wind, cold. Poor Britaany! you have need of a little verdure to cheer your sombre physiognomy. Oh! cast off quick your winter cloak, and take your mantle of spring—a tissue of leaves and flowers. When shall I see the folds of your robes floating in the air, the sport of the winds?'

Again:—

'I have paid a visit to the primroses. Each bore its little burden of snow, and bent its head beneath the weight. Those pretty flowers, so richly coloured, produced a charming effect under their white head-dresses. I have seen whole tufts of them crowned with a single block of snow. All those smiling flowers thus veiled and leaning their heads towards each other were like a group of young girls surprised by a wave and sheltering themselves under a white sheet.'

Describing a mist which, as it curled upwards, unveiled the mountain tops:—

'One would have believed he saw old darkness fleeing away, and God like a statuary removing with his hand the drapery which covered his work,—and the earth exposed, in all the purity of its primitive forms, to the rays of the first sun.'

Again, in a different strain:—

'The winter is passing away with a smile. . . . . It is another step of Time that is gained. Oh! why can it not, like the coursers of the Immortals, reach at a bound the limits of its duration?'

But he did not pass all his time in poetic reveries. He was a diligent student, and made himself master of Greek, Latin, English, and German. In a letter to his sister, written a little later, he mentions his partiality for Byron and Scott—*le bon homme Walter Scott*—and says he was then reading 'Faust,' which he describes as a work that 'might have been written by 'an angel under the dictation of the Devil.'

When the Abbé de La Mennais was compelled to dismiss his little band of students, they migrated to the monastic establishment of Ploërmel, which was under the direction of a brother of their former chief, himself also an Abbé. Maurice quitted La Chênaie with profound regret; but said, 'Although my grief 'is very bitter, I will not hang my harp on the willows by the 'water-courses, because the Christian, unlike the Israelite, ought 'to sing the Lord's song, and the song of the servant of the Lord,

'in a strange land.' At Ploërmel he was not happy; he felt oppressed by the monotony of his daily life, and revolted against the narrow strictness of the discipline. He pined for a more active sphere, and in one of his letters thus expressed himself: 'I 'would rather run the risks of an adventurous life than allow 'myself to be thus strangled by rule.' He was then a warm champion of the cause of his former teacher; and speaking of his quarrel with the Pope, said, 'Even if the Pope condemned 'him, is there not in Heaven a court of appeal?' At this period of his life he suffered intense agony from a strange and miserable feeling of utter incapacity. He humbled himself to the dust under an exaggerated idea of the intellect of others, and a sense of his own inferiority. His depreciation of his own powers was absurdly wrong; but the distress he endured in consequence was indescribable. This morbid feeling increased upon him as the period drew near when, according to his own resolve, he was about to exchange the monastic solitudes of Britanny for the bustle of the metropolis and the stern realities of active life—La Chênaie and Ploërmel for Paris. His delicate organisation, where disease was already at work, made him shrink from the rough tumults of the world; and he thought himself wholly unfit to contend for 'the immortal 'garland,' which, to use the words of Milton, 'is to be won not 'without dust and heat.' But a sense of duty nerved him for the struggle. He said, 'I toil simply and solely for my 'father and my friends: all my forces are in them; and it 'is not I who work, but they who work in me.'

Before, however, he started for Paris he paid a visit to his friend M. Hyppolyte de la Morvonnais, who, with his young wife and an only daughter, had a charming residence in Britanny called Le Val, on the banks of the river Arguenon, not far from St. Malo, on the coast. From the Val d'Arguenon he went to Paris, where he hired a chamber at twenty francs a month, and struggled manfully to maintain himself by writing essays for the newspapers, and afterwards by giving instruction as a tutor to young men attending or preparing for the University. He was at first astonished to find his articles accepted. With unaffected humility he speaks of them in language which, now that his genius is recognised, can hardly be read without a smile: —

'I write boldly,' he says, 'a quantity of articles, which are received, I know not by what miracle, in a little newspaper. I know not, in truth, which I ought most to wonder at, the excess of goodness in men who accept such poor essays, or my incredible assurance in launching such stupidities into the world.'

But in the meantime his intercourse with the Abbé de La Mennais had borne its natural fruit, and he had become unsettled in his faith, even if he was not quite an unbeliever. This caused great distress to his sister Eugénie, who perhaps exaggerated the extent of the mischief. At all events she feared that her brother had ceased to pray, and her Journal at this period contains several allusions to the subject. On the 4th of August 1835 she writes: —

'O! my friend, if you knew how the soul in affliction finds sweet consolation in God! what force it derives from the Divine power!'

And on the 26th of January 1838, when he had returned to Paris, after paying a short visit to home: —

'Maurice, my dear Maurice, oh! what need I have of you and God! Therefore, in taking leave of you, I went to church, where one can pray and weep at ease. What do you do, you who do not pray, when you are sad, when you have your heart broken? For myself, I feel that I have need of superhuman consolation—that I must have God for my friend, when that which I love causes me to suffer.'

This was until the latter end of her brother's life the one drop of bitterness in her cup of joy as regarded him. No pride in his intellectual powers, no conviction, comforting as it was, that in the midst of temptation his morals were pure, could make her forget that he had ceased to be a follower of the Cross. Her passionate prayer to Heaven was that he might return like a wandering sheep to the fold of his Saviour, and be a partaker in the glorious hope of a blessed immortality, which was the support and consolation of her life. And her prayers, as we shall see in the sequel, were not in vain.

During his residence in Paris Maurice met with Caroline de Gervais, a young lady who was born at Calcutta, and had only lately come to France, having lost her father. An attachment sprang up between them, and she became his affianced bride. Eugénie calls her 'a charming Eve come from the Orient for 'a paradise of a few days.' But in the meantime seeds of consumption had already been sown in his delicate frame, and the state of his health caused serious alarm to his affectionate family and above all to his devoted sister. Her letters addressed to him have by some mischance been lost; but she was in the habit of keeping a private Journal for his eye alone. In this she noted down her thoughts as they occurred, and the little occurrences of her daily life, in the pious hope that as he from time to time perused it he might, though absent, be as it were present amongst them, and might

feel himself surrounded in the midst of the dangers of Paris and the world by the sweet and holy influences of home. She did this at his especial request, and no more welcome packet ever reached him than that which contained his sister's diary. It is to this Journal that we purpose to introduce our readers. She, however, little thought that it would meet the public eye. In one of the entries, dated 24th August 1835, she says, '*This is* '*not for the public, it belongs to my inmost feelings, to my soul;* 'IT IS FOR ONE.' It was written on separate paper-books or *cahiers*, as she calls them, for the convenience of transmission to her brother by the post, and some of them are unfortunately lost. Of those which remain the first is dated Cayla, the 15th of November 1834.

Before his marriage took place Maurice, after five years' absence, returned home, and spent six happy months at Cayla. Speaking of this period his sister says: —

'Those six months with us, when he was ill, and so much beloved, had again strongly attached him to this place. Five years without seeing us had made him perhaps a little lose sight of our tenderness; but having found it again he had returned it with all his own—he had so completely renewed all his relations with the family that when he left us death alone could have broken them. He had so assured me. His errors were past—his illusions of heart had vanished; from a feeling of need, and by his primitive tastes, he embraced sentiments of a good kind. I knew all. I followed his steps; from the fiery circle of the passions (very brief for him) I have seen him pass into that of the Christian life. Beautiful soul! soul of Maurice! God had withdrawn it from the world to shelter it in Heaven.'

It was so arranged that Eugénie should accompany the rest of the family to Paris, and be present at the marriage. This was a great event in her life, for she had never before undertaken so long a journey. A visit to the neighbouring towns of Gaillac or Alby had been the utmost limit of her wanderings. But although her diffidence in herself made her fancy that she was unfitted for society, we are assured that in the capital of France her conversation made a deep impression upon those who met her; and owing to her tact and the native grace and dignity of her manner, she was in reality as much at home in the glittering *salons* of Paris as in the quiet and rustic retirement of Le Cayla. She was, however, little known, and it was not till long after her death that her name reached the ears of those who would most cordially have welcomed and received her.

Maurice returned to Le Cayla on the 8th July 1839; but

his disease had already made great progress, and he was within sight of the bourne of rest which he had so ardently longed for. Ten days afterwards his sister notes in her Journal the end of his melancholy existence. He was buried in the cemetery at Ardillac, and it is a curious trait of the state of feeling in France at this time, even before the Revolution of 1848 had inaugurated the reign of Liberty and Equality, that when the De Guérin family placed a stone crucifix in the churchyard to mark the resting-place of their beloved Maurice, there was a strong opposition on the part of the peasantry, who thought it a violation of the equality of death. It even became necessary to guard the tomb during the night to prevent its spoliation. Eugénie says in her Journal: —

'Poor sovereign people! This is what we must suffer from it; this is the fruit of their knowledge. In times past all would have crossed themselves before that crucifix which to-day they talk of throwing down in the enlightened times in which we live. Unhappy times, when respect for holy things is lost, when the lowest pride themselves in revolting against the mournful elevation of a tomb!'

As Eugénie had devoted the chief part of her existence to her brother while he lived, so she now consecrated the remainder of her days almost exclusively to his memory. It cannot be denied that there was something morbid in this. She hugged her sorrow to her heart, and, like Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted. But she mourned not as those who have no hope. Across the dark cloud of her sorrow there darted a ray of light, and that was the ineffable comfort she found in the conviction that Maurice had died a sincere Christian. And she knew that his life had been in a singular degree innocent and pure, so that she might say of him what was said by Cowley on the death of his friend Hervey: —

'He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.'

Her great anxiety was that his manuscripts should be published, in order that the world might know his worth, and estimate the treasure it had lost. A eulogistic notice of her brother from the pen of Madame Sand appeared in the 'Revue 'des Deux Mondes,' the 15th of May 1840. This first brought Maurice's name before the public, and it contained a sort of prose poem called 'Centaure,' which was found amongst his papers. The idea of the subject, as well as of another short

piece called 'Bacchante,' included in the recent edition of his works, was formed in the course of several visits he paid to the Museum of Antiquities in the Louvre in company with M. Trebutien, a distinguished antiquary, and Conservator of the Library at Caen, who is also the friend who has devoted himself with affectionate zeal to the task of publishing the remains of both brother and sister—'his mission,' as he calls it, 'here below.' The 'Centaur' is supposed to relate to Melampus the story of his birth and early life in the dark caverns of the mountains. We will quote the concluding passage by way of specimen of the style: —

'For myself, O Melampus, I decline into old age tranquil as the setting of the constellations. I preserve still sufficient daring to scale the lofty top of the rocks, where I linger, engaged either in watching the wild and restless clouds, or in viewing the watery Hyades, the Pleiades or the great Orion come up from the horizon. But I am conscious that I am sinking, and fail rapidly, like a snow-flake floating on the waters, and that soon I shall pass away to mingle with the rivers that flow on the vast bosom of the earth.'

Unforeseen difficulties occurred to prevent the publication in a collected form of what Maurice had written. Eugénie was profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of publication, and confided entirely to others the fulfilment of the wish which was now dearest to her heart. But she occupied herself diligently in gathering manuscripts and letters, adding as it were stone to stone for the cairn which was to be raised to her brother's memory. And in the meantime, with a broken heart, at different intervals she continued her Journal, and still addressed it to him with the touching inscription:—

'Still to him, to Maurice dead; to Maurice in Heaven. He was the glory and the joy of my heart. Oh! how sweet and full of affection is the name of Brother! Friday, 19 July, at 11½ o'clock. Eternal date!'

At last the book appeared.* It was published at the end of 1860, and has already passed through several editions. It was preceded by a biographical and critical notice written by M. Sainte-Beuve, one of the first of French critics. He calls the 'Centaure' 'a magnificent and singular composition . . . . a 'colossal fragment of antique marble,' and speaks of 'the youth 'of a select school, a scattered generation of admirers, who

* The work was entitled 'Maurice de Guérin. *Reliquiæ*, 2 vols. 'in 16.' The new edition is entitled 'Maurice de Guérin. Journal, 'Lettres et Poèmes.'

'repeated to each other the name of Guérin, who rallied round 'that young memory, honoured it in secret with rapture, and 'looked forward to the moment when the complete work would 'be delivered to them, and when the whole soul would be 'discovered to them.' This strain of eulogy appears to us to be extremely exaggerated; but the romantic narrative of the lives of these young persons has excited an unusual interest in their literary efforts. The same writer also speaks of Eugénie as 'his equal, if not his superior, in talent and in soul.' She did not live to see the wish of her heart gratified by the publication of her brother's works, for on the 13th of May 1848 she herself died, and rejoined him in heaven. She lived after her brother's death very much the life of a religious recluse, devoted to works of charity in the neighbourhood. Her father survived her only six months, and Erembert died two years afterwards, leaving a widow and one daughter. Caroline returned to India, and marrying again, died young; and now of the whole family there remain, we believe, only Madlle. Marie de Guérin, and the daughter of Erembert, who still inhabit the old château of Le Cayla.

We will now proceed to quote some extracts from the Journal, taken almost at random, conscious as we are how difficult it is to choose where all is so beautiful, and conscious also, alas! how much of their beauty will be lost in a translation. Almost the whole of them were written by Eugénie in her solitary *chambrette* at Cayla, very often while the nightingale was pouring out its song beneath her window, and the glorious canopy of a Southern sky was studded with stars before her view. It was there that she most loved to be—'an anchorite,' as she expressed it, 'in her cell.' 'Like the dove,' she said, 'I love to return 'every evening to my nest; I covet no other place: —

> 'Je n'aime que les fleurs que nos ruisseaux arrosent,
> Que les prés dont mes pas ont foulé le gazon;
> Je n'aime que les bois où nos oiseaux se posent,
> Mon ciel de tous les jours et son même horizon.'

Nothing could be more simple or more uneventful than her daily life. In her little room with her distaff by her side, she span and read, and thought and wrote; now caressing a pet pigeon, or linnet, or goldfinch, now putting aside her Journal or her work to kneel down and pray, now rising like Eve, 'on 'hospitable thoughts intent,' to descend into the kitchen and preside over the mysteries of the oven, or to go out and carry alms to some poor cripple in the village.

She describes her favourite room thus:—

'The air this morning is mild, the birds sing as in spring, and a little sun pays a visit to my chamber. I love it thus, and am as much pleased with it as with the most beautiful place in the world, all lonely as it is. The reason is that I make of it what I please, a saloon, a church, an academy. I am there, when I like, in company with Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Fénelon: a crowd of men of genius surrounds me; anon there are saints.'

On the chimney-piece was an image of the Virgin, above that a print of Christ, above that again a portrait of Saint Theresa, and, surmounting all, a picture of the Annunciation; 'so that,' she says, 'the eye follows a celestial line as it gazes 'and travels upwards. It is a ladder which leads to heaven.'

Under the date 18th November 1834, she writes:—

'I am furious against the grey cat. That naughty animal has just carried off a little frozen pigeon which I was warming at the corner of the fire. It began to revive, poor creature! I wished to tame it; it would have loved me; and all that crunched by a cat! What mishaps in life! This event, and all those of to-day, have passed in the kitchen; it is there that I stay all the morning and part of the evening since I have been without Mimi. It is necessary to superintend the cook, and papa sometimes comes down, and I read to him near the oven, or at the corner of the fire, some morsels of the Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church. This big book astonished Pierril (a servant lad). "What a lot of words are "in it!" he said, in his patois. He is a droll creature. One evening he asked me if the soul was immortal, and, afterwards, what a philosopher was. We discussed grand questions, as you see. Upon my answering that it was a person of wisdom and knowledge, he remarked, "Then, Mademoiselle, you are a philosopher." This was said with an air of naïveté and sincerity which might have flattered Socrates, but which made me laugh so that all my seriousness as a catechist was put to flight for the evening. There he is, with his little pig searching for truffles. If he comes this way, I will go and join him, 'and ask him if he still finds me with the air of a philosopher.

'With whom would you believe I have been this morning at the corner of the kitchen fire? With Plato. I hardly ventured to say so, but my eyes lighted upon him and I wished to make his acquaintance. I am only at the first pages. He seems to me admirable, this Plato, but I think it a singular idea of his to place health before beauty in the catalogue of blessings which God has given us. If he had consulted a woman, Plato would not have written that; do you think he would? I think not; and yet, remembering that I am a "philosopher," I am a little of his opinion. . . . . When I was a child I should have wished to be pretty. I dreamed only of beauty because I said to myself, mamma would have loved me more. Thank God! that childishness is past, and I desire no other beauty than that of the soul. Perhaps even in that respect I am a child, as heretofore. I should like to resemble the angels.'

'*24th April*, 1835.—I know not why it has become necessary for me to write, if it were only two words. To write is my sign of life, as it is of the fountains to flow. I would not say it to others; it would appear folly. Who knows what this outpouring of my soul is, this unfolding itself before God and before some one? I say some one, for it seems to me that you are here, and that this paper is you. God, methinks, hears me: He even answers me in a way which the soul understands, and which one cannot express. When I am alone, seated here, or on my knees before my crucifix, I fancy myself Mary, listening tranquilly to the words of Jesus.'

There is one passage, twice repeated, in which, after quoting an extract from the works of Leibnitz, where he speaks of 'a 'pious, grave, and discreet confessor, as a great instrument of 'God for the salvation of souls,' she bursts out into a strain of fervent rapture on the subject, in language which, however exaggerated, shows how deep and sincere was her conviction of the benefit she derived from the Confessional. Under date 28th April 1835, she writes:—

'The world knows not what a confessor is—that friend of the soul, its most intimate confidant, its physician, its master, its light; the man who binds us and unbinds us, who gives us peace, who opens to us heaven, to whom we speak on our knees, calling him like God our Father. Faith makes him truly God and Father. When I am at his feet I see in him nothing else but Jesus listening to Magdalene, and forgiving her much because she has loved much. Confession is only an overflow of repentance in love.'

We will give two or three more extracts from her Journal of the same year:—

'1 *August*, 1835.—This evening my turtle-dove has died; I know not from what cause, for it continued to coo up to to-day. Poor little creature! what regret it causes me! I loved it; it was white; and every morning it was the first voice I heard under my window, in winter as well as in summer. Was it mourning or joy? I know not, but its songs gave me pleasure. Now I have a pleasure the less. Thus each day we lose some enjoyment. I mean to put my dove under a rosebush on the terrace; it seems to me that it will be well there, and that its soul (if soul there be) will repose there sweetly in that nest beneath the flowers. I have a tolerably strong belief in the souls of animals, and I should even like there to be a little paradise for the good and the gentle, like turtle-doves, dogs, and lambs. But what to do with wolves and other wicked minds? To damn them? That embarrasses me. . . .'

'*24th.*—How quickly it passed, my dear, the night passed in thinking of you! The day dawned when I fancied it was midnight! it was, however, three o'clock, and I had seen many stars pass, for from my table I see the sky, and from time to time I regard it and consult it, and it seems that an angel dictates to me. From what

source except from on high can there occur to me so many ideas, tender, elevated, sweet, true and pure, with which my heart is filled when I commune with you? Yes, God gives them to me, and I send them to you.'

When her brother's friend, Hyppolyte de la Morvonnais, had lost his wife, a correspondence was kept up between him and Eugénie, and he thanked her in one of his letters for her 'ineffably tender' thoughts. Upon this she says in her Journal, 27th August 1835:—

'. . . . I feel my own aridity, but I feel also that God, when He pleases, makes an ocean flow over this bed of sand. It is thus with so many simple souls from which proceed admirable things, because they are in direct relation with God, without science and without pride. So I lose my taste for books; I say to myself, "What can "they teach me which I shall not know one day in Heaven? Let "God be my master and my study!" I do thus, and I find myself benefited by it. I read little, I go out little, I bury myself in my own thoughts. There many things are said, and felt, and happen. O! if you saw them! but what good is it to show them? God alone can penetrate the sanctuary of the soul. Mine to-day abounds in prayer and poetry. It is a wonder to me how those two fountains flow together in me and in others.'

Her mind was too sensitive and her feelings were too finely strung for her own happiness. Not quarrelling with the tastes of others, she herself cared nothing for the gaieties of life, and a certain degree of restlessness and dissatisfaction is visible both in her Journal and her Correspondence. Indeed she more than once complains of *ennui* as her besetting enemy: but her sure refuge was religion, and she was rewarded by the gift of that peace which passeth all understanding. Thus we find her saying in an entry dated 20th March 1836:—

'To-day, and for a tolerably long time, I have felt calm, with peace of head and heart, a state of grace for which I bless God. My window is open; how calm it is! all the little sounds from without reach me; I love that of the rivulet. Adieu! I hear at this moment a church-clock, and a house-clock that answers to it. This striking of hours in the distance and in the hall assumes in the night something of a mysterious character. I think of the Trappists, who awake to pray; of the sick, who count in suffering all their hours; of the afflicted, who weep; of the dead, who sleep frozen in their bed. Oh! how the night makes serious thoughts occur! I do not believe that the wicked, the impious, the unbeliever, are as perverse in the night as in the day. A gentleman who doubts many things has often said to me that at night he always believed in hell. The reason apparently is that in the daytime external objects dissipate our thoughts and distract our soul from truth. But what am I going to say? I had to speak of such sweet

things. I have received your ribbon this evening, the net, the little box with the beautiful pen and the pretty little billet. All this I have touched, tried, examined, and put to my heart. A thousand thanks!'

We will now quote two or three passages which exhibit her in different moods: —

'5 *Dec.*, 1834.—Papa is gone this morning to Gaillac, and here we are, Mimi and I, sole *châtelaines* and absolute mistresses. This regency is not amiss, and pleases me well enough for a day, but not longer. Long reigns are wearisome. It is enough for me to rule over Trilby (a favourite dog), and get her to come to me when I call her, or when I ask her to give me a paw. . . .'

'9 *Dec.*, 1834.—I have just been warming myself at all the fireplaces in the hamlet. It is a round which I make from time to time with Mimi, and which has its *agrémens*. To-day it was a visit to the sick, so we talked of remedies and drinks—"Take this, do that;" and we are listened to with as much attention as any doctor. We prescribed for a little child who was ill from walking bare-footed—to wear wooden shoes; for his brother who was lying flat with a bad headache—to put a pillow under his head; that has relieved him, but it will not cure him, I fancy. . . .'

'19 *May*, 1835.—Here I am at the window listening to a choir of nightingales which sing in the Moulinasse wood in a ravishing style. Oh! what a beautiful scene! Oh! what a beautiful concert! which I leave in order to carry alms to poor lame Annette.'

'11 *March*, 1836.—I have great joy in my heart to-day; Evan (her other brother) is gone to confess. I hope much from this confession with our gentle curé, who knows how to speak so well of the compassion of God. It is, besides, Papa's birthday.'

'1 *May*, 1837.—. . . . . You are right in saying that I employ a little artifice to conceal my Journal. I have, however, read some of it to Papa, but not all. My good father would, perhaps, be somewhat concerned at what I say, and at what now and then occurs to me in my soul. An air of sorrow would seem to him a real distress. Let us hide from him these little clouds; it is not good that he should see them, and know anything else of me except the calm and serene side. A daughter ought to be so sweet and gentle to her father! We ought to be to them almost what the angels are to God. Between brothers and sisters the case is different; there is less restraint and more *abandon*. To you, then, the course of my life and of my heart, just as it comes.'

'9 *May*, 1837.—A day passed in hanging out linen to dry leaves little to say. It is, however, pretty enough to stretch white linen on the grass, or to see it floating on ropes. One is, on those occasions, if so pleased, the Nausicaa of Homer, or one of those princesses in the Bible who washed the tunics of their brothers.'

'29 *May*, 1837.—Life is like a road bordered with flowers, trees, bushes, herbs, a thousand things which would fix without end the eye of the traveller; but he passes on. Oh! yes, let us pass on

without lingering too much on what one sees on earth, where everything fades and dies. Let us look on high, let us fix our eyes on the skies and the stars; let us pass from them to the heavens which will not pass away. The contemplation of Nature leads there; from objects of sense the soul mounts to the regions of faith, and sees the creation from on high, and the world appears then quite different.'

'14 *Feb.*, 1838.—If I had a child to bring up, how gently and gaily would I do it, with all the care that one bestows on a delicate little flower! Afterwards, I would speak to it of the good God in words of love; I would tell it that He loves it better than I do; that He gives me all that I give it, and, besides, the air, the sun, the flowers; that He has made the sky and so many beautiful stars. Those stars, I remember how they gave me a beautiful idea of God, as I often rose, when I was put to bed, to gaze upon them through the little window at the foot of my bed.'

At times Eugénie felt an almost irresistible longing to enter a convent, but was deterred by the thought of her home duties, and also by the clinging love she bore to her father and all her family. Her good sense and acute judgment were hardly less remarkable than her piety. After expressing how much she enjoyed reading the lives of hermits and recluses—'at least such 'as are not inimitable;—as to the others, one admires them 'like the pyramids'—she goes on to say:—

'In spite of this, for many persons the "Lives of the Saints" seems to me a dangerous book. I would not recommend them to a young girl, nor even to others who are not young. The reading has such an effect on the heart, which thus loses itself sometimes, even for God. . . . How one ought to watch over a young woman!—over her books, her correspondence, her companions, her devotion, everything which demands the tender attention of a mother. If I had had mine, I remember things which I did at fourteen years of age which she would not have allowed me to do. . . . . So François de Sales once said to some nuns who begged him to allow them to go barefoot, "Change your brains, and keep your shoes."'

Like her brother Maurice, she was an accurate and imaginative observer of external nature, and very prettily could she describe the objects that caught her attention. Thus:—

'I love the snow: that white aspect has something heavenly in it. Mud and bare earth displease and sadden me. To-day I perceive only the traces of roads, and the feet of little birds. However softly they alight, they leave their little tracks, which make a thousand figures in the snow. It is pretty to see those small red claws, like pencils of coral, that make the drawings.'

Or, when writing in the wooded country of the Nivernois:—

'It is in the sweet air of May, as the sun rises on a day radiant and fragrant, that pen travels over the paper. It does one good to

rove in this enchanting scenery amongst flowers, and birds, and verdure, under the ample blue sky of the Nivernois. I like much its graceful goblet-shape, and those little white clouds here and there, like cushions of cotton hanging to give repose to the eye in that immensity.'

We know not whether Eugénie was ever in love; but she alludes to the early death of a cousin Victor in a way that makes it probable that she cherished for him a tenderer feeling than that of friendship. She certainly had no prejudice against marriage, and in one passage shows that she had formed visions of 'love in a cottage' for herself which were not destined to be realised. On the 9th of February 1838 she writes, half seriously and half in jest: —

'I have never dreamed of grandeur or of fortune, but how often of a small house away from a town, very clean, with its wooden furniture, its bright earthenware, its lattice-work at the entrance—some chickens, and myself there with—I know not whom—for I should not fancy a peasant like one of ours, who are boorish, and beat their wives!'

After her brother's death she—as we have mentioned—continued her Journal, and still addressed it to him, or sometimes to one of his surviving friends, a M. d'Aurevilly, whom she calls her 'brother by adoption.' The tone of it now becomes inexpressibly mournful, although the thoughts are as beautiful as ever.

It begins with the date 21st of July 1839: —

'No, my beloved one, death shall not separate us, it shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death separates only the body; the soul, in place of being there, is in Heaven, and this change of dwelling takes away nothing from its affections. O! my friend Maurice, Maurice, are you far from me? Do you hear me? What are those regions where you now are? What is God, so beautiful, so good, who makes you happy by His ineffable presence, unveiling for you eternity? You see what I wait for, you possess what I hope for, you know what I believe. Mysteries of the other world, how profound you are, how terrible you are, but how sweet you sometimes are! yes, very sweet, when I think that Heaven is the place of happiness. . . . All my life will be a life of mourning, with a widowed heart, without intimate union. I love Marie, and my surviving brother much, but it is not with *our* sympathy.'

On the 17th August 1839 she writes: —

'Began to read the "Saints desirs de la Mort," a book much to my taste. My soul lives in a coffin. Oh! yes entombed, sepulchred in thee my friend; just as I lived in thy life I am dead in thy death. Dead to all happiness, to all hope here below. I had placed all in thee, like a mother on her son; I was less of a sister than a mother.'

She expresses the same idea in some unpublished verses addressed to her brother, which we have seen, and in which, alluding to the death of her mother, the following lines occur:—

'Elle me dit: "A ton amour,
Ma fille, je confie un frère;
Dans les soins d'une sœur qu'il retrouve sa mère:"—
Et je devins ta mère dès ce jour.'

We are glad to learn that M. Trebutien has been able to collect a sufficient number of Eugénie's letters to justify their appearance in a separate volume, which will shortly be published, together with a few fragments of other parts of her Journal which have not yet appeared. But he has been unable to recover the two missing *cahiers* which she wrote, and which probably no longer exist. M. Trebutien has kindly favoured us with a sight of part of his forthcoming publication, and we will give a last extract from it.

The following is from a letter written to a sick friend in Paris, the date of which is May 5, 1838:—

'I resume my pen to the song of the nightingale which is singing beneath my window. It is delightful to hear it, and write, as it were, under its dictation. Sweet musician! I wish it were in your room at Paris; it would give you pleasures, but these bards of solitude do not like to leave us. Besides we, hermits that we are, require our concerts—God does not wish that we should be without pleasures. The fields are full of them: flowers, verdure, beautiful plants at every step, birds everywhere—and then the air—the embalmed air. What a charm there is in a walk—and to wander like the partridges! Yesterday we went to see the invalid, a poor man, one of our friends, who was suddenly seized with a brain-stroke. It was distressing to hear him delirious, and to hear his poor wife and little children who wept. Ah! my God, it was heart-rending; but there is a way to comfort these poor people. It is to speak to them of God, who afflicts in this world to render happy in the next. ....'

Our chief object in making these selections has been to bring under the notice of our readers the character and writings of a person of whom perhaps not many of them have heard, but with whom those who share her sentiments may wish to become better acquainted. We have no doubt that the new volume will be received with the same interest that has been shown in the case of Eugénie's other writings, and that it will disclose more of the same beauty of style, purity of thought, and fervour of religion, which are her characteristics and her charm.

ART. X.—1. *Judgment of the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council upon the Appeals of* WILLIAMS *v. the Lord Bishop of* SALISBURY, *and* WILSON *v.* FENDALL, *from the Court of Arches.* Delivered 8th February, 1864.

2. *Pastoral Letter addressed to the Clergy and Laity of his Province.* By CHARLES THOMAS, Archbishop of Canterbury. Dated 14th March, 1864.

3. *Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and Laity of the Province of York.* By WILLIAM Lord Archbishop of York, Primate and Metropolitan. London: 1864.

4. *Pastoral Letter of* H. E. Cardinal WISEMAN. Enjoining the Collection for the building of Churches and Schools in the Archdiocese, on Trinity Sunday, MDCCCLXIV.

'THE questions raised by "Essays and Reviews" are, with a 'very few exceptions, of a kind altogether beside and be-'yond the range over which the formularies of the Church 'of England extend. It would almost seem as if, providen-'tially, the confessions of most Protestant, and indeed, we may 'say, of most Christian Churches, had been drawn up at a 'time when, public and ecclesiastical attention being fixed 'on other matters, the doors had been left wide open to the 'questions which a later and critical age was sure to raise 'into high importance. In spite of all the declarations on 'the subject, no passage has ever yet been pointed out in any 'of the five clerical Essayists which contradicts any of the 'formularies of the Church in a degree at all comparable 'to the direct collision which exists between the High Church 'party and the Articles, between the Low Church party and 'the Prayer Book. On the questions now debated, Articles 'and Prayer Book are alike silent.' *

So we spoke, with a confidence which many at the time thought premature, but which was founded on a deliberate conviction that the facts of the case admitted of no other conclusion. The Bishop of Salisbury, with a gallantry worthy of a better cause, — in spite of the remonstrances of the most influential organs of his party, and of a large majority of the episcopal bench,—was determined to try the question raised in the challenge thus thrown out by ourselves and others, and to give if possible legal force to the stigma which others had

* Ed. Rev., April 1861.

fixed on the obnoxious opinions by insinuations and personal invectives. His example was followed by an adventurous clergyman from the diocese of Ely, and a public prosecution was set on foot, and has for the two last years been carried on with that stately march which seems to belong to ecclesiastical litigation, and which, we remember, was in the last great suit of the kind—the *duplex querela* of Mr. Gorham—compared to the passage of a solemn procession, whose advance is marked at its different halts even by those who do not take the trouble to follow the whole of its winding course. The first halt was in the Court of Arches, before that venerable Judge who, after a youth and manhood spent in the stormy struggles of kings and queens, of emancipation and reform, of adjudications of shipwrecks and the rights of empires, has enjoyed the singular lot, between his seventieth and eighty-third years, of being called four times over to preside as arbiter of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. No one can impeach the zeal and activity with which the promoters of the suit discharged the duties of the office which they had undertaken. The two Essayists selected were, of all those who were within the reach of the law, confessedly the most obnoxious. We ourselves had been constrained to speak severely of the tone and manner of their publications, and to the public at large they had been made almost the scapegoats of the seven. And if there was a peculiar happiness in the selection of the two on whom public odium had most unquestionably fastened, an activity not less remarkable appeared in the care with which every single passage that was open to attack or misconstruction was brought to light. As many as twenty-six extracts from one Essay, and twelve from the other, were adduced as contravening the law; and in case these should be insufficient to convict the authors, 'the general scope, tendency, 'or design' of the whole Essay of each, and of the whole book of which they formed a part, were added to intercept any possible retreat. Over these extracts, and over this general design of the Essays, the battle was fought with a determination and force which brought the whole case into the strongest relief. Whatever could be done for the popular views of the disputed doctrines, was done by the defence of them, in the most uncompromising form by Sir R. Phillimore, in the most moderate form, and, at the same time, with consummate eloquence and skill by Mr. Coleridge; and whatever could be said in behalf of the two defendants, was urged by Mr. Stephen with a solidity of knowledge, and a strength of argument which turns his 'defence' of the two accused divines into an apology for

the Church of England—'for the learning of the most learned, 'for the freedom of the freeest, and for the reason of the most 'rational, Church in the world.'

On this case, so argued, Dr. Lushington, on the 25th of June 1862, delivered his memorable judgment. There are many points in that judgment which are open to criticism, and which have been clearly pointed out in the able pamphlet of Professor Grote of Cambridge. But, taking it as a whole, and considering the subtlety of the questions on the one hand, and on the other the great age and multifarious avocations of the Judge, it is a document which deserves warmer admiration than it has hitherto received. Guiding himself by the great principles laid down in the Gorham Judgment—the Magna Charta, as it has been truly called of the liberties of the English Church—he at once discarded all the questions of Biblical interpretation and criticism as entirely beyond and beside the range of the Articles or Prayer Book. All the charges of heresy founded on questions of authorship or date, of parabolical or historical construction, of prediction or of prophecy, —all charges again founded on general impressions of the scope and design of the book,—he set aside with an impartial courage the more remarkable, because it was evident that he himself to some degree shared the alarm that the book had awakened in the popular mind. On the only passage in the Formularies (the answer of the Deacon in the Ordination Service) that might have seemed to bear on the extent of belief to be required in the various parts of the Canonical Scriptures he placed a construction which admits the widest latitude that the extremest Essayist ever claimed.

When he left the judgment-seat, out of thirty-two charges, five alone remained; and for those five transgressions of the law, as he deemed them, he pronounced no heavier penalty than that of a year's suspension. It might have seemed that, with a victory so nearly complete, and a punishment so slight, the accused parties, thus acquitted of by far the greater number of charges which had roused the most inveterate prejudice against them, would have found it the safest course to have rested on the judgment of the Court of Arches, without increasing the risk of further appeal. It was determined otherwise; and the five remaining charges were brought before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Law Lords*

* It appears that these Members of the Judicial Committee were summoned by Her Majesty's command, because they are the four acting Members of the Committee highest in rank; each of them

in this great appeal were the Lord Chancellor, Lord Cranworth, Lord Chelmsford, and Lord Kingsdown, with the two Primates, and the Bishop of London, sitting, not as in the case of Mr. Gorham, as assessors, but as judges, under the terms of the 3 & 4 Vict. cap. 86. The appellants, exhausted by the expenses of the lawsuit, took what many thought the hazardous course of pleading their own case. Their danger was increased by the circumstance that two of the judges—the Archbishop of Canterbury in his Charge and on other public occasions, and the Archbishop of York by having edited a volume expressly intended to attack and denounce their views—had already pledged themselves to an adverse opinion on the main questions stirred by the inculpated Essays; and the Bishop of London had also joined in the general censure pronounced by the Episcopal Manifesto of 1861.

The pleadings were concluded in July, 1863. The defence of Mr. Wilson remains on record, he having taken the precaution of confining himself to a written statement. Whatever may be thought of the truth or falsehood of his theological tenets, there was, we believe, but one opinion amongst friends and foes as to the force of the masterly, yet dignified and pathetic argument with which he pleaded for his own freedom and for the freedom of the English Church against the new yoke which, as he contended, was for the first time attempted to be imposed. In the course of those pleadings two of the five charges were dismissed or withdrawn, and there remained but three; these, however, as we shall see, each involving issues of the largest consequence. After six months' delay, the judgment, to which the Church, not of England only, but of foreign nations also, had been looking forward with intense expectation, was at last pronounced. No one who was present can forget the interest with which the audience in that crowded Council Chamber listened to sentence after sentence as they rolled along from the smooth and silvery tongue of the Lord-Chancellor, enunciating with a lucidity which made it seem impossible that any other statement of the case was conceivable, and with a studied moderation of language which, at times, seemed to border on irony—first the principles on which the judgment was to proceed, and then the examination, part by part, and word by word, of each of the three charges that remained, till, at the

has held or might have held the Great Seal; two are Equity and two may be considered Common lawyers; two are Whigs and two are Tories. The Court was therefore constituted with the most rigorous impartiality; and the decision of the Law Lords was unanimous.

close, not one was left, and the appellants remained in possession of the field.

As in the acquittal by Dr. Lushington, so in the acquittal by the final Court of Appeal, additional force was added to the Judgment by the constant disclaimers of sympathy with the appellants; and also by the fact that one of the three Ecclesiastical Judges completely adhered to the Judgment, and that there was a partial adhesion, to their great credit, even of the two Primates whose bias against the Essayists had been so openly and strongly avowed.

We have thought it necessary to recapitulate the course of these proceedings, in order to put on record in these pages of the most important event which has taken place in the English Church since the Gorham Judgment. As the Gorham Judgment established beyond question the legal position of the Puritan or so-called Evangelical party in the Church of England; as the Denison Judgment would, had it turned on the merits of the case instead of a technical flaw, have established the legal position of the High Church or Sacramental party; so the Judgment in the case of Mr. Wilson and Dr. Williams established the legal position of those who have always claimed the right of free inquiry and latitude of opinion equally for themselves and for both the other sections of the Church; and it therefore becomes necessary to state at this point precisely the questions on which this liberty of opinion has been won.

We have seen that by Dr. Lushington's Judgment ample freedom was left to all detailed criticism of the Sacred Text, so long as it did not go to the length of denying the canonicity of any one of the Canonical Books. The questions, whether there be one Isaiah or two—two Zechariahs or three—who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, and who wrote the Pentateuch—whether Job and Jonah be historical or parabolical—whether the 53rd chapter of Isaiah and the 2nd Psalm be directly or indirectly prophetic — what are the precise limits of the natural and preternatural—what is the relative weight of internal and external evidence—whether the Apocalypse refers to the Emperor Nero or the Pope of Rome,—are determined to be all alike open to all clergymen of the English Church. In the course of the pleadings before the Privy Council, two of the five remaining charges were abandoned by the prosecutors themselves—one, that which insisted on the necessity of a distinction between the covenanted and uncovenanted mercies of God; the other, turning on a phase of the controversy on Justification.

But three important questions were still left; and, although, as the Judicial Committee frequently and justly observe, all the charges on which they were called to pronounce were contained in a few meagre and disjointed sentences, those few meagre sentences did, in fact, involve the settlement of doctrines containing the pith and marrow of the recent controversy.

The first question raised was as to the doctrine of the Church of England on the Divine authority and inspiration of the Bible. The Divine authority and inspiration were admitted by both parties.* But the doctrine maintained by the prosecutors, and alleged to have been contradicted by the appellants, amounted to this (we quote the perspicuous language in which it is drawn out by the Judicial Committee):—'Every part of the canonical 'Books of the Old and New Testaments, upon any subject 'whatever, however unconnected with religious faith and moral 'duty, was written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.' The doctrine maintained by the appellants (again we sum up their position in the same lucid language) is this:—'The Bible 'was inspired by the Holy Spirit that has ever dwelt and still 'dwells in the Church, which dwelt also in the Sacred Writers of 'Holy Scripture, and which will aid and illuminate the minds of 'those who read Holy Scripture, trusting to receive the guidance 'and assistance of that Spirit.' And again, that, 'inasmuch 'as Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary for salvation 'from the revelations of the Holy Spirit, the Bible may well be 'denominated "Holy," and said to be "the Word of God," '"God's Word written," or "Holy Writ"'—yet that 'those 'terms cannot be affirmed to be clearly predicated of every 'statement and representation contained in every part of the 'Old and New Testament.'

It was maintained by the Court that the doctrine alleged by the prosecutors to be the doctrine of the Church was not found either in the Articles or in any of the formularies of the Church, and that the doctrine maintained by the appellants was not contradicted by or plainly inconsistent with the Articles or formularies which the accusers alleged against them. 'The 'framers of the Articles have not used the word "Inspiration" 'as applied to the Holy Scriptures; nor have they laid down

* This is fully acknowledged by one of the opponents of the Essayists—the Bishop of Gloucester—in his answer to them in the 'Aids to Faith' (p. 404): 'We are agreed on both sides that there 'is such a thing as Inspiration in reference to the Scriptures, and 'we are further agreed that the Scriptures themselves are the best 'sources of information on the subject.'

'anything as to the fitness, extent, or limits of that operation 'of the Holy Spirit. The caution of the framers of our Articles 'prohibits our treating their language as implying more than 'is expressed; nor are we warranted in ascribing to them corol- 'laries expressed in new forms of words, involving minute and 'subtle matters of controversy.'

The two remaining charges differed from that which we have just noticed, in that they relate not to the main question stirred by the appearance of the volume of 'Essays and Reviews,' but to questions which were hardly thought of in connexion with this peculiar controversy, and were only brought into this trial from the extreme anxiety of the prosecutors to leave no sentence or phrase unturned which could by any possibility bring the appellants within reach of the law.

But they are not the less important on this account. One of them turned on a hope expressed that, at the Day of Judgment, those men who are not admitted to happiness may be so dealt with as that 'the perverted may be restored,' and 'all, 'both small and great, may ultimately find a refuge in the 'bosom of the Universal Parent.' After a few weighty arguments, founded on the well-known ambiguity of the original words translated by the English word 'everlasting,' on the liberty of opinion which has always existed without restraint among eminent English divines on this subject, and on the omission from the Original Articles of 1552 of the Forty-second Article, (which condemned the doctrine, that 'all men will be saved 'at the length,') the Judges declare that 'they do not find in the 'formularies any such distinct declaration of our Church upon 'the subject as to require them to condemn as penal the ex- 'pression of hope by a clergyman, that even the ultimate 'pardon of the wicked, who are condemned in the Day of 'Judgment, may be consistent with the will of Almighty God.'

The last charge to be noticed was that extracted from an ambiguous hint, that 'Justification by Faith might mean the 'peace of mind or sense of Divine approval which comes of 'trust in a righteous God, rather than a fiction of merit by 'transfer.' The Judges are in doubt as to what was actually meant, but they declare that the important Eleventh Article —the only one which treats directly of Justification by Faith, 'is wholly silent as to the merits of Jesus Christ being trans- 'ferred to us; that, therefore, they cannot declare it to be 'penal for a clergyman to speak of merit by transfer as a fiction, 'however unseemly that word may be when used in connexion 'with such a subject.'

Such was this famous Judgment. The Judges, indeed, still

maintained a prudent reticence on the design and general tendency of the book called 'Essays and Reviews,' and on the effect or aim of the whole Essay of Dr. Williams, or of the whole Essay of Mr. Wilson. They even in one passage leave the impression that they concur in the alarm excited by the appearance of the volume, as a whole. They express no opinion on the theological merits of the case. But every particular charge of contravening the Formularies of the Church, was by the Court of Arches or by the Judicial Committee declared to be untenable. Everything had been staked by the prosecuting party on the issue of this trial, and everything, as it seemed, was lost.

We cannot wonder that the result of this Judgment, after its first stunning effect, should have been a widespread panic. Those who remember the Gorham Judgment will call to mind all the same features of alarm and of agitation. There was one important difference—that whereas in the Gorham Judgment only one great party in the Church was aggrieved at being obliged to tolerate its adversary, in this case two parties were combined against a third. By the skilful guidance of the mysterious oracle, which spoke through the lips of our respected contemporary the 'Quarterly Review,' the hypothesis of a close alliance founded on a common antipathy to persons whom both alike dreaded or disliked had marvellously succeeded. And this bond of union which had been formed in a moment of triumph was tightened by the sense of the common misery of unexpected defeat, such as proverbially unites the strangest bedfellows.

But what the opposition to the recent Judgment thus gained in numerical strength, above the opposition to the Gorham Judgment, it lost in force and consistency. It is impossible not to be struck by the sincerity and conviction with which the opponents of the Gorham Judgment drew up the Resolutions respecting the doctrine * of Baptismal Regeneration, on the maintenance of which, as they supposed, the salvation of the English Church depended. The interest of those Resolutions has now passed by. But they remain as a monument of what could be said and done by a party which knew its own mind, and could act freely, without regard to ulterior consequences.

Far other was the conduct of the allied forces on the present occasion. The anger of the leaders, the alarm of the followers, as we have said, was indeed extreme, and, we doubt

* They are given in Dr. Manning's Letter on 'The Crown in Council,' p. 4.

not, conscientious. The ecclesiastical world was first startled by the unwonted apparition of a letter of Dr. Pusey to the editor of the 'Record' newspaper, calling for united action against the 'recent miserable, soul-destroying Judgment.' Such an adhesion to a journal which not only denounces in the strongest terms the doctrines which he and his party have habitually represented as essential to Christianity, but has been conspicuous even amongst its own partisans for its reckless attacks on all who do not adopt its own narrow creed, was, no doubt, a significant fact. It was followed almost immediately by a meeting hastily called in the Music Hall at Oxford (on occasion of a Convocation convened to determine a matter of Academical Examinations), in which, amidst much confusion and disorder, a committee was appointed consisting of seven clergymen, selected from the extreme sections of the two aggrieved parties of the Church, to draw up a protest in accordance with Dr. Pusey's letter.

Before the results of their labours were distinctly made known to the world, another event occurred, which served to show the passions which agitated the theological mind. The too celebrated vote by which the non-residents of Oxford threw out a statute for the endowment of its most eminent Professor and its most useful Chair, against the feelings of the vast majority of residents, and, we may add, of the whole intelligence of the country, including even Dr. Pusey himself—was ascribed, and justly no doubt, to the determination of the leading agitators, and of the clergy who acted under the terror of the moment, to mark their displeasure at the recent Judgment by condemning a Professor whose opinions could only be assailed by such an oblique blow. We only note this curious act as a proof of the vehemence of party feeling roused, and as forming one episode of the irregular warfare which a large portion of the clergy has been led to wage against the Judgment which they had themselves invoked. Of the vote itself we need say no more than to refer to the strong expression of public opinion on the subject in the House of Lords, during the discussions on the endowment of the Greek Professorship by a Canonry, which the Lord Chancellor had for this object generously proposed to surrender, with the view of rectifying this acknowledged wrong. In the face of the severest censures, hardly a voice was raised in defence of the vote of the University—not a Bishop or Archbishop rose to vindicate an act which, if right at all, required the most positive expression of sympathy from the Episcopal Bench.

Close upon this act of 'wild justice,' or 'injustice,' followed

the publication of the Declaration, drawn up by the Oxford Committee. It was sent to every clergyman of the Established Church of England and Ireland, with an adjuration 'for the 'love of God, and out of duty to the souls of men' to sign it; and it is well known that every influence—personal and social, spiritual and temporal—was used to procure signatures to it.

We are unwilling to weaken, by any words of our own, the weighty judgment pronounced by two of the most eminent members of the Episcopal Order, on 'this melancholy Declara-'tion,' to which signatures have been obtained 'by a kind of 'moral torture,' and 'in a way quite unworthy of the character 'of those who put it forth, and deserving of the gravest 'reprobation.'*

We do not call in question the sincerity or the ability of those who drew up this Declaration. The sinister appearance which it bears was the almost inevitable result of their embarking on an impossible enterprise. They wished to controvert and contradict what Dr. Pusey had called 'the miserable 'and soul-destroying Judgment' of the Privy Council, and yet they were unwilling—justly unwilling—to state openly their opposition to the declared law of the Church. Hence followed the palpable absurdity of signatures being attached to the protest against the Judgment by clergymen who confessed that nothing could induce them to sign it if it were meant to contravene the Judgment, or who made it a special condition of signing it that they must be understood not to impugn the legal correctness of the Judgment. They wished to re-affirm as the doctrine of the Church the opinion of verbal inspiration and of the hopeless torments of future punishment, which the Judgment had declared not to be the doctrine of the Church, and yet they did not venture to state distinctly what that opinion was. Hence came forth a document, of which the intention indeed was manifest from the language of its framers and the occasion of its publication, but of which the language was so signally ambiguous, that, but for its obvious intention, it might have been signed by those against whom it was intended to protest, and was in fact signed by persons who, agreeing substantially with the doctrines which the Judgment had asserted, yet were able, under the cover of this ambiguity, to give

* The speeches of the Bishop of London, and of the Bishop of St. David's in the Upper House of Convocation, as reported in the 'Guardian' of April 27, 1864. The censures of the latter prelate were pronounced, indeed, hypothetically—but on an hypothesis, the truth of which would unquestionably be granted by the persons of whom he was speaking.

their names to a protest really aimed against themselves. The pointed expression, that 'the Church maintains without re-'serve or qualification the inspiration of the whole Canonical 'Scriptures,' was explained under the pressure of inquiry to mean that signatures might be given by those who did make large 'reserves and qualifications' in the inspiration of Scripture, provided only that they would assert their belief that the Church maintained that inspiration (thus qualified and reserved) *bonâ fide*, and without evasion. The Declaration was intended to be a precise test against heterodox opinions; yet being composed by two contending parties, each of whom had a few years ago believed each other to be fundamentally heterodox, it had to be so framed as to conceal the differences which smouldered under this apparent agreement. The High Church framers were obliged to keep out of view their belief in the Divine authority of tradition, and of the Inspiration of the Apocrypha. The Low Church framers were obliged to surrender altogether their doctrine of imputed righteousness and transfer of merit. The only point on which they were really at one with each other was that of endless future punishment, and even on this the High Church party were obliged to suppress their own solution of the matter, as furnished in the Purgatorial views sanctioned by Tract XC. and its adherents.

No wonder that amidst such a complication of difficulties, the ambiguity of this new Fortieth Article far exceeded the ambiguity even of the celebrated Thirty-nine, to which it was to be an adjunct. No wonder that, 'though unmistakable in its 'intention,' it should have been considered, even by its own admirers, as 'awkward in form, construction, and language.'* No wonder that it should exhibit in its vacillation and feebleness of statement, a strong contrast to the decisive, clear, and vigorous enunciation of the High Church dogma of Baptismal Regeneration to which we just now referred, before the leaders of that party had condescended, for the sake of crushing a common antagonist, to dilute their strength by union with their own mortal foes. 'I have,' writes an able and learned ecclesiastic, 'another sufficient reason for refusing to sign the De-'claration. I do not understand it. Or rather, since it may 'be answered that this is my misfortune, I must venture to 'say that I understand it sufficiently to be satisfied that it is 'unintelligible.'†

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* Quart. Rev., April 1864, p. 539.

† An able pamphlet on 'The Oxford Declaration' by Robert Anchor Thompson, M.A.

What amount of authority would hang on even the most distinguished names, attached to such a nullity as this document, may be seen from the fact that the Bishop of St. David's, than whom no one has spoken of it with stronger condemnation, declares that he himself could have subscribed it, if taken with the qualification which even the actual subscribers had forced upon the framers. What amount of authority hangs on the names which are in fact attached to it, we will presently show. The longer the catalogue is, the more it calls to mind the memorable image so felicitously applied by the eminent Prelate whom we have just cited: 'I cannot* consider them in the light of 'so many ciphers which add to the value of the figures which 'they follow; but I consider them in the light of a row of 'figures preceded by a decimal point, so that however far the 'series may be prolonged, it can never rise to the value of a 'single unit.' The famous slaughter of St. Ursula and her 11,000 companions at Cologne has been by modern critics resolved into the misfortune of a single princess, accompanied by a single handmaid named Undecemilla; and it is much to be apprehended that the procession of the 11,000 clergy would in like manner, as far as mere authority is concerned, resolve themselves into the seven names which headed the movement. Indeed, considering the extreme ambiguity of the document, and the powerful inducements to sign it, brought to bear specially on the younger country clergy, the number is less than we should have expected. A moment's reflection will elucidate the real value even of the signatures thus obtained. Every one will acknowledge that on matters requiring so much thought, study, and experience of life, the opinion of the Academical and Metropolitan clergy would far outweigh that of the rural clergy. The opinion of those who preside over our seats of education and of the most learned dignitaries both in the cathedrals and the universities would outweigh them all. What is the actual case? We believe, in point of fact, that out of the London clergy, the signatures amount only to one third; out of the Professors at Oxford, nine, of those at Cambridge, one only, have signed; out of the thirty English deans, eight only; out of all the head masters of our public schools, two only; out of the fifty clerical contributors to the Biblical Dictionary only six names appear attached to a document so sternly requiring an exact knowledge of the Sacred Volume; and in spite of the system of terrorism set on foot in the country districts, there are still more than half the

* Guardian Newspaper, April 27, 1864.

clergy who have stood aloof altogether, and when the document was presented at Lambeth, only four out of the twenty-eight Bishops could be found to lend their countenance to its formal reception.

The next attempt of the defeated party was to attack their opponents by a condemnation in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury—a measure of doubtful legality, which goes far to justify the apprehensions excited by the past history and the recent proceedings of that body. Convocation consists, as our readers are aware, of two Houses,—the Upper containing the Archbishop and Bishops of the Southern Province, the Lower containing the representatives of the different dioceses and chapters, as well as the Deans and Archdeacons of the same province. In both Houses, the question of this condemnation was debated with an animation and vigour, unequalled since the revival of the body twelve years ago. In the Upper House, the discussion called forth those remarkable speeches of the Bishops of London and St. David's, which we have already quoted. In spite of their energetic remonstrances, backed by the moderate and judicious support of the Bishops of Lichfield, Lincoln, and Ely, it was determined by the casting vote of the Primate, that a Committee should be appointed to revive the dying embers of the controversy, and the result was a general censure of the book, in which the Lower House was invited to express its concurrence. It was evidently expected that this censure would be carried by a stroke of hand without discussion. A vote of thanks and approval was proposed, even before the Report had been read, on which the act of condemnation was founded, and was pressed on the Lower House with all the impassioned eagerness natural in those who thought that the salvation of the Church depended on the repudiation, by whatever means, of the obnoxious opinions which the Supreme Court of Appeal had acquitted. But instead of submission, there came the most determined resistance, which the Lower House has in these latter days offered to their episcopal brethren of the Upper House. At every turn the Synodical Condemnation was opposed by Deans, Archdeacons, Canons,—on every conceivable ground, of justice, decorum, precedent, law, reason, and charity,—by arguments which were, in great part, conceded by their opponents, who, it is only fair to say, listened to these unpalateable truths with a praiseworthy forbearance and courtesy. But to minds already pledged to condemn before they heard, and determined to condemn despite of whatever they could hear, argument was addressed in vain. The censure passed, in spite

of the resistance of a powerful minority. 'For the sake of repudiating these opinions,' it was said, 'we must sacrifice all 'minor considerations.' 'All minor considerations,' replied one of the speakers in language worthy alike of his sacred profession and of his own high character, 'I would sacrifice for such 'an object. But not "the minor considerations" of justice, 'mercy, and truth.' It was urged still more emphatically, 'All that has been said against the Judgment is true. It is 'ambiguous, indiscriminate, unfair. But the men have been 'acquitted by the highest legal Court; and hanged they must 'be—and if they cannot be hanged by Law, they shall be 'hanged by Lynch Law.' This outspoken sentiment of one of the most respected and straightforward of the supporters of the censure, expressed, in fact, the sentiments of nearly all: and in the uncompromising determination, which it implied, to secure victims at any cost, we are reminded of the passage in Holy Writ which Archbishop Whately used to give as the best example of the dogged pertinacity of mistaken zeal: 'We will have no silver nor gold of Saul, nor of his house. '. . . Let seven men of his sons be delivered unto us, and we 'will hang them up unto the Lord in Gibeah of Saul.'

With the close of these proceedings in Convocation, in all probability this long controversy will have reached its conclusion—and the thrice slain and thrice revived book, which has cost such oceans of gall, will be allowed to sleep in quiet—and the Protests and Declarations and Synodical Judgments will pass with it into the same grave, as that to which during the last two hundred years have descended so many other Protests against imaginary dangers which have themselves passed away in like manner.

But what happily will not pass away, will be the permanent blessings bestowed on the Church and country by this timely decision of the highest Court of Appeal. And first, let us clearly ascertain its legal effect. The Judicial Committee, on this occasion as always, has distinctly laid down that

> 'This Court has no jurisdiction or authority to settle matters of faith, or to determine what ought in any particular to be the doctrine of the Church of England. Its duty extends only to the consideration of that which is by law established to be the doctrine of the Church of England, upon the true and legal construction of her Articles and Formularies.'

This in fact is the highest point to which any authority in any existing Church, at least any existing Protestant Church, can attain. Individual bishops, individual theologians, may declare their own belief as to the truth, or the theological

importance of any particular doctrine. But not any bishop, nor all the bishops together, even if they had the legal power, can authoritatively do more than declare as binding that which is already incorporated in the Formularies, unless they make or procure to be made a new law to increase or to diminish the stock of the existing legal doctrines. Even in the Roman Catholic Church, the Pope himself, unless we are greatly mistaken, does not pretend to any larger power than to enforce dogmas already received by the Church, or to give a new legal sanction (as in the case of the Immaculate Conception) to an opinion floating in the minds of men, but hitherto unauthorised by any such formal sanction. The Judicial Committee, acting in the name of the Sovereign and under the authority of the Legislature, has had this charge entrusted to it; and for this purpose its decision, until repealed, becomes at once the law of the Church.

It is not surprising that Western ecclesiastics, with that impatience of the civil power which they have inherited from the Roman clergy, should be unwilling to acknowledge this exercise of the Royal Supremacy. We regret to see that even the two Primates who concurred in the larger part of the Judgment, have given some countenance to the insubordination of their flocks against the constituted authority of the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury has in a Pastoral Letter, marked indeed by that union of gentleness and dignity which is so characteristic of the Primate's temper and so worthy of his high position, lent his authority to a course which, if consistently followed out, would place the Church of England outside the law, and in opposition to the law. The very essence of an Establishment is, that the leading tenets of the Church, and the rights of all its members, are defined by law, and not otherwise. To deny these rights or tenets, or to assert others, is, in fact, to *dissent*, and to raise a schismatical standard of orthodoxy, not recognised by the law at all, and expressly rejected by the Court which interprets the law. The Archbishop is himself *extra legem* when he takes upon himself to assert that doctrines are necessarily held by the Church of England, which it has been expressly decided by the Sovereign and Head of the Church, acting upon the advice of a Committee of Councillors of whom the Archbishop was himself one, are not necessary to be so held.

The same irregular course of proceeding has been followed by the Archbishop of York. He is reported to have stated in a public speech* that, whilst the Judgment of the Judicial

* Speech at the Church Missionary Society, on May 2nd, 1864. (*Guardian Newspaper*, May 11, 1864.)

Committee had 'some shadow of colour from authority'—'the 'real authority of the Church of England is the voice of the 'clergy of the Church of "England."' He must surely have forgotten that there are solemn declarations of the Church of England to the effect that, not the voice of its clergy, but the Crown (that is the Law) is supreme over all cases, ecclesiastical as well as civil. He must have forgotten that the first Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer and Worship in the Church is the only Act that ever passed through Parliament without the concurrence of the spiritual peers.* He must have forgotten that in a yet more important Act of the same momentous period — the only Act which declares what heresy is—the sole authority in this realm to which it assigns the adjudication of this question, is the High Court of Parliament (not by the judgment, but) with the assent of the† clergy in Convocation. He must have forgotten that, even in the Church of Rome, as we have just observed, so dangerous a doctrine has never been openly avowed, as that the opinion, even though unanimous, of the clergy on any given question is the real authority of the Church. The opinion of the Immaculate Conception was held, as the Bishop of St. David's has well pointed out, with at least as much unanimity amongst the Roman Catholic clergy as the opinion of verbal inspiration is by the English clergy at this moment—yet it was never received as a dogma till it had received the legal sanction of the highest court of appeal in that Church, on December 8, 1850.

The Archbishop, however, has defended this position in a more temperate statement put forth in a Pastoral, addressed to the Northern province.

He there takes a distinction between the Judgment delivered by the Lords of the Judicial Committee, and the Report and Order of Her Majesty founded upon it; he asserts that 'the so-called Judgment is a statement for the guidance of the 'suitors and the public of the grounds upon which the advice 'to the Crown will be based, which statement never reaches 'the Crown at all; and that the Report to the Crown happily 'omits the grounds of the advice, and confines itself to briefly 'advising what the Judgment should be.' Hence he infers that, however binding the Order in Council of the Queen may be on the conscience of the subject and on the law of the Church, this authority does not attach to the reasons on which that order is founded, but merely to the formal act of

* Stat. 1 Eliz. c. 2. ss. 3, 15. All the bishops present dissented.
† Stat. 1 Eliz. c. 1. s. 36.

the Sovereign in these suits. Some colour has been given to this extraordinary doctrine by the tenor of a legal opinion emanating from the very high authority of Sir Roundell Palmer and Sir Hugh Cairns, who appear to have held that, although it might be a breach of the Oath of Supremacy to impugn the Queen's Order in Council, the reasons assigned by the Lords of the Judicial Committee for their Report are not entitled to the same measure of deference. So that the Church and the country would be left in this absurd predicament—that the formal judgment of the Supreme Head of the Church in England should be unassailable, but that the grounds on which that judgment rests may be impugned and rejected altogether! What would the Archbishop have said if the judgment of the Lords had gone the other way? If the appellants, for example, had been acquitted on technical grounds alone, while the opinions expressed in their writings had been condemned with all the rigour of archiepiscopal censures: should we then have been told that the decision of the Crown was alone final and decisive, and that the reasoning by which that advice was justified may be set aside by the private judgment of any individual? We undertake to show that these propositions are wholly opposed to the direct language of the Statutes, and to the broadest and most elementary principles of jurisprudence.

The 3rd section of the Privy Council Act (3 & 4 Will. IV. cap. 41) enacts

'That all appeals to His Majesty in Council shall be referred by His Majesty to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and that such appeals, causes, and matters shall be heard by the Judicial Committee, and a Report or Recommendation thereon shall be made to His Majesty in Council, for his decision as heretofore in the same manner and form as has been heretofore the custom with respect to matters referred by His Majesty to the whole of his Privy Council or a Committee thereof (*the nature of such Report or Recommendation being always stated in open Court*).'

This statement of 'the nature of the Report or Recommendation' made by the Lords of the Committee is what is commonly called 'the Judgment.' It sets forth, as is directly required by law, the *nature* of the advice on which the Crown is recommended to act, or, in other words, the grounds of fact or of law on which the decision rests. The Report of the Committee is based on this statement just as much as the Order of the Sovereign is based on the Report; they are three inseparable portions of the same judicial act, each of which is indispensable to give force and validity to the other

two. In approving the Report and ordering it to be carried into execution, the Queen approves and adopts the reasons on which the recommendation relies, for if the Queen were not advised to adopt the premises, it would be an absurdity and an injustice to adopt the conclusions. As for the assertion of the Archbishop, that the 'statement never reaches the Crown at 'all,' we shall content ourselves with the remark that it is made without the slightest support of evidence or authority. But we may add, that the final approval of the Report does not rest solely with the Sovereign in person. The words of the Order are 'Her Majesty, having taken the said Report into 'consideration, was pleased *by and with the advice of her Privy 'Council* to approve thereof;' that is to say, the Queen is advised by her ministers at a Council held in her own presence, to adopt the recommendation made by the Judicial Committee, and to give it the sanction of her supreme authority.

It seems almost superfluous to argue that in every decision of every Court of Law, but more especially in the decisions of high Courts of Appeal, the law itself is to be found laid down in the terms of the Judgment, and not in the formal expressions of the Decree. Take, for example, a simple decree of the Court of Chancery 'that this Bill be dismissed with costs;' will anyone in his senses contend that as this form of decree '*happily omits the ground*' of the order, the considerations by which the Judge has arrived at this conclusion are not binding? And this may be said to be even more peculiarly the case in the Privy Council; because the Judgments delivered by the Lords of the Judicial Committee are not, as in the House of Lords, the opinions of individual peers, but the collective opinion and recommendation of the whole Committee. These Judgments are not, in fact, the production of any single hand; they are revised by every member of the Board; in this very case of 'Essays 'and Reviews,' repeated meetings of the Committee were held for this purpose, at which the two Archbishops were present. The question is not what are the individual opinions of the several members of the Committee, but what is the collective advice to be tendered by the Committee as a body to the Sovereign. This it is that gives to the Judgments of the Privy Council their high authority. In no other Court in this realm are Judgments prepared with the same amount of caution and collective weight; and to leave that weight unimpaired, it is expressly provided by one of the standing rules of the Council, that 'no publication is afterwards to be made by any 'man how the particular voices and opinions went'—a rule of the greatest value to a tribunal thus constituted.

It is of some importance to insist on this point, and to remove the misapprehension which the Northern Pastoral is calculated to excite, because this, and no other, is the mode in which the Queen's supremacy over the Church can be exercised; without this judicial machinery it would be purely nugatory. The Queen's supremacy means the supremacy of the law in the Church.* When by the Act of the first year of Elizabeth the pre-eminence and jurisdiction spiritual and ecclesiastical was reannexed to the Crown, it was provided that the kings or queens of this realm should have authority to name commissioners to exercise this ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The appeals formerly addressed to Rome lay to the King in Chancery, that is to the Court of Delegates; and it deserves notice, that if this jurisdiction had not been transferred in 1832 to the King in Council, the Delegates alone would have decided the very causes now under discussion. But it is a far more decorous and constitutional arrangement to vest in the judicial portion of the Privy Council the duty of advising and guiding the Crown in the exercise of this branch of its ecclesiastical authority. By a subsequent Act, the prelates, being Privy Councillors, were added to the Court, and are bound in this capacity to tender their advice to their Sovereign. Unless it be contended that an irreconcilable difference is to prevail between the theological opinions of the episcopate and the propositions of theology legally established by the articles and formularies of the Church of England—so that the Sovereign is to be assailed by the terrors of heresy on the one hand, and bound

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* The words of the Act (1 Eliz. cap. 1 sect. 17) are important: 'that all such jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities and pre-eminences 'spiritual and ecclesiastical, *as by any spiritual or ecclesiastical 'person or authority hath heretofore been*, or may lawfully be 'exercised or used, for the visitation of the ecclesiastical state and 'persons, and for Reformation, order, and correction of the same, 'and of all manner of errors, heresies, schisms, abuses, offences, 'contempts, and enormities, shall for ever by authority of this 'present Parliament *be united and annexed to the Imperial Crown 'of this Realm.*' It is really incredible that with this clear and explicit law before their eyes, men should in these days be found to advocate, as if it were a thing desirable or possible, the revival of the ancient spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdictions. Suffice it to say that they are radically opposed to the whole polity of England since the Reformation. Indeed, in England a Bishop can exercise no jurisdiction save by resort to Ecclesiastical tribunals, and so jealous has the law been on this matter, that a Bishop may be compelled to appoint his Chancellor, on whom devolves the jurisdiction.

by strict legal obligations on the other—it is not easy to devise any safer mode of dealing with these disputes.

Any attempt—such as that advocated in a contemporary journal—to remove the Bishops from the Judicial Committee, would be a direct slight on the Episcopal order, as though they were incapable of taking a calm and judicial view of what under any circumstances must be a legal and not a theological question. And it would also directly tend to encourage that mischievous separation of the civil and ecclesiastical powers, which it has been the object of all wise statesmanship to conciliate, and which the whole constitution of the Church of England as expressed in its formal acts, and defended by its greatest writers—by Hooker, Selden, Burke, Hallam, and Coleridge—has hitherto tended to bind together in indissoluble union. We have not cited the proceedings of Convocation for the sake of pointing any inference against the permission wisely conceded by the Crown for the exercise of speech in the English Convocation. On the contrary, we think that these proceedings furnish an additional proof of its use as a safety-valve for the free expression and collision of opinion amongst the clergy. But we do think that they show conclusively what amount of justice and moderation might be expected if (in the words of the Archbishop of York) 'the voice of the clergy is really the 'voice of the Church of England,'—if, as was claimed by one of the disputants in Convocation, 'the House of Convocation 'was really the highest Court of Appeal' in the Church. We have learned from these proceedings to know that 'the 'minor considerations'—of justice and equity—would go at once to the wall; that accused parties would be condemned without being heard; that condemnations for opinions expressed with impunity by others would be passed against them, without any definite statement of that wherein their offence consisted.

In the presence of such dangers, we cannot but observe with regret and surprise that some distinguished laymen, as well as clergymen, have signed an address to the two Primates, expressing their deep gratitude for the Pastorals on which we have felt it our duty to animadvert. But our regret, if not our surprise, is greatly diminished by the reflection that, unless it means to express a concurrence in the opinions of these Pastorals (which one of the most respectable subscribers has openly repudiated), this pompous address means absolutely nothing. It asserts merely that the subscribers believe in the Christian Faith, and it asserts this in terms so general, that not only all members whosoever of the English Church, but all

persons professing the Christian Faith at all—Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Unitarians—might equally have adopted the language used. It is strange that persons of such exalted station should wish to receive, or should consent to sign a document which either exposes itself to the grave charge of saying one thing and meaning another, or else is entirely futile. We trust that in the freedom of our remarks on documents which profess to speak rather the individual sentiments than the authorised judgment of these high dignitaries, we have said nothing inconsistent with our respect for their great offices and their private worth. And we are thankful to know, that if the two Primates have suffered themselves for a moment to be led into an apparent opposition to the law, and an apparent acquiescence in these questionable compliments, the sounder feeling of the English Church has found its expression in the Bishop of London. He may rest satisfied with the assurance that his just and courageous conduct on this occasion has won the esteem and admiration of thousands whose voice will never reach him; and we trust that in the blessings which will descend on his labours for the good of his great diocese, he will receive an ample compensation for his preference of the more important, because more difficult post, which he so worthily fills, to the more dignified see which he left vacant for his younger brother of York.

Such being the legal character of the Judgment, there remains still the important question, what are the advantages which will accrue to the interests of the Church of England, and of the Christian faith itself, from the whole situation in which it leaves the doctrines at issue?

When the Spartan general Brasidas, within the besieged city of Amphipolis, looked out on the approaching enemy, his keen eye caught through the gates the sight of the uncertain desultory movement of the troops without. 'The day is ours,' he exclaimed—'I see the shaking of the spears.' We, too, have seen 'the shaking of the spears.' The resistance to the Judgment, formidable as it may appear at first sight, is really an acquiescence in it. The unsteady vacillating motion which has marked the advance of the phalanx shows that the alarm and the animosity engendered has no deep seat in the convictions of the Church and the nation, but will pass away when the real merits of the case are more fully appreciated.

We have been compelled to state clearly the nature of the Judgment and the close of the legal process, which has wound up the long personal controversy of the last three years; but God forbid that we should regard it as the triumph of a party.

In civil wars there are no triumphs; and in this case, so far as it is a triumph at all, it is a triumph, not of a party but of the whole Church, in which we are convinced, that, sooner or later, the whole Church will thankfully acquiesce.

Cast a rapid glance over the three questions on which the Privy Council were called to decide. It is now declared to be no doctrine of the Church of England that 'every part of the 'Bible is inspired, or is the Word of God.' Surely this is the actual doctrine of every intelligent and devout Christian, who has not committed himself irretrievably to the narrow trammels of a school. 'Inspired' in the general sense in which our Liturgy uses the word, in the only passages where it uses the word at all—'inspired,' with a peculiar fullness by the Divine Spirit, by whose inspiration every good thought comes into the heart of man—in this sense, the Bible*, taken as a whole, is 'inspired' from Genesis to Revelations. 'The Word of God' it is, in the same general sense, as containing the Divine revelation; as we speak of a church as 'the House of God,' or a prophet as 'the Man of God.' In this wide and obvious sense it is used occasionally for the Bible in our Formularies. But in order to give to this general sense of inspiration, and this general application of the phrase 'the Word of God' a meaning which shall contravene the position declared by the Judgment to be admissible within the Church of England, the two phrases have been extended to mean the exact and literal truth of every verse of the Bible, indeed we fear that we must add, every verse of the Received Text of the Authorised Version. For unless it means this, the dreaded alternative which is put forth by the opponents of the Judgment meets us at every turn—namely, that 'there is no touchstone which 'shall test for us whether a given passage is part of the Word 'of God or of the word of man therewith entangled.'

This alternative is put forward in these express words even in so grave a document as the Pastoral of the Northern Primate. But in actual fact it is accepted by hardly any educated man. The Pastoral of the Archbishop of Canterbury allows an unquestioned right of rejecting spurious passages. The

* It is satisfactory to observe that in one passage of his letter to the 'Record' this general sense of inspiration, as given in the Judgment, is adopted by Dr. Pusey as 'expressing our common faith.' *O si sic omnia!* It is as if for a moment the free generous spirit which breathed through his earlier work on German Theology had again taken possession of a mind too widely and deeply learned, to submit, without a struggle, to the trammels of the modern schools of thought, with which he has allowed himself of late to be shackled.

'touchstone' which rejects the verse of the Three Witnesses is neither more nor less than 'the verifying faculty' of Biblical criticism; and unless each single word of the Authorised Text is protected by the law from criticism, each student of the sacred text must apply, and does apply, that touchstone for himself. The 'Quarterly Reviewer,'* who appears to speak with all but episcopal authority, has no scruple in applying the touchstone further still. 'Christianity,' he says, 'no more 'looks to the Bible for scientific teaching than it searches 'for the Articles of the Faith in Algebra.' 'Nothing is less to 'be encouraged than the nervous shrinking from the discovery 'of the truth which marks some feeble religionists, unless, 'indeed, it be the fussy anxiety with which others rush eagerly 'about to invent schemes for the hasty reconciliation of every 'seeming contradiction,' &c. He condemns 'passionate asser-'tions of the absolute verbal inspiration of the sacred text, which, 'in fact, exclude altogether the human element, and hazard 'the truth of Revelation on the correctness of Biblical state-'ments as to science and history.' He agrees with the Judg-ment that 'there may be parts of the Canonical Books . . . 'not written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.' In like manner, many even of the subscribers to the Oxford Declaration claim the right of believing that there must be a reserve and qualification in the inspiration of Scripture. There are, we will venture to say, not above fifty clergymen in England who fully and from their heart believe the precepts of Leviticus or the pedigrees in the Book of Chronicles, the description of the hare as a ruminant animal, or the imprecations of Nehemiah on his enemies, to be immediately and absolutely the Word of God, in the same sense, or anything like the same sense, as they believe this of the Sermon on the Mount or the fare-well Discourses in St. John's Gospel. What the Privy Council has done is to legalise the latent—our enemies would say 'heterodoxy,' but we boldly say—the latent 'orthodoxy,' of the great mass of English opinion on this subject. Had it determined otherwise, it would, for the sake of courting a momentary popularity, have closed the doors of the Church of England against the belief held, we freely admit, inconsis-tently and imperfectly, but still held by all those who have not a theory to defend or a party to accuse. 'The Word of 'God,' as the Bishop of St. David's well observes in that powerful charge which, without re-opening former passages at arms between ourselves and the learned prelate, must both by

* April 1864, pp. 530, 551, 552.

friends and foes be acknowledged to be fully worthy of his ancient fame—'cannot, in any passage * of the New Testament, 'be substituted for the Bible without manifest absurdity.' And what Scripture nowhere enjoins, and hardly allows, a church or an individual must be very bold to assert without reserve or qualification. 'The Word of God' is the Divine Effluence which visited the patriarchs, which inspired the prophets, which spake by the Evangelists and Apostles, which is uttered and expressed in all the forms of Revelation and of Reason, which in its highest and most perfect sense is applied by St. John to the Eternal Son. The Articles speak quite correctly of 'God's Word written,' that is, 'God's word as far as it is ex-'pressed in writing.' But this is but one form—and a very limited form—of the Word of God—a sense in which it is never, as we have seen, used in Scripture, very rarely, we believe, by the Fathers of the Church. And nothing is more debasing to the true conception of that exalted term, which may be traced through all the religious annals of the world, than to apply it to the Bible so as to identify the Bible with it, as if it were that and nothing else.

Still less can any argument for the absolute correctness of every part of the sacred books be drawn from the expression 'Canonical Scriptures.' True it is that the Scriptures, as a whole, contain the rule of faith and practice, yet this is not the meaning of the word *Canonical*, nor can any inference be drawn from it as to the character of the books so designated. The highest, because the most learned, authority on this subject in England—we allude to Mr. Westcott†—has proved beyond all question that the words, as applied to the Scriptures, mean not the books which rule, or contain the rule, but the books which are ruled, or placed in the rule, by the Church. It describes simply an historical fact that certain books have been so received by the Church. What those books are has been ruled differently by different portions of the Church. The Church of the first centuries often included the Book of Baruch, and excluded the Book of Esther, or included the Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, and excluded the Apocalypse. The Church of Rome excludes the Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, and includes the Apocrypha. The Church of Armenia includes the History of Joseph and Asenath, and the Third Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. The Church of England, before the Reformation, included, for several centuries, the Epistle to the

* Charge of the Bishop of St. David's, p. 102.

† See article *Canon* in the Dictionary of the Bible.

Laodiceans, and since the Reformation has excluded the Apocryphal books in its Articles, though describing two of them in its Homilies as of Divine authority. But nothing has been determined either in Articles, Prayer-book, or Homilies, as to the precise nature of this authority, save only that the books named in the Sixth Article contain all things necessary to salvation; in other words contain, but are not coextensive with, the Word of God, in that exalted and exact sense in which alone it can be recognised in theological definitions or legal obligations. We might multiply quotations from English divines past and present, but we will confine ourselves to one from a useful but unpretending little work by a well-known clergyman of the so-called Evangelical School, which incorporates some of the most decisive from former times.*

'I do earnestly plead in behalf of Holy Scripture, that instead of demands for it which end in outrages upon it, we abide by the doctrine of the Sixth Article, and the Homilies of our Church. Of the Sixth Article, when it declares "Holy Scripture containeth all "things necessary to Salvation." Of the Homilies, when they say, "Unto a Christian man there can be nothing either more necessary "or profitable than the knowledge of Holy Scripture; forasmuch as "*in it is contained God's true Word*, setting forth His glory, and "also man's duty." "For in Holy Scripture is fully *contained* what "we ought to do and what to eschew, what to believe, what to love, "and what to look for at God's hands." (Homily I.) "For the "Holy Scriptures are *God's treasure-house*, wherein are found all "things needful for us to see, to hear, to learn, and to believe, "necessary for the attaining of eternal life."

'And this principle is re-echoed by Hooker: "The *principal* "*intent* of Scripture is to deliver the laws of *duties supernatural*." (I. 14.) And again, "Scripture teaches us that *saving truth* which "God hath discovered unto the world by revelation." (iii. 8.) And still more emphatically, "The *main drift* of the whole New Testa-"ment is that which St. John setteth down as the purpose of his "own history, 'These things are written that ye might believe that "'Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that believing *ye might have* "'*life* through His name.' The drift of the Old, that which the "Apostle mentioneth to Timothy, 'The Holy Scriptures are able to "'make thee *wise unto salvation*.' So that the general end both of "Old and New is one." With which accord the deeply suggestive words of Bacon, "Some have pretended to find the truth of all "natural philosophy in the Scriptures. . . . . But neither do they "give honour to the Scriptures, *as they suppose*, but much embase "them. For to seek heaven and earth in the word of God, is *to* "*seek temporary things amongst eternal:* to seek philosophy in

* A Plea for Holy Scripture. By Thomas Griffith, A.M., Prebendary of St. Paul's.

" divinity is to seek the dead among the living; neither are the pots " or lavers, whose place was in the outward part of the temple, to " be sought in the holiest place of all, where the ark of the testi- " mony was seated. The scope or purpose of the Spirit of God is " not to express *matters of nature* in the Scriptures otherwise than " *in passage*, and for application to man's capacity and to *matters* " *moral or divine*. For it is a true rule, 'Auctoris *aliud agentis* parva " 'auctoritas.'"

'The sufficiency of Scripture is not asserted as to anything else but this. It has not to do with settling matters of Science, or Philosophy, or History, or Ethnology: it has to do only with the Revelation of the one True God in His relation to man.

'There are indeed other things in Scripture, of infinite truth and beauty, but they are all subordinate to this. There are its historical elements, its poetical, its legal, its political, its prophetical, its philosophical, its moral, its mystical. It has something to tell us about everything that has interested or can interest the human mind. But the one thing which makes it to us emphatically "God's Treasure- " house" is its Disclosure, amidst all these accessory matters, of the otherwise unknown and unknowable God — His character, His works, His ways.'

Still more conducive to the interests of the Church has been the refusal of the Supreme Court of Appeal to pledge itself and the Church to any popular theory of the mode of justification, or of the future punishment of the wicked. These questions were not, properly speaking, part of the original controversy which has precipitated this decision. But they are not less momentous in their bearings on Christian Theology; and of these, no less than of the question of Inspiration, it is obvious that the opinion of the clergy is not sufficiently matured to require any definition, beyond that which has been given. The doctrine of the endlessness of future punishment might indeed, at first, seem to have had a stronger hold, and in a more precise form, than that of verbal inspiration. But here, again, the moment we press the prevalent belief, we feel that it is either altogether fluctuating, or else expresses itself in forms wholly untenable. The 'tacit repugnance' with which, from the days of Origen downwards, some of the leading spirits of the Christian Church have rejected the sterner dogma, has constantly kept alive a protest which no traditional weight has been able entirely to smother. Perhaps of all the secondary arguments that Mr. Wilson used in his defence, none was more effective than that in which he cited the well-known sermon of Archbishop Tillotson, and then asked whether, after elaborately preaching such a doctrine, one man should have been raised to the primacy of this great Church, whilst for merely expressing a hope that there may be conditions of restoration

and recovery for God's erring creatures, another should be suspended from his functions—

'Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.'

But it is more to our present point to observe that the doctrine of endless torments, if held, is not practically taught by the vast majority of the English clergy. How rarely in these modern days have our pulpits resounded with the detailed descriptions of future punishments, which abound in the writings of the seventeenth century! How rarely does any one even of the strictest sect venture to apply such descriptions to any one that he has personally known! And when we read the actual grounds on which the belief is rested by those who now put it forth as one of the essential articles of the faith, we find that it reposes almost entirely on the doubtful interpretation, in a single passage, of a single word, which in far the larger proportion of passages where it occurs in the Bible, cannot possibly bear the meaning commonly put upon it in this particular text. We must, we are told, believe in the endless punishments of the wicked, because in one verse in St. Matthew's Gospel, 'the punishment of the cursed equally with the life 'of the righteous is called everlasting.' Whatever may be the meaning of the Greek and Hebrew words translated 'everlast-'ing' in this or in any other passages—whatever may be the true meaning of that solemn warning where the real drift of our Lord's words is not to determine the nature of the future state, but to recognise the just deserts of those who, however unconsciously, have served Him by serving His brethren, and of those who, amidst whatever professions, have neglected the practical duties of life—it is certain that the true Christian belief in the blessedness of the good rests not on the sense of any single word, or of any single text, but on the convictions pressed upon us alike by conscience and by the whole tenour of Scripture, that God's essential attributes are unchangeable—that of all His attributes none is more essential or more unchangeable than His love for those who love Him, and His desire to recover those who have gone astray from Him. It is the love of God and the fear of God, the love of goodness and the hatred of sin, not the hope of heaven or the fear of hell, that in the Bible are made the foundations of human action—the way to eternal life. The excellent men who put forward the Oxford Declaration could hardly have weighed the whole force of their expression when they entreated their younger brethren, 'for the love of God,' and 'in common with 'the whole Catholic Church,' to sign a statement which, if

taken literally, was—as they were reminded in a remarkable letter from a High Churchman of no wavering faith, 'making 'private and heretical opinions the measure of the Church's 'faith—defining where neither the Catholic Church nor the 'Scriptures have defined.' 'You assert,'* he proceeds, 'that 'eternity—

'must be understood in precisely the same sense of the creature as of the Creator, of evil as of good, of union to Satan as of union to God. Surely a very little thought might have taught you better. The words "eternal" and "everlasting," or phrases answering to these, are constantly used in a relative sense in the Old Testament Scriptures with reference to Jewish ordinances designed to pass away, and they signify "indefinite and continuous," until superseded by a higher law or principle, never tending to come to an end of themselves. Is it necessary to teach learned men like you that whatever begins in time may also know an end in time; that there is this essential and infinite difference between the eternity of good and of evil—that the one has never begun, but was from all eternity; that the other has begun, and may therefore end; that it is nothing less than blasphemous to draw comparisons between the eternity of the everlasting Son of God and the relative eternity of his sinful creatures; that evil having nothing Divine in it is essentially finite, not infinite; that it consists in rebellion to the will of God, and has no inherent endless vitality; that the happiness of the blessed rests not on a word, or a syllable, but on their perfect union with God, who is infinite life and joy; that we have no "data" whatever on which to ground the assertion that the eternity of sin, of pain, and of evil, is equally unlimited, absolute, and infinite; that these are "the deep things of God" which really wise men will not seek to fathom or define too closely; that Catholics content themselves with using the language of Scripture and the creeds without attempting to do what the whole Catholic Church never has done, sound the limits and take the accurate measure of that love of Christ concerning which an inspired Apostle prays for his brethren that they might be able to comprehend "what is the breadth, and "length, and depth, and height, and know that love of Christ which "passeth knowledge."'

'All honour to the wise laymen, therefore, who, in our highest court of appeal, with the assistance of the three highest ecclesiastical assessors in the land, have delivered on these grave questions a sound and Catholic judgment, against which you are now urging an heretical, a disloyal, and a most unhappy movement; disturbing the hearts and minds of Christ's people, exciting the weak, practically to the desertion of our communion, and driving all young, generous, and noble spirits into scepticism and open infidelity.'

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* Letter of the Rev. Archer Gurney to the Editor of the 'Daily 'News.

It was no sceptical philosopher, no rationalist theologian, but the most devout and saintly of the 'most Christian kings,' to whom, as it was believed by his contemporaries, was vouchsafed the divine vision, in which he saw, by the shores of Palestine, a woman of stately form approaching him, with a brazier of burning coals in one hand, and a vase of water in the other. St. Louis asked her who she was, and what she bore in her hand. 'I am,' she answered,' 'the Christian Religion—and I come 'with these burning coals to dry up the rivers of Paradise, and 'with these streams of water to quench the fires of hell, that 'henceforth mankind may serve me for myself alone—may hate 'sin and cleave to good, for the love of God and for the love 'of goodness.' A bold conception—too bold for us to adopt or to dwell upon—but representing to us a truth which all Christian teachers would do well to meditate. It is not in the interests of philosophy, but in the interests of Religion herself, that we are bound to avoid exaggerated statements of the details of that future state, which transcends all human thought. It is from relying not on the dictates of a presumptuous reason, but on the revelations of the nature of God made in the Bible itself, that we shrink from closing for ever that door of hope which He in His infinite mercy not in one passage only, but in many of the sacred Scriptures, has appeared to some of the holiest and purest Christians to leave open. The Bible is either silent, or speaks with a voice which conveys to some the brighter, as to others, the darker conclusion. The Church in its formal documents is silent altogether. The Forty-second Article, affirming the harsher doctrine, has been long ago struck out of the Articles of the English Church. The clergy waver in their own teaching respecting it. Those (if any there be) who really hold it, and really teach it, can hold and teach it now with tenfold force, from the fact that they will be known to do so, not from any imaginary compulsion of the law, but from their own unbiassed convictions. Now that the liberty to teach and to think freely on this mysterious subject is openly allowed and avowed, we doubt not that the true Biblical doctrine, whatever it is, will, through the manifold fluctuations of human belief respecting it, be at last clearly and consistently set forth.

There remains the question, perhaps in itself the most thorny of all—and that which appeared most directly to infringe on the language of the Articles—the doctrine of 'transfer by merit;' or as it is sometimes called, of 'substitution,' or of 'imputed 'righteousness.' Unlike the questions of inspiration, and of future punishment—on which subjects no one has pretended that any Article has expressly spoken, and on which all the

allegations in the recent controversies were drawn only by way of remote inference—here was a doctrine, to which one Article at least distinctly and exclusively refers. There is no Article on Inspiration. There is no Article on Hell Fire. There is an Article on the doctrine of Justification by Faith only. But the Judgment has ruled that in this great Article, we must not, or we need not, interpret its language beyond the exact letter of what it lays down. It asserts that we are justified 'for the 'merits,' it does not assert that we are justified 'by the transfer 'of the merits of Christ.' It might have been thought that no part of the Judgment would have provoked a more determined resistance from the whole Puritanical and Calvinistic party in the Church, than this announcement that no theory of transferred or imputed righteousness is involved in the Article of a falling or standing Church. But here came in the inestimable advantage of the union between the two contending parties. To High Churchmen as to Roman Catholics, imputed righteousness is a heresy. Their co-operation could be secured by their ancient enemies only at the cost of not raising once more this ancient feud. Not entirely without a struggle, but with a struggle so faint as to have left no traces behind, every protest on this point was abandoned. This part, perhaps the most important part of the whole Judgment, has been received without a murmur; and the voice, or the silence, of the whole English clergy has acquiesced in the clearance of these entangling and vexatious theories from the great doctrine of the Redemption of man. We will not dwell on the lasting benefits of this particular result of the Judgment; but we are satisfied that they will, in a few years, be acknowledged even by that party, or, more properly speaking, that class of mind, which has hitherto most eagerly caught at such theories, as though they were the very bulwarks of the Faith. Firmly compacted as the popular theology seemed to be on this special point, on none, we are convinced, is it more entirely (to use the sacred phrase) 'ready to wax old and vanish away;' and we are, therefore, proportionably thankful that nothing has occurred in the recent Judgment to stand in the way of this peaceful and gradual disappearance of scholastic forms, which only commended themselves to the truly devout mind because of the Eternal Truth which those forms represented, and which will shine out more clearly than ever, now that it is disencumbered, in law as well as in fact, from the theories which disfigured and concealed it.

That on each of these three questions, the conclusions of the clergy, at present so fluctuating and unsettled, should thus

be left free to form themselves, is in itself an immense boon. As our great historian describes the unconscious benefits of the Peace of Ryswick, so we doubt not that when the immediate pressure and panic of the moment have passed away, every English clergyman, even in the most secluded parish, or amidst the most arduous pastoral work, will find his course easier, and be made aware, without knowing the cause, that the atmosphere has become lighter and the heavens brighter. He will find weapons of attack against his neighbours not so ready at hand as they used to be; he will find the means of agreement and mutual co-operation increased tenfold. It may be that controversy will still roll on, but it will not be embittered by the taunts of dishonesty and unfaithfulness to a Church which has now proclaimed itself able and willing to bear the shock of free inquiry. It will be recognised that the Articles which would have admitted the doubts of Calvin, and the difficulties of Luther, on the Sacred Books, and the Prayer-book, which was read with a safe conscience by Archbishop Tillotson, have not closed the doors against their spiritual descendants. We shall have lost the expensive luxury of prosecutions, but we shall have gained the blessings of truth and peace. 'And the 'land had rest forty years.'

There is a yet wider benefit conferred by this decision than anything which merely affects the interests of a single Church. Had the Privy Council stereotyped the theory of literal Inspiration, of Endless Punishment, and of Merit by Transfer, it would have done more to separate the English Church from universal Christendom than any act of our Church since the Reformation. Down to this time, these questions have been, by God's good Providence, kept open in all the great and ancient Churches of the world. Take them in order. Look first at the subject of Biblical Inspiration and Interpretation. There is not a word respecting it in the ancient creeds. There has not been a decree respecting it in any single Council, ancient or modern. The question of what was or was not to be a part of Scripture clamoured for solution in the four first centuries even more imperatively than it does now. Not merely individual against individual, but Church against Church, maintained a different Canon of Scripture. Books received by the Church of Rome were rejected by the Church of Alexandria, and books received by the Church of Alexandria were rejected by the Church of Rome. Interpretations resolving nearly the whole of the Old Testament history into allegory, obtained a predominance and authority such as they have never obtained since, even in Germany. During this crisis were convened the first, second,

third, and fourth General Councils, which alone of authorities in former times, according to the Church of England, have the power of determining what is and what is not heresy. Not a decree was framed, not a word was uttered, on this urgent question. From the question even of defining the limits of the Canon, those august authorities seem to have shrunk almost as if in terror. A legend, which ascribes such a determination to the Council of Nicea, shows how natural would have been the temptation, whilst its fabulousness proves how successfully the temptation was resisted. Even Provincial Councils hung back. The famous decree of the Council of Laodicea is now known to be a forgery, and even were it genuine, the Council was but a small and (as it seems) heretical* synod. The only decree really passed by any ancient Council on the subject of the Canon was by the Provincial Council of Carthage, which included amongst the Canonical Books as of equal authority, the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament. The only decree passed by any Council, ancient or modern, professing to be a General Council, was that of Trent, which followed the Council of Carthage in including the Apocrypha, and 'received traditions of the Church pertaining to faith and practice,' 'with an equal feeling of devotion and reverence;' and this decree, the first of any authority ever passed, was 'ratified 'by only fifty-three prelates†, amongst whom there was not 'one scholar distinguished for historical learning, not one who 'was fitted by special study for the examination of a subject in 'which the truth could only be determined by the voice of 'antiquity.' Yet not even in the Council of Trent was any decree or opinion passed on the inspiration, or authorship, or interpretation of any of those books. On all these points the Roman Catholic divine is as free as the Protestant—freer (as far as their authorised confessions go) than the Protestant divines of Scotland or France, as free as the freest divine in the English Church, to whom the Privy Council has accorded the same liberty that has been accorded by the solemn decrees of the whole Catholic Church, Eastern and Western, ancient and modern, alike.

Similar to the history of the freedom of thought on the Canon and Inspiration of Scripture in Christendom at large, is the history of the freedom of thought on the question of the future Punishment of the Wicked. We need not for this purpose go into the dark caverns of theology. There is not a more widely

* Westcott's 'Bible in the Church,' p. 170.

† *Ibid.* p. 257.

renowned name in the Early Church than that of Origen. 'I 'love the name of Origen,' says a distinguished theologian of the Roman Catholic Church: 'I will not listen to the notion 'that so great a soul was lost.'* If there is any opinion more closely than another connected with this splendid memory, it is that of the final restoration of the wicked. Nor did the opinions of Origen die with him. They continued to form the backbone, so to say, of a vast school of thought. They emerged all along the horizon of the Church, at the very time when the four General Councils met. They were the battlefield of rival factions. Yet not till the sixth century is there any hint of their condemnation by any supreme authority. Then not by any General Council, but by a small ecclesiastical synod convened in the Palace at Constantinople, not through the inspiration of any illustrious Father of the Church, but at the absolute command of the most worldly Emperor and the most wicked Empress that ever sat on the imperial throne, the opinions of Origen were censured, and his name cast out as heretical. We can hardly wonder that no General Council has ever sanctioned a decree so passed. 'I had rather be with Origen wherever he 'is, than with Justinian and Theodora wherever they are,' is the instinctive feeling, not only of the generous and devout spirit from whom this exclamation was wrung in a moment of harsh treatment by his theological adversaries, but of all who have ever thought at all on the awful question on which these two contending parties took the opposing sides. From that time downwards, although the belief in the Eternity of Hell Fire took a deeper and more universal hold on the minds of men, yet it received the sanction only of general sentiment, not of Catholic authority. Whatever value we attach to the decree of Justinian's Synod, even if we concede the bare possibility that it may have received the sanction of the Fifth General Council —yet it remains certain that no creed of any ancient Church entered on the question at all. The Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed are absolutely silent. The Athanasian Creed simply repeats the words of Scripture, which Origen himself accepted. Neither in any of the Councils binding on the Greek Church, nor in the Council of Trent, nor in the Creed of Pope Pius IV., is there any opinion expressed on the nature or duration of Hell Torments. Even in popular belief, the severity of the doctrine, and the immense difficulties which it suggests in its application to the actual complications of human character, were softened in the Eastern Church by a theory of

* Dr. Newman (Apologia pro Vitâ suâ, part vii. p. 399).

sudden purification at the moment of death, or at the Judgment Day—and in the Latin Church by the vast variety of punishment, allowed in the lower world, (witness Dante's identification of the highest circle of the Inferno with the Paradise, the Elysian fields, of heathen poets,) and still more by the theory of a Limbo for heathens and children, and of a Purgatory for all but the very worst,—a doctrine which in fact covers almost all the cases which render the popular doctrine of Hell so appalling to reflecting minds.

Of the third question before the Privy Council—that of 'the transfer of merit' or 'imputed righteousness,'—it is hardly necessary to say, that not only this particular theory, but the whole subject to which it relates, is passed over by the ancient Councils and Creeds, as though it did not exist. They declare in the most general terms that 'Christ lived and died 'for the salvation of man,' and then leave the grandest theme of religious thought in its native simple impressiveness. We grant that in this question, unlike the case of the two others we just noticed, this silence may be accounted for by the fact, that such theories were at that early age unknown. Dionysius of Alexandria, and Theodore of Mopsuestia, had stirred to its depths the controversy of the Canon and of the authority and authorship of the Sacred Books. Origen had fixed the attention of the whole Christian world on the question of the duration of Hell Torments. Those opinions, therefore, when tolerated by the Councils, were tolerated deliberately and with open eyes. The question of 'Imputed Righteousness' and its correlative controversies could hardly have been noticed at all till Anselm and Thomas Aquinas began to put into shape the floating scholastic schemes of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and these schemes could not be noticed authoritatively till they had sprung into dogmatic importance, under the disproportionate influence of the mighty Calvin. Then, and not till then, were they noticed by the Council of Trent. We —knowing the true Christian feeling which is often enshrined in those strange, exaggerated, unrevealed theories—may think that the wisest course would have been to pass them by and let them insensibly assume the gentler shape which they have put on in the best men of all parties in the Lutheran and Anglican communions. The Council of Trent, in the zeal of polemics, went further, and the imputation of Christ's righteousness, which Dr. Williams condemned merely as an unphilosophical statement of the truth, is in the eleventh Canon of its sixth Session condemned as a theological heresy. Had the Privy Council given its sanction to the popular view, it would

have thus run directly counter to the only decree which has ever been pronounced on this mysterious question by any Council claiming the name of Œcumenical or revered by any large body of Christians.

It will have been observed that the Oxford Declaration claims the countenance of 'the whole Catholic Church' for its dogma of Literal Inspiration, and of the identity of the meaning of Eternity as applied to future blessedness and future misery. It does not claim any such sanction for the doctrine of Merit by Transfer. But, in fact, on each one of these points the whole Catholic Church is, as we have seen, with the Privy Council and against the modern dogmatists. It refuses to decide, exactly as the Church of England has refused to decide. Its individual theologians—perhaps the vast majority of its members—may agree with the sentiments of the Declaration. But in its corporate capacity, whether through Council, through Creed, or through Pope, it is as silent as the Judicial Committee.

We do not wish to exaggerate the importance of this agreement of the recent decision with the most solemn judgments of the ancient Universal Church. We are not of those who look forward, within any definite period, to a formal reunion between the divided branches of Christendom. Such a vision may be reserved for remote posterity. For us, and for our children, the hope of it would be illusive. But we have the firmest belief that there is now, and will increasingly be, a far better understanding between the various Churches than was possible in former times; and we cannot endure the thought that through any temporary excitement, permanent obstacles should be raised in any of the greater Churches which should make our estrangements wider, and our hopes of mutual association and cooperation feebler. Such a bar would unquestionably have been raised had the Church of England, through its highest Court of Appeal, taken upon itself to decide on those important questions which are left entirely open throughout the authoritative decisions of the whole ancient Catholic Church.

What is true of the Universal Church in its more primitive times, is still, in great measure, true of its best developments in modern times. The smaller sects and Churches may have ruled those matters according to their own peculiar fancies, but even in them we feel sure that the tendency of Christian consciousness (as the Germans would say) moves towards the same result. The most active and intelligent members of the Church of Scotland, through all its branches, are feeling their way through enormous difficulties towards the light of a freer, wider, more Evangelical, more Catholic Gospel than satisfied John

Knox or Ebenezer Erskine. The leaders of the most enlightened of our English Nonconformists—the chief of the 'Independent' ministers—are gradually adopting a theology more worthy of their noble name, and of the capacious minds of the powerful Ruler and the illustrious Poet whom they count amongst their first founders. And when we turn from the authoritative decrees to the individual theologians of the more ancient Churches, though the prospect is then far less cheering, yet there also the strains we hear are of a higher mood than the mere clamour of popular theologians or terrified politicians would lead us to expect. We cannot doubt that there will arise in the Church of Russia some who may still carry on the echo of those marvellous letters of the *Chrêtien Orthodoxe*, in which the lamented Khamiakoff poured forth his aspirations after the future through a union of tenacious adherence to ancient orthodoxy with a firm confidence in the results of Biblical criticism and Christian charity, such as we have never seen surpassed. And in the Roman Catholic Church, amidst much that is calculated to discourage the boldest hopes, the last twelve months have revealed to us a movement of importance (if importance is to be measured by solidity of argument and depth of knowledge) equal to any that has ever heaved the bosom of that mighty organisation.

We know that, as we write, we have to record that we incur an anathema of even loftier assumptions and severer language than those which we have cited with reluctance from the Primates of our own Church. To the Pastorals of Canterbury and of York has been added the Pastoral of a third prelate, bearing a more ambiguous title, who has seized the occasion for claiming for his own Church a decisive authority, which he sees to have been refused in ours, on the two questions (of Inspiration and the duration of Hell Fire), which he has ventured to call 'vital doctrines' of 'the sacred 'deposit.' But he, like our own Archbishops, speaks on this occasion only as an individual theologian, and not with the authority of his Church. The canonicity of the Sacred Books is maintained, passing allusions to Eternal Punishment may be detected, in the Decrees of Trent, as in the English Formularies. But neither in the one nor in the other is there any definition of the extent of Inspiration, or of the limits of the Divine Mercy; and those who at Cardinal Wiseman's rhetorical appeal pass on these grounds from us to him, will not find in the Church of Rome any more than in the Church of England, the authoritative decision which they seek.

But it is impossible not to perceive that it is not to us alone

that this Westminster Pastoral, with all its power of diction and all its gravity of statement, is addressed. It evidently attacks, through the sides of the Church of England, that noble movement, of which we just now spoke, of which the centre is the focus of Roman Catholic learning in Germany, and of which the chief organ has been one of the most learned and able of all our English contemporary journals. We know not any sight more commanding the respectful sympathy of Protestant theologians at the present moment, or more instructive as bearing on our own present difficulties and speculations, than the history of the late Roman Catholic Congress at Munich, and of the 'Home 'and Foreign Review' in England. In the pages of that Review—which now that it is unhappily extinguished we may treat as a separate work of independent authorship—there will be found matter more calculated than anything else than could be named to allay the fears of those who have been agitated amongst ourselves. There they will see how the spirit in which the recent Judgment was conceived, and the spirit of those inquiries which have called it forth, is shared by the most devout and faithful adherents of the most dogmatic Church in the world. A glance at its last theological article (on Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible') will show that on every one of the great biblical questions which have so vexed the minds of English churchmen—the authorship of the Pentateuch, the authorship of the second part of Isaiah, the authority of the Septuagint, the date of the Book of Daniel, the speech of Stephen, the Noachian deluge—the writer, from the most orthodox point of view, decides fearlessly on all these questions, and decides on what (for want of a better word) we must call the liberal side—on the side of the Essayists, against the Oxford Declaration and the Bishop of Salisbury. In the pages of an earlier number of that same review is told, in language as forcible as its information is exact and its knowledge wide, the story of that memorable meeting of German Catholic divines summoned in the capital of Bavaria under the presidency of their distinguished Professor, Dr. Döllinger. Were we to search the pages of all our contemporary literature for a just delineation of the situation of parties in our own Church, during the last five years, and for the warnings and consolations which that situation suggests, we could not wish for anything more apposite than the remarks contained in the address with which Dr. Döllinger closed the proceedings of that august assembly.

'I remember a time, when there prevailed amongst German theologians a spirit of concord and a brotherly striving after a common end, for which for some years past we look in vain—which, if we

may trust more than one serious indication, threatens more and more to vanish entirely from amongst us. It is especially striking that every attempt to handle theories of philosophy or principles of knowledge in theological matters immediately provokes a bitter peace-hating tone, a mania for denunciations and censures, which must fill the quiet observer who cares only for the welfare of the Church and of science, with grief and disgust. How often in the reading of our ecclesiastical journals and controversial writings are we reminded of the truth of the saying, "*Qui pauca considerat, "facile pronunciat.*" But even worse than those rash and hasty judgments is the passion which, within the last few years, has grown up for an organised system of religious suspicion. One is tempted to believe that amongst certain divines the old rule, "*quilibet præsu-*" *mitur esse bonus, donec probetur malus*" is reversed in all cases where ecclesiastical orthodoxy is in dispute. . . . It would be far better for us, if we could but always remember, that no theologian has the right to give out a mere theological opinion, or the doctrine of a particular school, as an article of faith sanctioned by the Church. The great scholastic theologians maintained that it was not less heretical to declare that to be an article of faith which was not *de fide*, than to deny an article of faith altogether.

'What we need in our theological discussions is to allow the unbroken dominion of a spirit of mutual justice, and of brotherly, considerate, forbearing charity. The cause of the Church, which our zealots profess to serve, would be best secured, if they would but give the first place to the great virtues—the characteristic virtues of the Church—Humility and Charity—and abstained from assuming the office of judges over others, who to their own Master must stand or fall. That there are now in Germany two theological tendencies is an acknowledged fact, which no individuals can hope to alter. The methods of these two tendencies must be different from each other. The one, we may say, fights with the bows and arrows of a past age, the other with the firearms of the present. What is so earnestly to be desired, so absolutely necessary, is, that as they both aim at a common object, each should endeavour to interpret the other's expressions from the other's circle of thought. There may be many, to whom, from their natural want of spiritual and mental elasticity, this may seem an impossible demand. So much the more urgent is the duty of always taking for granted that the writer of whom we complain is in accordance with Catholic doctrine, and that his views, though expressed in other terms than those familiar to his opponents, must be taken in an orthodox sense, unless the opposite is self-evident. I entreat you for the future in all theological and philosophical questions to contend only with scientific weapons, and to banish all denunciations and all suspicions from our literature as alike alien to the spirit of our country and our religion; and much rather take for our pattern the noble and truly evangelical mildness with which the enlightened teachers of the ancient Church, as Augustine in his dispute with Jerome, dealt with the differing views of their opponents.'

The Congress, which had been opened under the blessing of the Pope and with the concurrence of the highest ecclesiastical authorities, has been overtaken by a storm of Pontifical displeasure. In exact accordance with the clamour of the less enlightened of our own clergy, a Papal Brief has been issued, refusing to acknowledge the claims of scientific truth, and endeavouring to exalt the floating unauthorised opinions of small bodies, or popular theologians, to the level of dogmatic authority, 'not altogether denying the distinction between 'dogma and opinion, but reducing the practical recognition 'of it to the smallest possible limits.'

From this conflict thus instituted between the Papal See and the principles advocated by the Congress of Munich, the distinguished editor of the 'Home and Foreign Review' has thought it right to withdraw, by submitting to an authority which he considers legitimate, though he wholly declines to accept its principles. We will not insist on contrasting the dignified and manly attitude of this submission with the wavering alternation of defiance and surrender held out by too many of our own divines in the presence of the decision of our own Supreme Court of Appeal. It is more profitable to dwell on the elevating sentiments with which the Review is closed, and which apply to all those who, whether within or without the Church of Rome, within or without the Church of England, refuse to abandon the hope of a reconciliation between Religion and Science, or delight to cherish, amidst whatever discouragements, the light which still lives and burns, and will live and burn with ever-increasing brilliance, 'in the hearts of the silent 'thinkers of the Church.' It is consoling to feel 'that the 'principles which have been upheld in that or any other organ 'of Christian freedom will not die with it, but will find their 'destined advocates and will triumph in their appointed time.' It is consoling to be assured that 'from the beginning of the 'Church, it has been a law of her nature, that the truths 'which naturally proved themselves the legitimate products of 'her doctrines have had to make their slow way upwards 'through a phalanx of hostile habits and traditions, and to be 'rescued, not only from open enemies, but also from friendly 'hands that were not worthy to defend them.'

The gallant champion of these truths in the Roman Catholic Church turns with confidence to the belief that in the piety, in the sincerity, in the learning of the great writers of his own creed, 'practice will compel an assent which is denied 'to theory, and men will learn to value in the fruit what the 'germ did not reveal to them.' Our confidence is the same,

but founded, we trust, on a still firmer basis. We cannot but believe that in the Church of England the spirit of Hooker and of Butler will again revive, in those new forms which the change of times and circumstances require. We see already the possibility of a Christian union based on other grounds than those of mistaken antipathy to Christian progress and enlightenment. We know that genius, and knowledge, and freedom have a uniting tendency, as surely as narrowness, and dullness, and ignorance have a sectarian and dividing tendency. We believe that what Döllinger has well said of the contending Churches in Germany, is still more true of the contending parties within our own communion *:—

'The future union cannot be looked for in the form of a simple, immediate, and, as it were, material reincorporation of the divided confessions. There must be first a certain introductory process of purification on both sides, and knowledge must pioneer the way; each of the two communities, though in different measure, have advantages to receive from the other; each has to free itself from faults and onesidedness with the help of the other, to fill up gaps in its religious and ecclesiastical life, and to heal its wounds—while neither could be asked to give up anything which had been found to be a real good. . . . And thus the domain of historical science [and we may add of biblical criticism] appears like the Truce of God in the middle ages, or like a consecrated place, where those elsewhere religiously divided have come together and carry on their inquiries and their work in harmony; where all, impelled by the same thirst of knowledge, and drinking out of the same sacred fountains of Truth, grow together in one common fellowship; and from this fellowship and brotherhood of knowledge there will one day proceed a higher unity and conciliation embracing the whole domain of historical and then of religious truth, when under the influence of a milder atmosphere the crust of polemical and sectarian ice thaws and melts away, as the patriot and Christian hopes and prays.'

* These remarks are taken from the eulogium delivered by Professor Döllinger on the late King of Bavaria. But it is evident that they represent the Professor's hopes no less than the King's. (König Maximilian II. und die Wissenschaft, pp. 32–34.)

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No. CCXLVI.

ART. I.—1. *The History and Traditions of the Land of the Lindsays in Angus and Mearns.* By ANDREW JERVISE. Edinburgh: 1853.

2. *Memorials of Angus and the Mearns, being an account historical, antiquarian, and traditionary of the Castles and Towns visited by Edward I., and of the Barons, Clergy and others who swore fealty to England in* 1291–6. By ANDREW JERVISE, Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: 1861.

3. *Registrum Episcopatûs Brechinensis, cui accedunt Cartæ quamplurimæ originales.* Aberdoniæ: 1856.

4. *Liber S. Thome de Aberbrothoc. Registrorum Abbacie de Aberbrothoc Pars prior, Registrum vetus Munimentaque eidem coetanea complectens,* 1178–1329. Edinburgi: 1848.

5. *Liber S. Thome de Aberbrothoc. Registrorum Abbacie de Aberbrothoc Pars altera, Registrum nigrum nec non Libros Cartarum recentiores complectens,* 1329–1536. Edinburgi: 1856.

6. *A Short Account of the Progress of the Linen and Jute Trades in Dundee and the Surrounding District,—the Seat of the Linen Trade in Scotland.* By ROBERT STURROCK, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Dundee. A Paper read at the meeting of the Social Science Congress in Edinburgh on the 10th October, 1863.

7. *The Linen Trade, Ancient and Modern.* By ALEXANDER J. WARDEN, Dundee. London: 1864.

THE county of Angus or Forfar, though not the most important in Scotland, affords many subjects of interest to the inquirer, whether his bent be archæology or social

economy — whether his taste lead him to search out the history of the past or to inform himself of the present condition of the people. In no other district can the great industrial revolution which has occurred in North Britain during the space of one century be more distinctly traced. Nowhere is the transition more marked. Down to the Rebellion of 1745 this county was in a state of comparative barbarism, very much inferior in civilisation to the neighbouring shire of Fife. According to a valuation of lands in the seventeenth century, the whole rental was 14,286*l.*, while in 1860–1 it amounted to 465,901*l.* On all the baronies the hereditary jurisdictions were maintained in partial operation till within a very short time of their final abolition. The feudal system, to speak loosely, was perpetuated in the habits of the people: the tenantry slavishly followed their lairds; the boroughs were usually under the influence of their powerful neighbours. It was from the Braes of Angus that Lord Ogilvy's 'Horse,' who did such good service for Prince Charles Edward, were recruited, and tradition retains, with details somewhat too coarse for repetition here, the reception which the Jacobite ladies of Brechin gave to the Duke of Cumberland on his march northward to Culloden. But the change was most rapid. The Jacobite became the Jacobin. In Forfar, where in 1745 the Stuarts were so enthusiastically supported, in 1782 the Bible was publicly burnt by the sympathisers with the French Revolution. The sons of Lord Ogilvy's troopers became the Radical weavers of Kirremuir; manufactures and trade succeeded to marauders and men-at-arms; and the current set in which has carried all before it, till the county of Angus, along with Belfast and the north of Ireland, at this moment stands at the head of the linen trade of the world.

We are fortunate enough to possess very authentic records of the condition of the shire at different periods. Of the earlier civilisation we have many curious details in the chartularies and other documents of the ancient Church of Brechin and the great Tyronensian Abbey of Arbroath—sources of information which, aided by the contents of some of the family charter-chests, give us a very good idea of the state of the county till the end of the sixteenth century.

A Latin account of Angus was written by Robert Edward, minister of Murroes during the Episcopalian establishment in 1678. It is full of a sort of quaint piety, and the style of the author reminds one of old Izaak Walton. A translation of it, now scarce, was made in 1793 by Dr. Traill. Much more important and valuable is a monograph by John Ochter-

lony of Guynd, contributed in 1682 to an account of Scotland planned by Sir Robert Sibbald, physician to King Charles II., and lately published in the 'Spottiswoode Miscellany.' It is carefully written, and full of odd information. After this, beyond incidental notices of travellers, such as Taylor the water-poet, Slezer, Morer, Macky, Dr. Johnson, the poet Gray, and Grose, we have nothing till 1798, when the 'Old Statistical Account of Scotland,' by the parish ministers, under the guidance of the late Sir John Sinclair, supplied much information. A very clever book, by a 'moderate' minister, Headrick of Dunnichen, on the 'Agriculture of the County' in 1813, brings us down to the present generation. Local histories, such as Small's 'Account of Dundee' (being an improved edition of that which appeared in Sir John Sinclair's great work), an anonymous work styled 'Dundee Delineated,' Black's 'History of Brechin,' Miller's 'Arbroath and its Abbey,' supply additional facts. A book of engravings, called 'Forfarshire Illustrated,' gives views of the gentlemen's seats and of some of the principal antiquities; but the best and most exhaustive accounts are to be found in the two interesting and laborious works of Mr. Jervise, which we have selected for review. Neither must we neglect to mention 'The Sculptured Stones of Angus,' by the late Patrick Chalmers of Aldbar, a name that will ever be associated with the antiquities of his native county.

Bounded on the north by the watershed of the Northesk, on the south by the Tay, on the east by the German Ocean, and on the west by an arbitrary line separating it from Perthshire, Angus is naturally divided into four regions varying very much in character.

The first is the Braes of Angus or highland district, consisting of the spurs of the Grampians, with the valleys that are formed by them, Glenisla, Glenprosen, Clova, Lethnot, and Glenesk. Here some of the scenery is magnificent. The fall termed 'the Reekie Linn,' from the constantly ascending spray, on the Isla, is very grand; and below it for two or three miles, the river forces itself through the rocks by the Slugs of Achrannie to Airlie Castle amid scenes of unsurpassed beauty and wildness. The mountains at the head of Glen Clova exhibit abrupt and terrific precipices. The falls of the Unich, at the foot of Craigmaskeldy, 'the rock of the eagles' above Lochlee, is a scene of grand desolation, and the view from the top of Mount Keen, where the eye stretches over the great eastern deer-forest of Scotland, is one the traveller will never forget. Neither must the gentler beauties of Glenesk, with

its pendant birch-trees and the rich heather covering the hills like a carpet of purple silk, and the sweet Esk glittering in the sunlight, be unnoticed.

Very different is the next great division of the county, 'Strath Mohr' or the great valley, the part of which situated in Forfarshire is distinguished as 'the How of Angus.' It is diversified by gentle eminences, fertile fields, plantations, villages, and gentlemen's seats. A chain of lakes still remains to attest the previous existence of more extensive waters in ancient times. In it are the beautiful villages of Kettins and Meigle, traditionally connected with Guenevra, Arthur's frail queen; the ancient Cistercian Abbey of Cupar; the towns of Alyth and Ruthven; the picturesque and historical 'bonnie house of Airlie;' Glamis, 'the strength' of the ancient Maormors of Strathmore; Forfar, with its royal recollections; Oathlaw, the hill of doom of the Pictish kings; Brechin, 'the great city given to the Lord' by Kenneth III., and Strikathrow, where that king is supposed to have been murdered by Fenella.

The third region takes its name from the Sidlaw range, the hills which bound Strathmore on the S.E. as the Grampians do on the N.W. It is part of a continuous chain, with more or less interruption, which runs from the hill of Kinnoull, near Perth, and terminates at the Redhead, a promontory near Arbroath. Here we have Strathbeg, or the 'little strath,' through which flows the Lunan; also the old fortalices of Guthrie and Redcastle—the first built in the fifteenth century by Sir David Guthrie, and still held by Guthries, while the latter, once a royal hunting seat, afterwards a residence of the great De Berkeleys of Inverkeillor, exhibits the ruins of a massive square and battlemented keep, overlooking the pretty bay of Lunan.

The last is the maritime district to the S.E. of the former, from Gowryburn to the Northesk, thirty-seven miles in extent. Generally it is flat, varied by a few round jutting hills, and with an extensive tract of 'links' or sandy downs. On the sea-shore one may trace very distinctly two well-marked lines of ancient coast, upheaved, one at the elevation of twenty, the other at that of forty-eight feet above the present sea-level. These old beaches, lying as they do with a good exposure, are especially productive. In this district of the county lie Invergowrie, a seat of civilisation in the seventh century; Dundee; Broughty or Burgh-tay, evidencing by its name a Teutonic occupation; Monifieth, where there is documentary evidence of a Culdean settlement; Carnoustie, near the battle-field of Camus Muir;

Arbroath; Auchmithie, with its remarkable caves; Arbirlot, where we find evidence of old Scotic tenures; Farnell, the old palace of the bishops of Brechin; and Montrose.

The geology of Forfar has been carefully studied, and we may be permitted to devote one or two pages to an accurate account of it. The county geologically divides itself into two portions, the highland and the lowland; the former consisting for the most part of metamorphic schists, and the latter of sandstone of the Devonian period. A line of porphyritic or trappean rocks extends along the S.E. flanks of the Grampians, separating the schistose rocks of the Highlands from the sandstones of the Lowlands. The general character of the rocks in the former is gneissose, although micacious schists are not uncommon. Some of the higher mountains, as Mount Battock, are capped by granite. In Mount Blair, the prevailing rock is a white crystalline quartz. Immediately to the N.W. of the trappean outburst which divides these great sections, there is a considerable development of argillaceous and chloritic schists, with a band of clay-slate extending continuously across the island. These slates are raised from their natural beds, and in no case show the phenomena of cleavage so characteristic of the English slates. They probably belong to the Silurian epoch. A vein of lead, somewhat rich in silver, crosses the parish of Lochlee from E. to W., and some beds of crystalline limestone are also found there.

The sandstones of the Lowlands run parallel to the Grampian range. After leaving the trappean outburst which separates them from the schists, these sandstone rocks dip at very high angles to the S.E. where they form a ridge of low interrupted hills, such as the two Catterthuns, the hills behind the Kirk of Fearn and those behind Kinordy. Passing these to the S.E. the high angle rapidly decreases, becoming horizontal, and the great synclinal line of these rocks is reached running parallel to these hills. Continuing to the S.E. the dip changes, assuming a S.W. direction, the angle of the dip seldom exceeding 25° to 30°. These rocks now again upheaved form another nearly parallel and also interrupted range, the hill of Stracathro, the Finhaven and Turin hills, and the east portion of the Sidlaws. Almost immediately to the S.E. of the line indicated by this range, an extensive and seemingly continuous trappean outburst, consisting for the most part of green stones, and sometimes of basalts, extends apparently from the sea-coast, immediately south of Montrose in a S.W. direction, through Rossie Muir near Friockheim and Letham, forming in its way the hill of Dumbarrow,

the Law of Dundee, and Balgay Hill, and at length touches the Carse of Tay near Invergowrie. To the S.E. of this line, which forms the great anticlinal line of Forfarshire, the sandstones again assume their original dip; faults, however, occasioning upheavals of more or less magnitude, occur, which may be traced from Broughty Ferry onwards in a N.E. direction towards the Redhead.

These sandstones come under two subdivisions: first, an immensely developed conglomerate; and, second, an overlying deep red coarse sandstone.

1. Although the general character of the lower portions of the sandstones is that of an immense mass of conglomerates, yet this is by no means persistent, as, all through, there are intercalated beds of solid bedded and flaggy sandstones with intervening argillaceous and other shales, and, in many instances, the conglomerates pass entirely into sandstones and grauwacke grits. The matrix of the lower part of this conglomerate is trappean, the upper silicious. It prevails most in the north of the county. The rock well known as Arbroath pavement occupies an intermediate position in this conglomerate, where the indurated matrix passes into the softer silicious matrix. These flaggy beds found on both sides of the anticline are the only fossiliferous portion of the Forfarshire rocks; and there is one bed in particular, in which remains, principally of fishes, are found in such profusion and preservation, that it may be named, *par excellence*, the Forfarshire Fishbed. Varying from two to seven feet in thickness, semi-calcareous in composition; in colour, alternating between a creamy white and a dirty brown, and accompanied by a peculiar bed of tough clay six or seven inches in thickness, which, when first dug into, emits a certain odour, the fossils discovered in it, beside abundant but very indistinct algaic vegetables, are 'Parka 'decipiens,' 'Campicaris forfarensis,' 'Pterygotus anglicus' and 'punctatus,' and some six or seven species of Eurypterus, discovered by Mr. Powrie of Reswallie. Of fishes we have 'Cepha-'laspis Lyelli,' 'Acanthodes Mitchelli,' Climatius scutiger,' 'Diplacanthus (?) gracilis.' The fishes to which the spines named by Agassiz 'Climatius reticulatus,' and 'Parexus in-'curvus,' belong, and one or two others yet unnamed, nearly allied to the genus Climatius, are found. There are also fragments of a species of 'Pteraspis.'

2. The second division, consisting of deep red coarse and friable sandstones, in some cases having pebbles imbedded in them, is principally found in the valley of Strathmore. These occasionally pass into coarse silicious shales and marls, and some-

times into solid-bedded sandstones, fit for building purposes. This division has as yet proved altogether unfossiliferous. These sandstones are occasionally intersected by trap dykes of considerable extent, mostly porphyritic. One or two dykes of basalt, beautifully exhibiting its columnar structure, are exposed on the banks of the Isla between Airlie and the Reekie Linn. Dykes of serpentine cross Kirriemuir and the north of the plantations of the Burn. Veins of sulphate of barytes are found on the coast between the Redhead and Whitness, and one of argentiferous lead has been worked in the parish of Glamis.

When the surface of these sandstones is uncovered by removing the superincumbent boulder clay and drift gravels, those deeply indented striæ which have attracted so much notice of late and been generally attributed to glacial agencies, are found trending from N.W. to S.E. Besides these a very interesting formation may be observed about a mile N.E. of Arbroath, consisting of a coarse conglomerate, with intercalated beds of coarse marly sandstones overlying the older rocks, to which it is not conformable. This formation, composed mostly of the débris of the older rocks having subangular fragments of these imbedded in a highly calcareous matrix,—in this respect very unlike the older conglomerates, in which the pebbles are all much waterworn, and the matrix silicious,—contains no organic remains to indicate its epoch; but from the analogy of other parts of Scotland it seems highly probable that it is the remains of the highest division of the upper old red sandstone, which may at one period have extended all along the coast, but which, by denudation and other agencies, may have been removed with the exception of these fragmentary phenomena.

When we come to the period of the habitation of man, we find much to interest us. It is true that the rocking stones at Gilfumman in Glenesk and on the hill of Kirriemuir are gone, but of what have hitherto been called Druidical remains, there is, among others, the well-formed circle of Colmyllie in Glenesk, and the more remarkable one of Kingennie near the Laws, where, on the crest of a low hill, there is a circle with large blocks outside and smaller ones within, the diameter being sixty feet. There is an entrance at the east, and many large stones, formerly part of it, have rolled or been thrown into the dell below. Tradition calls this St. Bride's Ring, a dedication suggesting an after-consecration in the time of the predominance of the Scoto-Irish Church in Scotland, in which there was a great and special devotion to St. Bridget of Kildare,

who in some of the oldest extant documents is called the Mary of Ireland.

The earliest of all human habitations which have been found are the underground Weem or Picts' house at Cairnconan *, and the still more curious one at Airlie, sixty-seven feet in length. A beehive-shaped apartment opens into the winding chambers of the first, and a cluster of stone coffins was found in the vicinity. The Airlie Weem, in spite of its great length, is covered by only seventeen separate stone flags, some of which cannot be less than four or five tons in weight. Situated upon the highest point of the district, they suggest the interesting question what mechanical appliances had their builders for raising these immense boulders from the low country and from the deep beds of the rivers? It seems hardly credible that such mere burrows should ever have been intended for permanent dwelling places, yet, not to mention the certain existence of fireplaces in them, it is difficult to assign any other purpose for them. Others exist throughout the county.

Proceeding from the simplest of all architectural ideas, protection from weather and wild animals, to the secondary stage, protection from mankind, we find various fortalices of the very earliest civilisation. The upbursts of trap rock through the red sandstone have afforded many fitting elevations which have been crowned with the rudest forms of castramentation, such as the White and Brown Catterthun, drawn and described in General Roy's 'Military Antiquities,'† the Law of Dundee, the hill of Turin, Denoon, Dunbarrow, and perhaps Dunnichen. Then there is the very noteworthy vitrified fort of Finhaven ‡ commanding the passage of the South Esk; and, above all, the remarkable works at the Laws, on the property of James Neish, Esq., where, on a summit 400 feet above the sea, commanding a glorious prospect, a series of walls and ramparts, segments of not entirely concentric circles, as well as a circular floor paved with flagstones and exhibiting inner groovings where a door has worked upon its hinges, have been exposed by the energy and antiquarian zeal of the present owner. Here have been found shells, axes, bones, iron implements in very large proportion, a bronze armlet, an enamelled pin, charred wheat and

* Vide Proceed. Scot. Antiq. Soc., vol. iii. part iii. p. 465; also vol. iv. part. ii., where plans of the work are given.

† The Military Antiquities of the Romans in North Britain. By the late W. Roy, &c. London: 1792, fol. plates 47 and 48.

‡ See Transactions of Royal Society, vol. ii. part ii. p. 227.

barley, and manifest traces of extensive vitrifaction. Formerly this place was used as a quarry, and much has been irretrievably destroyed, but enough remains to make it one of the most curious monuments of antiquity on the east of Scotland.*

Hitherto no regular crannoges have been found, though the great plain of Strathmore, which was evidently at one time more extensively lake and marsh, is a very probable locality where they may yet be discovered. An artificial island of stones is to be seen under the surface of the Loch of Rescobie, and a rampart of stones and oak piles still protects St. Margaret's Inch, from the waves of the Loch of Forfar. Roman antiquities are represented by the camps at Kirkbuddo, Battledykes, and Keithock, all of which are supposed by Roy to have been connected with Agricola's military occupation of the North.

But Angus is the special seat of those sculptured and incised stones, which, although by local tradition assigned to the Danes, seem, from the similarity of their ornamentation to that of the Irish crosses and manuscripts, to be the work of some tribe of Celtic descent, such as we know to have occupied Scotland at a remote period. Some of them have been supposed to be referable to heathen times, and, according to the wise policy of the early missionaries, to have been adapted to Christian worship. Almost all the symbols are unintelligible, and speculation has far outrun facts in the conclusions it has sought to arrive at; but judging from the appearance alone, we may perhaps distinguish three probable periods: first, stones on which there is nothing but the obscure symbols†, and it is to be observed that the order always varies; secondly, those on which the symbols exist, but with a cross or an open book, illustrating the christianisation of the old object of heathen veneration,—just as at this day, outside the town of Dol in Brittany, there stands a *menhir* about fourteen feet high surmounted by a rude wooden cross, round which the corn is crushed by the knees and feet of the votaries, who still frequent the spot for purposes of devotion ‡; lastly, there are the stones on which

* See Reference Notes to plans and views of Ancient Remains on the summit of the Laws, Forfarshire. By James Neish, of the Laws, Esq. Edin.: 1862.

† It is the opinion of some of the most careful antiquaries that the figures engraved on the stones are not symbols at all, but merely objects of common use, used by the deceased; just as in some cases the actual articles were often buried with him.

‡ 'As a matter of fact, it is far easier to change a form of religion than to extirpate a faith. The first, indeed, is no easy matter, as

the cross is the main feature of the design, the still preserved symbols being quite subordinated to it.

Of the first period we have the stones of Dunnichen and Bruceton marked with something like a rude horseshoe. Others of the same period are to be seen at Ballutheron and Strathmartin. Of the second epoch is that of Arbirlot, where a tough blue whinstone has been marked with two crosses, two open books, and a ring; while of the third æra there are the stately crosses of St. Vigean's, Aberlemno, and Cossins.

The first monument in the county, of the date of which we have any certainty, is the round tower of the Cathedral Church of Brechin. Though described by Father Augustin Hay as 'a small steeple not unlike the monument in Fish Street Hill 'in London,' it is the exact counterpart of the Irish towers, and therefore specially curious as illustrating in stone and lime the identity of the churches of Alba and Erinn at the time of its erection. It is the only complete structure of the kind in Scotland, that at Abernethy in Fife, and that at Eglesey in Orkney, if this latter be really of the same type, being incomplete. It was probably erected not long after A.D. 990, when Kenneth Macalpine founded the Church of Brechin.

'We have charter evidence of a college of Culdees at Brechin, existing before, and remaining for some time after, the creation of

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those students of history know who are acquainted with the tenacity with which a large proportion of the English nation clung to the Church of Rome, long after the State had declared for the Reformation. But to change the faith of a whole nation in block and bulk on the instant was a thing contrary to the ordinary working of Providence, and unknown even in the days of the working of miracles, though the days of miracles had long ceased when Rome advanced against the North. Then it was more politic to raise a cross in the grove where the sacred Tree had once stood, and to point to the sacred emblem which had supplanted the old object of national adoration, when the populace came at certain times with songs and dances to perform their heathen rites. Near the cross soon rose a church, and both were girt by a cemetery, the soil of which was doubly sacred as a heathen fane and a Christian sanctuary, and where alone the bodies of the faithful could rest in peace. . . . So also the worship of wells and springs was Christianised when it was found impossible to prevent it. E. g. at Walsingham there was a wishing well.' (*Dasent, Norse Ballads*, introd. p. xli.) See also a remarkable passage in Todd's 'Life of St. Patrick,' p. 500. 'On three stones, "quæ gentilitas ibi in memoriam aliquorum "facinorum vel gentilitium rituum posuit," St. Patrick inscribed 'the name of Christ in three different languages: on the one Jesus, 'on another Soter, on the third Salvator.'

the episcopal see. There is proof, indeed, that upon its erection, the old Culdee convent and its prior (submitting it may be to stricter rules of discipline) became, as perhaps in other places, the electoral chapter of the new bishopric. But the head of the Culdee convent, the Abbot of Brechin, had already become secularized, and had appropriated to himself, and transmitted to his family, the territories which his predecessors had administered for the Church. . . . In the time of William the Lion, the office of abbot had given a sort of surname to the family, and they still kept up this connexion with the Culdees, for Maelbride, the prior, witnesses to the abbot's grant to Arbroath, and another prior, Bricius, has precedence in a bishop's charter over Abbot Donevald, now regarded as only a layman.'*

This singular condition of things is illustrated by what we learn from the history of Ireland, in the abbeys of which there seems to have existed 'a twofold line of succession, 'the ecclesiastical and the lay *progenies*, both connected in 'blood with the original founder or donor of the lands; those 'of the lay line succeeding each other in hereditary descent 'from father to son.' †

That Forfar, the county town, was a very ancient place there can be no doubt, but no architectural or documentary evidence of its existence occurs till the time of Malcolm the Maiden. It was a favourite residence of the Scots kings in the thirteenth century, and there is evidence that the art of horticulture was practised there in the reign of the last Alexander. The accounts rendered by the two Montealts, ancient lords of Fearn and sheriffs of the county, furnish some notices of these matters. The year's wage of the gardener at Forfar was five marks, while he of Menmuir had but one. The expenses of the king's horses and falcons are minutely detailed, and even the charge for seven puppies with their mother still remains to prove the accuracy of their stewardship. In 1264 the return of the king's stock is 24 cows from Forfar, and 13½ from Glamis, exclusive of an arrear of 21, making a total of 58½ cows.‡ We presume that half a cow stands for a heifer.

The reign of Alexander III. is the 'ætas aurea' of modern Scottish antiquaries. They appeal to the roads and stone bridges of that period, and to the other improvements that were suspended in the long period of war and bloodshed which followed upon the disputed succession to the crown. Still much was done in the reigns of David I., Malcolm the Maiden, and

* Registrum Episcopatûs Brechinensis, preface, p. v.
† Todd's Life of St. Patrick, introd. p. 154.
‡ Chamberlain's Rolls apud Jervise.

William the Lion. To the time of the first of these monarchs we must attribute the foundation of the House of Austin Canons at Restennet, on the site of an earlier church said to have been built in the seventh century by St. Bonifacius, a missionary from Rome. It was made a cell of Jedburgh Abbey by his successor Malcolm, and one of its charters granted by David II. supplies the only historical and documentary evidence that King Robert Bruce had another son called John, the King stating that he had special regard for the priory, because the bones of his brother-german John rest there.

Much also was accomplished in the long reign of William the Lion. To his epoch we must refer the first authentic notice of the Borough of Montrose, which, until recently, has always been the second town in Angus, in point of population and wealth. An inquest made with reference to the succession of the heritable gate-keeper of the castle—a valuable and curious document—shows that a castle also existed here in King William's time. Here Alan the Durward founded an hospital, the revenues of which were subsequently augmented by Abbot Panter of Cambus Kenneth—a scion of the old race of Newmanswalls. And here it was that Erskine of Dun, the future superintendent of Angus, while yet a youth, along with his friends and retainers, delighted to make nocturnal raids upon the magistrates and lieges, which were brought to a close by the murder of a young priest in the bell-tower, for which Erskine granted, as was the fashion of the times, a bond of assythment in favour of the parents of the slaughtered man —an incident which may possibly have had something to do with the change which eventually took place in Erskine's religious opinions and conduct in life.

King William founded the great Benedictine Abbey of Arbroath, of the Tyronensian reform, under the dedication of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Why a king so hostile to the sacerdotal spirit in his own country should have placed his greatest ecclesiastical foundation under the patronage of a saint whose popularity was the very symbol of the guelphism of the twelfth century, and who as such retained his hold so strongly in England that Henry VIII. by statute erased his name from the Church Kalendar, and solemnly tried him as a traitor to the rights of the crown, is one of those things which we cannot easily account for. Was it political, as a make-weight against his own Erastian aggressions? was it superstition, as we know that he invoked St. Thomas when led captive to Richmond in Yorkshire? or was it the recollection of an old friendship, when Becket was a layman, or

only an example of the abiding effect of commanding genius? The Abbey of Arbroath was by far the richest endowment beyond the Forth. It was toll-free, custom-free, and held its extensive lands 'in free regality,' that is with sovereign power over its vassals, and the unlimited emoluments of feudal jurisdiction,—powers which survived the Reformation. The 'bailiary of regality' became virtually hereditary in the family of Airlie.* The best of the shire and of the neighbouring districts thought it no degradation to hold their lands as tenants of the Great Abbey, doing homage in the usual form to the Justiciar of the Regality. Some of these vassals gave agricultural service, harvest labour and carriage of corn, &c.; but military service exempted from prædial service, and when a vassal was bound to follow the Abbot, either under the proper standard of the convent, or under the Brechbennach, the holy banner of St. Columba, he was free from the common duties owing to the Superior.† The history of the possession of the Brechbennach, which went with the lands of Forglen, and was in the custody of the Monymusks, Frasers and Urrys, and lastly in that of the great family of Irvine of Drum, has been worked out from 1204 to 1494, when it is lost sight of for ever.‡

Of the only other large town in Forfarshire, Dundee, though probably a place of importance before that time, we have no authentic notice till the beginning of the thirteenth century. A romantic legend quoted by Fuller from Boece, relates how Earl David of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion, after that he 'was by a tempest cast into Egypt, taken 'captive by the Turks, bought by a Venetian, brought to 'Constantinople, there known and redeemed by an English 'merchant, and at last safely arrived at Alectum in Scotland,' founded and endowed a church there, which he dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin; but, with the exception of the actual grant of the Church to the Abbey of Balmerino about A. D. 1200, it is not till the wars of the Independence that much is known of the real history of the town.

Forfarshire was the theatre of many of the incidents of the great war of Independence. In 1291 the castles of Dundee and

* The Ogilvys of Airlie were also hereditary baillies of the abbey of Cupar and of the church of Brechin. In the charter chest at Cortachy there are some curious papers connected with these Heritable Bailliaries, an office somewhat analogous to that of the *Vidame* in France.

† Registrum Nigrum de Aberbrothoc. Edin.: 1856, pref. p. xvii.

‡ See Reeves' Adamnam's Life of Columba, note, p. 322.

Forfar were yielded up to King Edward by Umphraville, Earl of Angus, on receiving a formal letter of indemnity, and were entrusted to Brian Fitzalan. Dundee is the scene of the apocryphal story of William Wallace slaying the son of the English governor. It was, however, certainly taken and retaken in these wars; and it was in the church of the Minorites there, that eventually the National Council of bishops, abbots, priors, and the rest of the clergy met, and declared Robert Bruce both the true heir of the crown, and advanced to it by the authority of the people—a remarkable recognition of their rights at so early a period, but not to be wondered at when we recollect the philosophical theories of government put forth by the schoolmen, as well as the remarkable communistic elements that leavened the Franciscan Order.*

The journal of the English king's progress northward is still extant. He made the castle of Montrose (the very site of which is now somewhat doubtful), his head-quarters during his stay in Angus; and a number of the burgesses of Montrose, whose names show a strange mixture of the Anglo-French, Saxon, and Scoto-Celt, swore allegiance to King Edward there, as did many local barons and others. He was at Arbroath on July 5. At Brechin on the 6th. Again at Arbroath on the 7th, on which occasion Abbot Henry, the whole convent, and four knights paid homage to him. At Brechin on the 10th of July 1296, John Balliol surrendered the Scottish crown and kingdom into the hands of Edward; but a little later the Scottish parliament forced him to renounce his allegiance to the English king, and to refuse to appear in his courts on account of the injuries inflicted by him on Scotland. That renunciation was conveyed by Abbot Henry to Edward, to his intense wrath. The reception of the ambassadors is graphically described by Wynton:—

'Quhen he to Lwndyn cumyn wes,
To the Kyng intil presens
Of hys gret cownsal wyth reverens,
Hys charge he delyveryd thare.
The Kyng than made hym this awnsware:
"*A l ce fol felun, tel foly fettis.*"
In Frawnkis quhen this he had sayd thare,
In Frawnkis he sayd yhit forthirmare,
"*S'il ne voit venir a nos, nos vendrun a ly.*"'

On the eventual success of Robert Bruce, he made Bernard

* E.g. Thomas Aquinas, Secunda Secundæ, Qu. CIV. art. 5 Conc., and Liber de Regimine Principum, vol. xix. ed. Venet. 1787, p. 487.

de Linton, Abbot of Arbroath, his chancellor. Bernard was sent as ambassador to Norway, and celebrated the Battle of Bannockburn in a Latin poem, fragments of which still exist. Several councils and parliaments were held during the reign of Abbot Bernard at Arbroath.

To those who estimate the greatness of a nation by its material resources only, the results of the assertion of Scottish Independence by the success of Bruce are simply deplorable. The drain upon the powers of the country was never entirely repaired. Those who in modern history are acquainted with the exhaustion of Germany for more than a century after the Peace of Westphalia, can form some idea of what must have taken place in Scotland in a ruder and poorer age. Not only was there retrogression in commerce and manufactures, but the very cultivation of the soil went back and suffered from want of capital and labour. The neighbourhood of 'their 'ancient enemy' was a constant source of alarm; and even when war was not actually declared, there was the constant expectation of it at any time. Add to this that the throne of the Bruces and early Stuarts was never a strong one. The greater barons were at all times formidable rivals of the Crown, and the history of the different families is a chequered picture of insurrections and private feuds, of treason and oppression, redeemed here and there with such noble deeds as Scott has loved to commemorate. The Highlanders never paid any allegiance to the Crown, save as far as it accorded with the will of their chiefs. The antagonism to England made Scotland the constant theatre of French intrigue, and even the Church notoriously failed in its mission of civilisation. The succession of *English* prelates who had illustrated the Church of Scotland in the preceding centuries had entirely ceased. Comparatively better economy made it the only rich institution of the country, and therefore exposed it not only to periodical attempts at spoliation from the hungry *gentillâtre*, but to the degradation of becoming a gigantic job. Boys were put into benefices; pluralities were multiplied; the bishops became great State officers; and the foundation was laid for that corruption, the reaction from which made the Scottish Reformation what it actually became.

The effect of such a condition of things in a country in the geographical position of Angus was what might be expected. With the exception that it was the high road to the North, and so the scene of the transit of various expeditions, it lay too much out of the circle of the feeble civilisation of the times to afford many subjects of interest to the historian at

this epoch. Indeed, its great celebrity at this time was derived from its matchless hunting grounds. It is strange that a country so near the Lothians and Fife, and possessing such a rich soil, should have so long been looked upon as a great game-preserve. Not to mention the sculptured stones, which are covered with hunting designs and figures of wild animals, Forfar and Redcastle are mentioned as hunting seats of royalty. The kings had their forests of Kingennie, Drimmie, and Montreuthmont, while the Lindsays had theirs of Platine, near Finhaven. The remains of deer are constantly found in the marl-pits near Forfar. Perhaps Strathmore was too near the Highlands to be safely cultivated, while, on the other hand, its fine soil drew game to it for the sake of grazing and shelter.

Its history then at this period, so far as concerns the general progress of the country, is almost a blank, though Dundee was taken by the troops of Richard II., and distinguished itself under Wood in the infant naval warfare of the fifteenth century. Alexander, Earl of Crawford, rated at 1,000 marks; William, Earl of Angus, at 500; and John Lyon, of Glamis, were the Angus barons who were hostages for James I. in 1423. The chief events are the battles of Harlaw (where the men of the braes of Angus, Celts though probably they were, took the side of civilisation against Donald of the Isles), of Brechin, Glasclune, and Arbroath. With the tale of the first of these 'onsets' every reader of Scottish Ballad poetry is familiar: the second, it need hardly be said, resulted in the defeat of the Douglas and Lindsay party by Huntly, on behalf of the king; and the celebrated Prior of St. Serf's tells in a few pithy lines of 'the 'duleful Dawerk of Glasclune;' while the last of these battles is best described by the graceful pen of the lineal descendant of one of the combatants.

'The Benedictines of the abbey of Aberbrothock or Arbroath had, it seems, appointed Alexander, Master of Crawford, their chief justiciar or supreme judge in civil affairs, through their regality. But with his huge train of followers he became chargeable to the monastery, and otherwise, as an historian of the Lindsays expresses it, "uneasy to the convent, so that the chapter formally deposed him "and appointed Alexander of Inverquharitie to succeed him in his "office." The Master, however, showed no intention of surrendering it, but took forcible possession of the town and abbey. The rivals, therefore, assembled their friends and followers to decide the question by the sword. Douglas sent one hundred Clydesdale men to the aid of the master, and the Hamiltons also assisted them with some forces. The Ogilvies found an unexpected auxiliary in Sir Alexander Seyton, the powerful lord of Gordon, afterwards Earl of Huntly, who arriving at Inverquharitie on his road to Strathbogie,

the night before the battle, was obliged, by a rude law of ancient Scottish hospitality, to own his host's quarrel and take the field with him. Many other barons, either for love or hatred, espoused the Ogilvies' cause, and the united forces marched for Arbroath on Sunday the 13th of January, 1445–6, with the intention of taking the town, but found the Lindsays, in great force, drawn up in battle-array before the gates.

'It must have been a beautiful sight! The two armies were composed of the bravest knights and gentlemen of the north-east of Scotland; steeds were prancing, broadswords gleaming, and banners waving in the evening breeze. The word was given, and that gallant scene was about to be changed to one of blood and carnage, when, as they were at the very point of closing, the old Earl of Crawford on his panting charger rushed between them. He had heard at Dundee of the approaching conflict, and galloped to Arbroath in hopes of arriving in time to prevent bloodshed between his own clan and those who had till then been our friends—nay, his own wife was an Ogilvie. But before he could be heard (though his son drew bridle in deference to his presence), he was encountered by one of the enemy who knew him not, and, darting his spear through his mouth and neck, mortally wounded him.

'Furious at the sight, the Lindsays rushed to the charge, and a desperate conflict ensued, which ended in the total defeat of the Ogilvies and their allies, who left more than five hundred dead upon the field of battle, while the loss of the victors did not exceed one hundred. Sir John Oliphant of Aberdalgy, Sir John Forbes of Pitsligo, Sir Alex. Barclay of Grandtully, Maxwell of Tellein, Garden of Boroughfield, and David of Aberkerdœch were killed on the enemy's side. The Lord of Gordon and "Wat Ogilby," brother of Inverquharitie, escaped by flight. Inverquharitie himself was taken prisoner and carried to the Castle of Finhaven, where he died of his wounds and grief at his defeat—unless, indeed, a darker story, credited at the time, be correct—that the Countess Margery, his cousin-german, in the agony of finding that her husband was wounded to death, rushed to his chamber and smothered him with a down pillow. Earl David died after a week of lingering torture, and his body lay for four days unburied; since in the awful words of a contemporary chronicler, "No man durst earth him," till Bishop Kennedy sent the prior of St. Andrews to take off the excommunication and pronounce forgiveness over the dust of his enemy. It did not escape notice that the battle of Arbroath, where Crawford received his death-wound, was fought on that day twelvemonth that he ravaged "St. Andrew's land" in Fife. And remembering the stormy and lawless life of our ancestor, we should rejoice with the old chronicler, that "he died in one guid action, labourand to put "Christian men to peace, albeit he was very insolent all the rest of "his lifetime."' (*Lord Lindsay's Lives of the Lindsays*, London: 1849, vol. i. p. 128.)

The scene of feudal violence here described suggests the necessity of giving some account of the lords of the soil of

Angus. The history of no county in Scotland is complete without some notice of that turbulent nobility who act so important a part in its history. Passing by the almost mythical Maormors, Dubican, the son of Indreotaig, with his son Maelbride, and Cunecht, father of Fenella, the wife of Maelpeter or Malprender, Maormor of Mearns, we find documentary proof in the papers of Arbroath of five generations of the great Earls of Angus,—Gillebride, Gilchrist, Duncan, Malcolm, and Maud, Countess in her own right. In the same chartulary we find Barclays or De Berkeley, Balliols, Lundyn the Durward, Malherbs of Rossy, Fitzbernards, De Montfords, Fitzthancards, St. Michaels, De Frivils, all Normans, contemporaneous with the great Celtic earls. There is an account of a perambulation of a certain estate in the presence of the Bishop of Aberdeen and the Earl of Strathern, by a jury of Celtic gentlemen, Angus Macduncan, Malbry de Mallod, Duf Scolok or hereditary schoolmaster of Fetteresso, Munroe, Malmuir Macgillemchael, Gilchrist Macfadweelt, and Cormag of Nig, and other good men of our Lord the King,—a curious contrast to the list of burgesses in the towns of Norman, Saxon, and Teutonic names and lineage.

The lay abbots of Brechin assumed their title as a sort of surname, and granted away to more recent religious foundations part of their lands. It is remarkable how many Norman and foreign proprietors settled in Angus, and how completely they have disappeared. In addition to those already mentioned, there were Lovels, Mowbrays, De Valoniis, and De Boscos. These have all vanished. The Douglas' and the Maules of Panmure are in the female line. The Grays remain. One family alone represents the greatest of all the names, that of Crawford Lindsay. The Fotheringhams of Powrie, probably connected with the great English Giffords, and the Lyons are foreigners. On the other hand, the Ogilvies are one of the most illustrious purely Celtic families out of the Highlands. The Guthries, the Carnegys (landowners in the county as De Balinhards since 1250), the Deuchars, the Ochterlonys are probably Celts. So perhaps are the Duncans of Lundie, now of Camperdown, though immediately descending from 'ane 'Duncan, a merchant's son in Dundee.'* Many of the ancient baronial names, such as Durward, Mouatt (Montealt) Fenton, Arratt, and Auchenleck, are now found among the middle and lower classes.

The list of the barons who swore fealty to Edward I. in

* Ochterlony's Monograph, *ad locum.*

1291–6 supplies us with an accurate record of the nobles of Angus. Maule of Panmure, Umphraville of Angus, Leighton of Usan, Fenton of Backie, Betune of Ethiebetune, Graham of Montrose, Arratt of Arratt, Annand of Melgund, Cramond of Aldbar, and Eddrochat, Glenesk of Glenesk, Montealt of Ferne, Auchenleck of Auchenleck, Ogilvy of Ogilvy, Fethie of Fethie, Oughterlony of Oughterlony, Ramsay of Auchterhouse, and Wishart of Logie Wishart, are among the most important names that occur.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century a change for the better began to exhibit itself in Scotland. James III., the least understood of her monarchs, made vigorous attempts to civilise his people by breaking down the power of the nobility, and by developing a middle class. He perished with his work undone. His greater successor reaped the fruit of his labours, and Scotland enjoyed a period of tranquillity, during which the boroughs began to acquire increasing importance, the laws of the country improved, and commerce was fostered. A naval force was created, and an impulse given to learning by the establishment of the universities. Forfarshire profited by the temporary prosperity. The shore dues at Montrose were ceded to the magistrates by James IV. At Brechin an octroi, or custom on all sorts of goods brought into the town, was granted in 1488 by James III. Arbroath, still in the power of the Abbot, contributes only forty shillings to the modified burgh tax in 1483. At Dundee, in 1491, we find the first germ of a shipping company, the Marie of Dundee being owned by more than one individual; while a 'Natio Angusiana' was established in the Universities of St. Andrews and Aberdeen, in imitation of the ancient customs of Paris and Bologna.

This condition of things led on in due time to the Reformation. Its political and economic results have hardly had justice done to them, not the least important item in which was the vast transfer of real property. The nobles got the church lands, and of these there were plenty in Angus. Besides Arbroath, there were Blackfriars at Montrose and Dundee; Conventuals, Claresses, and Redfriars in the latter town; Redfriars or Trinitarians at Brechin; Canons Regular at Restennet, and Cistercians at Cupar. All these were at once secularised, and the grasping nobility, either by direct grant from the Crown, or by leases granted by some supple relative holding the nominal ecclesiastical dignity, possessed themselves of the lands which the piety or superstition of their predecessors had bestowed upon the Church. The Earl of Argyle procured his kinsman, Alexander Campbell, while yet 'at the scquilles (schools) at

'Paris,' to be appointed to the bishopric with express power 'of giving and disposing all the benefices which previously 'were in the bishops' gift.' His relative, Donald, Abbot of Cupar, bestowed an estate out of the Abbey lands upon each of his five bastard sons, and the remaining property was granted by the king first to Leonard Leslie, of the House of Rothes, and two years after his death to one of the Elphinstones. Restennet was given to the widow of Lord Hume, and then to the Erskines of Kelly. Hamilton, Douglas, and Stuart successively possessed themselves of Arbroath, till, by purchase from the Earl of Dysart, it passed into the hands of Patrick Maule, of Panmure, gentleman of the bedchamber to James VI. The property of the friaries in the towns, which of course was much less valuable, was generally seized for municipal and other purposes.

In the towns the Reformation was adopted on theological grounds. Edward, speaking of Dundee, says, 'So remark-'able were the people of this place for their adherence to true 'religion, that at the Reformation it was honoured with the 'appellation of a second Geneva.' But in the country districts it took a very mild form. In the General Assembly of 1562, a complaint against the eminent John Erskine of Dun, the superintendent of Angus, related to the many popish priests admitted to be readers of kirk within his diocese, and in 1607 the Synod of Angus and Mearns was the only Synod in Scotland which accepted the appointment of a 'Constant 'Moderator,' in obedience to a clause inserted by the King in an Act of Convention held at Linlithgow during the previous year. As a consequence, when the regular hierarchy was restored, it was implicitly submitted to, till the disturbances about the introduction of the English Service book of King Charles convulsed the country; on which occasion Dr. Walter Whitford, the bishop, is said to have read prayers in the Cathedral of Brechin, with a pair of pistols on the desk beside him.

James VI. held many assemblies in Montrose and Dundee, and gratified another of his predominant tastes by hunting in the forest of Montreuthmont. On this occasion he was the guest of Carnegy of Southesk; and in Adamson's 'Muses' 'Welcome,' imprinted at Edinburgh, 1618, there are some curious addresses presented to him, in which much notice is taken of the sports of the county, to which reference has already been made:—

'Stay then (dread Leige), O stay with us awhile,
With pleasing sports the posting time begyle:

Thy fynest hawks and fleetest hounds shall finde
Of fowls and beasts, a pray of everie kynd.
For morning both and evenyng flight, each day
Each hawk thou hast, shall have her proper pray:
Each fowl that flies shall meit thee in thy way,
And in their sorts shall *Ave Cæsar* say.'

A little picture of the relations between James and the English succession occurs in a contemporary notice of this very visit, published by the Camden Society:—

'The king remaynes still in these partes, feasted up and down the contrey, and very kindly caryenge me with him, and playenge at mawe against Mr. Lipton and me. At his being at Kynnarde he was well entertayned and welcomed, when in drinke the larde of the house thought he should have pleased the king by drinkinge to the joynenge of these two kingdomes in one, and soone, and sayinge that he had forty muskets ready for the kinge's service to that use: which the king saide was a fault in him to wish soone, or by force, and protested that he wished no haste but God's tyme in it, and her majestie's dayes to be long and happie.' *

One of the evils of the intestine commotions in Scotland was the check which they gave to polite letters. In the debtor and creditor account of the Reformation, there is one item that has never been sufficiently estimated, and that is the expatriation of ripe scholars, who withdrew themselves from a contest in which their presence was of no use. Admirable Crighton is said by Aldus Manutius to have gone abroad 'ob 'Catholicæ fidei ardorem;' and Dempster, who was styled a 'speaking library,' and who first revived the study of Etrurian antiquities, passed a great portion of his life in France and Italy. From the county of Angus, we find among the most distinguished exiles Bontonius—one of the Woods or De Bosco's of Bonnytown, and another foreign professor, Scrimzer, by his name evidently a cadet of the powerful family of the Scrymgeours of Dudhope, since 1317 Constables of Dundee.

Matters improved in James VI.'s time, who, by the way, had Sir Peter Young, the son of a Dundee burgess, as his pedagogue in association with George Buchanan. The volume of Latin poetry, styled 'Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum,'† collected by Arthur Johnston, and published with the imprimatur of Archbishop Spottiswoode, is very creditable as a whole to the scholarship of the country; and in it we find poems by Dr.

* Correspondence of King James VI. of Scotland with Sir Robert Cecil and others, edited by John Bruce, printed for the Camden Society, 1861, pref. p. 47.

† Amsterdam, 1636.

Kinloch and Peter Goldman of Dundee, among whose verses are some pretty lines describing the pestilence that wasted his native town, and under which his second brother succumbed. A Montrose poet, John Leech, also composed some excellent Latin epigrams.

The dreary times of the Covenant in due time succeeded. The castles of Forter and Airlie were both burnt by the Earl of Argyle, and it was from the former that Lady Ogilvy in the absence of her lord was expelled, an incident which suggested the touching old ballad of 'The Bonny House of Airlie.' Next year Bishop Guthrie, a notable Forfarshire man, who had been imprisoned for being a bishop and resisting the sentence of deposition passed against him at Glasgow, was set at liberty.

In 1644 the estates of Ludovic, the 'loyal' Earl of Crawford, were forfeited and his title transferred to Lord Lindsay. On being captured at Newcastle with Mr. Ogilvy of Powrie, and Wishart, Montrose's biographer, he was sent to Edinburgh and lodged in the common jail. Montrose's army pillaged and occupied Dundee in 1648, when one of the suburbs was entirely consumed. The town at this time was zealous for the Covenant.

Of the Angus gentry who were taken prisoners at Philliphaugh, there were Lord Ogilvy, Alexander Ogilvy of Inverquharity, and Andrew Guthrie, the bishop's son. Lord Ogilvy escaped in his sister's clothes, Guthrie was beheaded, and young Inverquharity, a beautiful lad of eighteen, hanged; 'upon which occasion,' says Mr. Guthry, 'it was that Mr. 'David Dick, a Presbyterian minister, said—"*the work goes* '"*bonnily on*," which passed afterwards into a proverb,'* identical with the *Ça ira* of the French Revolution.

Forfarshire, through which Charles II. passed in 1650 on his landing at Speymouth, to take possession of his kingdom as the nominee of the Covenanters, on which occasion he slept at Kinnaird, and spent some days at Dudhope, was the scene of his absurd evasion from Perth, commonly called 'the Start.' The fugitive king, bound by a covenant which he repudiated in his heart, interfered with by the ministers in the minutest details of his private life, compelled to listen by the hour to endless sermons, and separated from his friends, 'as profane, 'scandalous, malignant, and disaffected persons,' started without any change of linen or other clothes, rode carelessly through Perth, and on emerging from the town, set out at great speed, first to Dudhope, thence to Auchterhouse and Cortachy. After

* Guthry's Memoirs, p. 166.

taking some refreshment there he proceeded up the glen of Clova, having ridden in all forty-two miles. Here he entered a wretched hovel and threw himself down to rest 'in a nasty 'room, on an old bolster, above a mat of seggs and rushes, 'overwearied and very fearful.' In this miserable abode he was found by Sir Alexander Hope and Sir Robert Montgomery, of Scots Craig, who persuaded His Majesty to return with them to Perth. A curious letter of the poet Cowley, dated from Paris, to Mr. H. Bennet, giving an account of this incident, is preserved in Carte's Collections.* Charles's popular manners, and the illtreatment he received from the Covenanters, seem to have turned the tide of popular feeling in his favour in Dundee; for on the occasion of his birthday, when in '51 he completed his twenty-first year, the citizens not only made noisy demonstrations, but raised a regiment of horse, with six pieces of ordnance, at their own expense.† For this they soon after paid dearly, for Monk besieged and stormed the town, under circumstances of no ordinary atrocity; and tradition still dwells with horror on the recollection of the scene that is said on the third day to have stopped the carnage —the sight of an infant seeking to draw nourishment from the breast of its slaughtered mother.

Of the fines imposed by Cromwell on the Angus gentry in 1654 we have an accurate list. The Earl of Panmure heads the document for 10,000*l.*, the Earl of Southesk paid 3,000*l.*, and the minor landowners from 1,000*l.* to 2,000*l.* each.

The epoch of the Restoration was a time of quiet for Angus. The county was mainly on the side of the Government, though the boroughs retained their element of Presbyterianism. Kept down by the high hand of the neighbouring lairds, they relieved their feelings by burning a few witches. Occasional raids by the Highlanders on their lowland neighbours took place‡, in which to a very late period bows and arrows were used. There exists among Lord Airlie's papers a commission of fire and sword against Patrick Roy McGregor to James Earl of Airlie, dated 1666. One of the best remembered traditions on the subject is that of the 'Raid of the Saughs,' in the parish

* Vol. i. p. 389.

† Baker's Chronicle, *in loco.*

‡ This had always been a drawback to the prosperity of the county. Among the Cortachy papers is a warrant of General Monk to the Sheriff Depute of Perth to examine certain Highlanders suspected of the theft of goods of Lord Airlie from Glenisla, and to choose some honest and famous men who can speak the Irish language to be interpreters and Frenchmen. 21st November 1659.

of Lethnot, where the young farmers succeeded in ousting a gang of Caterans headed by the 'hawket stirk,' after a protracted and deadly combat.

One of these raids forms the subject of a Forfarshire poem, by Alexander Ross, schoolmaster in Lochlee. It is termed 'Helenore or the Fortunate Shepherdess.' Though marred by the classicisms popular at the time, it is of very great merit.

'The Angusians,' says Edward, 'especially those who inhabit the Grampians, are, even at this day, fond of going about armed; in so much that they seldom go out without the ornament, or rather burden, of a *bow*, *quiver*, *shield*, sword, or pistol: and they have always with them a kind of hook to knock down and catch wild beasts or birds, as occasion may offer. These Highlanders, however, notwithstanding the suspicious appearance which their arms give them, consider it as the greatest of crimes to take corn or meal from mills, whether by force or stealth. Their mills, as I have often seen, stand open day and night; and neither have nor stand in need of any gates or doors.'

The meteor-like career of Claverhouse—blackened as something beneath mankind by his enemies, extolled as the Bayard of Scottish chivalry by his admirers—found its commencement in Forfarshire. His estate lay three miles from Dundee, but his favourite residence was 'our castle of Dudhope,' now the barracks of that flourishing municipality. Tried by the evidence of charter record, we find him availing himself freely of his sovereign's favour, but beyond this, dealing with town councils and neighbouring lairds, just as if there had never been a King William or a King James to choose between.*

The Revolution Settlement for the time affected Forfarshire most injuriously. The upper classes were engaged in constant conspiracies for the restoration of the Stuarts. It is much to be wished that the papers at Panmure House were published, as they probably contain valuable information of the secret intrigues on both sides. One of the most curious phases of opinion at that time was the unscrupulous double-dealing of men who were really sincere in one or other of the causes, and who, when the time came, honestly staked their lives and fortunes on the venture of the day. In Scotland it was more than a mere hedging to save themselves in either contingency—it seems rather to have been the continuation of

* In the records of the town of Dundee, bundle ix. 115, is a charter by King Charles II. to Colonel John Graham of Claverhouse, of the Lands of Dudhope and office of constable and first magistrate of Dundee, April 23, 1684, and other documents referring to the Grahams of Claverhouse.

that traditionary finesse which distinguished the early statesmanship of Europe, and tainted the honour of the ablest and greatest of the politicians of succeeding ages.

The struggle between the crown and the country was chiefly fought upon the induction of the Presbyterian ministers in place of the Episcopalians. In most of the country parishes the old incumbent was able to maintain himself by the power of the laird and devotion of the people. In some places, as at Edzell, violent riots took place on the intrusion of the new nominee.

Then came the two rebellions. In the year 1715 King James travelled through the county from the north and became the guest of Southesk, Panmure, and Stewart of Grantully.* On the failure of that uprising, confiscations again fell heavily on the most powerful families. The houses of Southesk, Airlie, Panmure, all took part in the affair and were consequently attainted, as was also Graham of Duntrune. Alexander Wedderburn, town clerk of Dundee, took a notable part in the affair. The estates were generally bought by the York Buildings Company, the ledgers and books of which, still extant, afford very curious revelations of the social condition of the people. Nothing can be more miserable than the situation disclosed. A poor and demoralised tenantry were the fit vassals of the improvident barbarous gentry.†

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* In Wodrow's Correspondence (vol. ii. p. 112–146) there are a number of gossiping letters from several of the ministers on the East coast, giving an account of the transactions of that period. Much of it consists of dealings with the precentors and schoolmasters who had taken part with the Stuarts, and of the personal inconveniences they themselves had been put to. Not the least amusing part is the description of the thievish propensities of the Highlanders. 'We thought,' says a correspondent from Fife, 'there was 'but little discretion in breaking up doors and taking from honest 'people what of body or bed clothes, belonging either to men, 'women, or children, they got their rapacious claws upon; linen, 'yarn, ticking, or whatever of clóth made or unmade, linen yarn or 'woolen; yea, taking the clothes off the peoples' very backs, plaids 'from women, and setting men down and taking the shoes off their 'feet, and the cravats from their necks, and telling them that they 'were civilly dealt with to escape so, being Whigs, and always 'sponged them for money.' On one occasion they met a congregation leaving church, 'the body of them halting, with their com-'manders and looking on, and feeding their eyes with the godless 'and profane spoil all the time, robbed them of plaids, *bibles*, shoes, 'and money.'

† The yearly value of the forfeited estates was as follows:—

What the '15 spared was destroyed in the '45. In the Act of Indemnity passed in 1747, after all the heading and hanging at Carlisle and elsewhere, (Walter Ogilvie and Robert Lyon of this county having suffered the penalty of death,) we find Thomas Blair of Glasclune, James Carnegy of Boysack, David Hunter of Burnside, Thomas Ogilvie of East Mill, Thomas Ogilvie of Coul, were excepted; as well as those mentioned in the Act of Attainder of '46, of whom were James Graham of Duntrune, taking on himself the title of Viscount of Dundee, and David Ogilvie, taking on himself the title of Lord Ogilvie. Exile of course was the lot of the conquered, thankful to escape with life. Those who remained, proscribed and shut out of all employment, persecuted in the practice of such religion as they had, sought to drown their cares in wine; and then commenced that career of extravagance, which eventually changed the face of the country, and substituted a new race of proprietors, who have made their fortune by trade, for so many of the gentry recorded by Edwards and Ochterlony. Of the strange characters and mad-cap humours of those and of subsequent years, tradition still records an unusual number of instances. How the Laird of Balnamoon mounted a stone wall in his cups instead of his pony, and spurred his fancied steed the livelong night; how at a shooting party at Lour, on one of the guests choking upon a potatoe, his friends sought to relieve him with a ramrod and procured his instant death; how the laird of Duntrune, who was very dirty in his person, was hung out to air at the sign-hook, while his friends regaled themselves within; how he of Skene, after a night's conviviality at Brechin Castle, on recovering his senses found that he had been put to bed with a Highland pony; how the night echoes between Brechin and Finhaven were awakened at midnight by a hearse and four carrying home the Factor in his cups at full gallop; how Donald Ogilvy of Cluny, returning from a funeral at Meigle with his friend Andrew Coupar of Lochblair, shot him dead with a pistol, because his horse turned restive and jumped on him; how Lord Strathmore was run through at the door of the inn at Forfar by a drunken companion,—are all stories well known in the county, and some such convivial exploits are even related to have occurred within living memory.

From these social aspects of Angus life we turn to the very different records of its industrial history. The early his-

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Panmure, 3,437*l.* 3*s.*; Southesk, 3,271*l.* 10*s.*; Graham of Duntrune, 55*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*

tory of the trade of the county is involved in much obscurity, for the proximity to the Highlands, already alluded to, made the transactions very simple and the ventures few. Dundee and Montrose had each an export and import trade with the Low Countries* from an early period; and the Ledger-book of Halyburton, Conservator of the Scottish Privileges at Middleburg (an office somewhat similar to that of a modern consul), contains traces of the nature of these dealings.† That work shows that while the import trade consisted chiefly of the luxuries of civilised life, such as a dominant nobility required, the exports were the products of a country in a very backward state of civilisation, consisting mainly of hides, tallow, wool, and salted salmon. As regarded the home market, the articles necessary for the simple state of society in which the lower classes continued to be, were supplied upon the spot, and each neighbourhood seems to have contained within itself all that it required. The universal want of roads not only profoundly affected the social life, but influenced the industry, though a system of markets in different parts of the country had to a certain degree met the difficulty. At Forfar, the county town, there was a staple trade at an early period. Notwithstanding its inland situation, and its consequent independence of the seaboard, an industry had come into existence in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which reached to a state of high prosperity by the middle of the eighteenth, giving employment to a large portion of the scanty population. This industry was the manufacture of coarse shoes, or 'brogues.' The master shoemakers were the capitalists of the day, tanning and preparing their own leather; and a suitable and well-watered part of the town's property, still called the 'lime pots,' was set apart for the accommodation of the trade. The summers were employed mainly in the preparation of the hides for winter use, and in selling the manufactured article at the fairs throughout the country, whither they were conveyed on pack-horses. The winter was the season of great activity in preparing and making up the supply for the demand of the ensuing summer.

The Government of the day wisely applied the proceeds of the estates confiscated in 1715 to promote and develope the

* Mining operations were carried on in the end of the sixteenth century in Glenesk. In 1602, Sir David Lindsay, of Edzell, let to Hans Ziegler and his companions, 'All and sundry the mines of 'gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, tin, and lead, and all other minerals '(except iron and marmor),' on payment of one fifth.

† Halyburton's Ledger is described at length in the 'Proceedings 'of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.'

industry of the country. They instituted in 1727 a Board of Trustees for Manufactures and Fisheries in Scotland, which fostered the nascent linen trade. The manufacture of linen cloth of various kinds had existed to a limited extent in Forfarshire and the neighbouring county of Fife since the seventeenth century. Apart from that known as household linen, made of home-grown flax, and forming an important part of the domestic economy of every family both in town and country, Dundee and the other seaport towns traded with the Low Countries, and flax was imported to increase the supply of native growth. Linen damasks from the looms of Holland and Germany were imported to meet the wants of the upper classes, while careful housewives sent their webs of home-made linen to be bleached to the Continent, the Dutch having acknowledged skill in this process, and the water of the Low Countries being believed to give a remarkable purity and lustre to the cloth.

Acting on the notions of political economy in vogue at that time, Parliament passed many Acts giving great powers to the Board of Trustees. A bounty of three-halfpence per yard was paid at all the custom-houses of the United Kingdom on duly certified invoices of exports either to the colonies or foreign countries, while an import duty was imposed on German and Russian linens. Stamp-masters, that is local inspectors of linen cloth, were appointed in every town and village of any note in the country. They were remunerated by fees on every piece of cloth stamped, and thus it became their interest to do everything in their power to foster and extend the trade. They were not permitted to manufacture on their own account, but they became extensive linen merchants, and were thus stimulated to a strict supervision of the quality and workmanship of goods, of which they might themselves become the purchasers. Every web had to be carried to the stamp-office to be inspected, measured, and stamped; and the word 'faulty' marked upon that which was imperfect proved a sufficient fine to the careless workman. To forge the seals or stamps of the Board of Trustees was an offence punishable by banishment beyond sea.

In 1746, we find the first record of the export of linen cloth from Dundee, to the extent of 1,000,000 yards. This represents the labour of 500 weavers at that period, and it is certain that though Forfar had not yet commenced the trade, Brechin and Kirriemuir (the weavers of which place in the previous century had been the subject of the verse of Drummond of Hawthornden) contributed their quota to this result. Mean-

while, the economic effects of the '45 began to be acutely felt. The 'brogue' trade received a shock from which it never recovered, many of the masters were ruined, and its decline was gradual from that year. By 1775, the linen trade had not only taken permanent root in Forfar, but had extended itself to the other inland towns in the county. The superiority of the brown linens woven there began to be recognised. There were no employers of labour in the ordinary sense of the word. Every weaver was his own master, the web his own property, and woven with his own hands. An apprentice had to serve four years under indenture, and the endeavour on his part was to save from an allowance or wage of a few shillings per web, which he received and which was increased every year, so much as would enable him to set up for himself at the end of his apprenticeship. This system continued in a great measure until the beginning of the present century.

Much was done for the trade by the different stamp-masters through the country. An able man, George Yeaman, M.P., of Murie, had directed the efforts at improvements in the beginning of the century, and towards the end the county owed much to a still more eminent person, George Dempster of Dunnichen. Born in Dundee, where his grandfather was merchant and banker, and succeeding in 1753 to his estates in Forfarshire, he naturally took from the first the greatest interest in the manufactures and agriculture of his native county, and being returned to Parliament in 1761 for the Perth and Dundee burghs, which seat he retained till 1790, he had ample opportunity, publicly and privately, of promoting them. He took an active part in developing the linen trade, especially when that subject was brought before Parliament. He founded a village called Letham on his patrimonial estate, granting feus to all who asked for them, according to a scheme which has not been found to answer expectation. The friend of Arkwright, he attempted to introduce the cotton trade at Stanley; but cotton has never taken kindly to the east coast of Scotland.* Much he did also for the agriculture of the country; but his dreams of a wide extent of spade husbandry, combined with hand-weaving, and even of a very

* In the end of the last century, the manufacture of cotton was introduced into Dundee. In 1792 seven companies were engaged in it; 400 men, women, and children were employed, and 135,000 lbs. of yarn, valued at 20,250*l.*, were spun; but the trade never prospered, and for many years there has not been a single cotton mill in Forfarshire.

prosperous cottier population holding the smallest portions of the soil, are so opposed to the present theories and tendencies of the age, that while his benevolence was beyond question, there are not many who will seek now to tread exactly in his steps. The institution of the British Fishing Company was mainly due to him and to his zealous fellow-labourers, Sir William Pulteney, Mr. Beaufoy, and the Duke of Argyle. The abolition of 'the services,' an oppressive relict of the feudal system, reminding one of the *corvée* of pre-revolution France, was commenced by him on the just principle of commutation. In short, it may be said that in George Dempster we have the notable instance of the individual influence of a man of ability, education, and public spirit, seconded and made more than ordinarily acceptable by a genial and happy temperament, and a grace of manner which commended every scheme and enforced every suggestion.

During the whole of his long and useful life there was a steady commercial and industrial advance in the county. This may be illustrated by the advance of the shore dues of Dundee, its principal port.* At the end of the last century, the linen trade was considerable, and the different fabrics were all produced from yarns spun on the two-handed spinning wheel. The manufacturers purchased flax from the importers, and gave it out to 'hecklers' to be prepared for flax and tow yarns. Then the work was done by women in their own houses, who spun it in the sizes fit for the respective qualities of cloth which the manufacturers ordered. It was then assorted, warped, and delivered to the handloom weaver, who converted it into cloth. After that it was sold to the cloth merchant, who bought either in considerable quantities from the manufacturers, or in single pieces from weavers who worked for themselves. They were then 'beetled' and made up by the lappers employed by the merchants (there were then no calenders), marked and numbered by apprentices, and packed in bales for shipment. The greater part of the goods was consigned to Scotch factors in London, who sold them at a long credit to the London merchant, to

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* In 1765 they were £126 | In 1798 they were £968
„ 1775 „ 140 | „ 1805 „ 1,272
„ 1788 „ 490 | „ 1814 „ 1,702

Before 1793, Bell and Balfour had the Shore dues by private bargain at 560*l.* yearly; in 1793, they took them by public roup for three years at 965*l.* yearly; in 1796, William Wilson took them by ditto for ditto, at 1,550*l.* yearly; for the year ending 31st May 1864, the Shore dues collected by the Harbour Trustees amounted to 31,588*l.*

supply the West India trade, but the best customer of Forfarshire was Bristol.

About 1792, a spinning mill was erected at Douglastown, a village between Forfar and Glamis, by a company of merchants under the management of Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Ivory, the distinguished mathematician; but from the imperfection of the yarns consequent on the inefficiency of the machinery, the concern did not prosper. Another mill, also worked by water power, was erected at Trottick on the river Dighty, and several others in different parts of the country. The first mill worked by steam was erected about 1793, in the Scouringburn, Dundee, and other four were started before the end of the century, with an aggregate of about 60-horse power. In 1807 a fire-proof mill of 25-horse power was put up in Dundee, which was considered a vast undertaking at the period; but James Watt not having completed his improvements, the motive power was upon Newcomen's principle, commonly known as the atmospheric engine. None of these adventures were at first profitable, for the machinery was imperfect, the workpeople unaccustomed to their manipulation, and the expenses greater than the calculations. Still men persevered. The art of spinning became better understood, more mills were erected, and the linen trade flourished till 1808, when it received a check from the war between England and Russia, by which the supply of flax from the Baltic was stopped, though Dundee at this time had almost the monopoly of the canvas supplied to the navy. In 1813 matters mended, and the trade has ever since been gradually increasing, with occasional checks caused by general derangements in trade, money panics, and other accidental causes.

About 1819, calenders to smooth the linens by pressure, and to make them close in their texture, began to be employed. Packing establishments worked by hydraulic power were afterwards added in 1822. In 1823, the law concerning the stamping of linens, which had operated so usefully in the infancy of the trade, was abrogated with great advantage; and between 1826 and 1832, there occurred the gradual removal of the bounty on the exportation of linens, originally granted to encourage production. Hand-spinning was gradually superseded by machinery; but the improvement in the latter having been attended by corresponding improvement in the quality of the articles manufactured, the immensely greater quantity that can be produced has carried the day, and hand-spinning is now among the things of the past.

And now a new material effected a revolution in the trade. In

addition to the flax, flax codilla, and tow, as well as the hemp, and hemp codilla hitherto used, an India fibre, jute (*Corchorus olitorius*, and *Corchorus capsularis*, of the order of Tiliacea), whose name is derived from the Hindostani word for false, i. e. false flax, was first introduced into this district about 1826, but it was not until 1832 or 1833 that it began to be used in the spinning mills. The merchant who first brought it to Dundee could not prevail upon the spinners to use it, and the first cargo was almost thrown away. It then began to be mixed with tow and flax, and being used for adulteration, used to find its way into the town by back lanes in mysterious fashion.* A legitimate trade, however, soon sprang up, and the consumption of this cheap fibre has increased in a very rapid manner.† A Mr. Rowan brought from London, in 1832, a small pattern of jute carpeting made in Abingdon from hand-spun yarn, and the art was adopted by Mr. James Neish, under whose fostering care the new trade took root. In 1844 he introduced the manufacture of matting of coir, previously made by one house in London only.

By this date a new element of productive power had been introduced. As the spinning mill gradually superseded the hand-spinning, so the power-loom now invaded the other department of hand-loom weaving. The power-loom, which had been tried in 1826 by Baxter Brothers, and abandoned as not being applicable to the weaving of linen, was by the same firm re-introduced in 1835, and from the better quality of the yarns and improved mechanism of the instrument itself, found to answer for weaving dowlas, sheeting, and the linens sent to the French market. Hitherto the weaving had been done by workmen at home on their own looms, though the manufacturers had factories for this part of the business, and furnished both the looms and the other materials to the weavers.

The experience of the depression of the trade during the war at the beginning of the century, excited some uneasiness when the aggression of Russia on the Turkish dominions led on to the Crimean War. It was feared that the Baltic would be closed against the commerce of England, and that the supply

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* Jute is extensively used in the adulteration of silk, especially black silk. A Forfarshire merchant who was going over a silk factory in the south of England, saw some bales of jute lying in a corner. Recognising that with which he was so familiar, he asked what it was, and was told that it was an inferior kind of silk!

† Importation into Dundee: 1838, 1,136 tons; 1850, 14,080 tons; 1860, 36,965 tons; 1863, 46,983 tons.

of the raw material would either cease altogether, or the price mount to a height that would make production unprofitable. Never were prognosticators so deceived. The era of the Crimean War was marked by a prosperity that has since then gone on without any serious check. Flax was obtained in abundance through neutral Prussia; an unprecedented demand for the coarser materials used in war was created; the German houses bought for Russia, and the sand-bags used on both sides at the siege of Sevastopol bore the trade-marks of the east coast of Scotland.

It is well known that during these years the manufacturers were unusually active. New works were erected, old ones temporarily unoccupied were again tenanted, and large additions were made to those in actual operation. We are informed that in the year 1854-5 more than 2,000 power-looms and 10,000 spindles, giving employment to 5,000 hands, were added to the manufacturing establishments of Dundee. The total amount of these factories in June 1864, in Dundee and Lochee, was estimated at 61 firms, employing 160 steam engines of 4,621 horse-power, with 170,552 spindles and 6,709 power-looms, and 36,020 hands (inclusive of hand-loom weavers).

In connexion with this branch of the subject, we may state the rates of wages paid for some years back, showing the great advance:—

	1850	1851	1852	1853	1854	1855	1856
Feeders . .	5/	4/9	4/7	4/9	4/9	5/9	6/9
Rovers, &c. .	4/8	4/6	4/4	4/6	4/6	5/9	6/6
Spinners . .	6/6	6/3	5/9	6/	6/	6/6	7/6

It will be seen from this table that the wages of the feeders, and rovers, and enders are much nearer those of the spinners than they used to be. This has been caused by the change in the economic condition of Ireland. Until lately, the feeders, rovers, and enders, i. e. those engaged in the simpler operations of the preparing rooms of the mill, were recruited from Ireland; and so long as there was an abundant supply of that class of labour the wages continued low; now the emigration being comparatively stopped, the wages of the preparing hands have advanced.

The trade with France, which however lasted only a few years, must be noted as a source of very considerable prosperity, and is said to have been the foundation of the fortunes of the greatest firm in the county. From 1836, when the duties were reduced in France, till 1842, when the trade was virtually destroyed by prohibitory duties, a large trade in linens

and in linen yarns existed between France and the United Kingdom, as may be seen by the following table:—

	Linens.	Linen Yarns.	Total.
In 1835	£61,612	£198,823	£260,435
„ 1841	281,982	806,336	1,088,318
„ 1843	137,965	482,357	620,322
In 1846, it had fallen to	83,119	262,101	345,220
And in 1859, the year previous to the late treaty of commerce, to	68,743	89,371	188,114

Of this national return, it may be safely said that about one-half came from Forfarshire; so that the prohibitory tariff affected it to the extent of about half a million sterling. The evil results, of course, fell chiefly on the weaker manufacturers. Since then small flax-spinning mills have been found not to pay, and consequently have been given up or turned into jute-spinning mills. To such an extent has this been carried, that in the town of Dundee only three works of any importance are engaged in flax-spinning; two of these spin jute, so that only one great firm remains that spins nothing but flax and tow. They buy and use jute yarns, but they do not spin them.

A most unexpected result has, however, followed upon the French Treaty of 1860: instead of the trade taking the shape of pouring Forfarshire goods into France, it has had the opposite effect of throwing an increased quantity of French linens into this country. The aggregate value of French products imported was estimated at 55,934*l.* in the year ending 31st May 1863, and it rose to 211,949*l.* in the year ending 31st May 1864. The article of linen yarns alone increased *tenfold.* Just after the treaty, a few purchases of Scotch goods were made by French merchants, with the object of acquainting themselves with the actual nature of the articles manufactured; but the grand result is the enormous importation, especially in the course of last year, of flax, tow, and jute yarns. The quantity of French yarn imported into Dundee is known, and the result is that it has received directly not less than 2,200,000 spindles of flax, tow, and jute yarns, without taking into consideration what has arrived indirectly by Hull and Newcastle.*

* Since the above has been written, we have met with Mr. Warden's accurate and exhaustive 'History of the Linen Trade.' He first goes at great length into an account of the raw material, describing the flax, hemp, and jute culture. Then he gives the result of an interesting investigation into the ancient history of linen in Palestine, Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece and Rome; and pursuing

The last phase of Forfarshire industry is that presented by the results of the cotton scarcity incident upon the war in America. One of these is the increased demand for linens of all sorts throughout the world, the price of cotton having risen so much that linens have come into closer competition with them. Again, hitherto immense quantities of cotton goods had been manufactured in America, a trade which has nearly come to an end, and now linen goods made in Scotland supply their place. Besides, the consumption of the coarse articles used for munitions of war is enormous, ducks being used for tents, hessians, sackings, and for other purposes; so that America is now the best customer, and the increase in that trade is much greater than in any other.* But the diffusion of production is almost universal. Through the Prussian ports, goods find their way not only over the north of Germany, but even across the frontier into Russia. More enters Germany through Hamburg; Denmark and Sweden are also supplied. The Spanish trade is restricted by duties upon manufactured articles which almost amounts to a prohibition, and therefore of these Spain only imports the finest Irish linens, but she freely takes the Scottish unmanufactured yarns; indeed, Spain is much the largest customer for linen yarn. France also takes nothing but the fine Irish linens, and, as stated before, Scotland continues to import yarns from her. Italy is opening a new field of commerce. The returns of the Board of Trade show that this is likely to assume vast proportions, although, at this moment, the duties on jute are too high in proportion to those on linen. Through Gibraltar Morocco is supplied; and the Levant trade, chiefly carried on through the Greek houses in Manchester and London, conveys the Forfarshire articles into the depths of Asia, by the camel trains that come down to Smyrna. Lastly, Valparaiso, Rio de Janeiro, and other

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the subject, he treats of modern linen in the different countries of Europe down to the present time. He supplies a mass of carefully compiled statistics as to the actual condition of the trade in England, Ireland, and especially Scotland. Altogether the work is a most laborious and valuable hand-book of this interesting branch of industry.

* The Board of Trade Returns supply the following details:—

Exports of linen manufactures from the United Kingdom to the United States, from the 1st of January to the 1st of July, in the three years named.

	1862.	1863.	1864.
Yards . .	33,353,837	41,651,619	54,977,429
Value . .	£832,975	£1,087,033	£1,780,499

ports in South America take largely of bags, hessians, osnaburghs, and ducks. In fact, in the words of Mr. Warden, we may say—

'The progress of the linen manufacture in Scotland in 1863 was of the most gratifying description. By a return presented to the House of Commons in 1862, there were in Scotland in the end of 1861, 192 works engaged in the flax manufacture, driven by a moving power equal to 15,391 horses (14,337 steam, 1,054 water), with 312,239 spindles, and 8,510 power-looms, and employing 39,562 people. Since that return was made up the increase in every department of the trade, in almost every town engaged in it, has been continuous and rapid, and the number of spindles, power-looms, horse-power, and hands employed greatly augmented.' (*Warden*, p. 439.)

Our space, but not our subject, is exhausted. We might enlarge upon the architectural features of the county, the ruined mansions, and 'fayre policies,' from the fine old houses of Edzell or Glamis, to the splendid Scoto-French chateau recently erected at Kinnaird from the designs of Bryce—or upon the traces of royal and ecclesiastical settlement in the time of the Celtic dynasty—or upon the curious and yet uninvestigated early hagiology indicating a civilisation of very remote antiquity—or upon the racy humour and old-world-ways of the inhabitants, many of Dean Ramsay's best anecdotes being supplied from this district—or upon the eminent men it has produced—or upon the interesting statistics of its agriculture, and of the efforts made to perfect its celebrated breed of black-polled cattle. Enough, we trust, has been written to indicate how much interest may be excited by the particular study of any one county in Scotland, and to suggest to local antiquaries perseverance in their researches into the hitherto unexhausted sources of history. Much is yet virgin soil. The charter chests of many of the families are yet unexplored, and many borough records yet unpublished, though men now recognise the light thrown on the manners and customs of a people by the legal transactions generation after generation of a great family, or century after century of a thriving municipality; for legal documents, though dry in detail, form, in the long run, the truest records of the progressive wants of man, and therefore are among the best measures of his civilisation.

ART. II.—1. *The Pinetum Britannicum: a descriptive Account of all Hardy Trees of the Pine Tribe cultivated in Great Britain. With Facsimiles of the original Drawings made for the Work.* Nos. 1–6. Imp. fol. Edinburgh and London: 1863–4.

2. *The Larch Disease and the present Condition of the Larch Plantations in Great Britain.* By CHARLES MACINTOSH. Small 8vo. Edinburgh and London: 1860.

3. *The Pines and Firs of Japan.* By ANDREW MURRAY, Assistant-Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society. 8vo. London: 1863.

THE English have little idea of the extent to which they are indebted to horticulturists and arboriculturists for many of our commonest plants and trees: the flowers which adorn our gardens, the fruits which furnish our tables, and the timber which clothes our lands, have been drawn from foreign soils, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the extent of our obligations to the Flora and the Sylva of foreign countries. If, for example, we take the plots of bedding-out plants spread over our lawns, we shall find that not one of them is British, but all are derived from lands thousands of miles away. Whence come those fiery-scarlet Tom Thumb geraniums? They are hybrid pelargoniums raised from Cape plants. The brilliant yellow calceolaria, which adds to the glare, has travelled to us from Chili. The rich purple verbena, which forms such a rich hem to the scarlet mantle, is a hybrid raised from species brought from the plains of Buenos Ayres. What is the parentage of the profusely flowering orange Indian cress? It is a hybrid descendant of Peruvian parents. The intensely blue Lobelia belongs indeed to a genus represented in Britain, but the plant itself came from the Cape. Or leave the bedding-out plants, and look at the riband-beds striped with masses of glowing annuals, or other plants sown in lines—whence do these come? Where does Nature herself offer in greatest abundance at once the materials and the example of such displays? Not in our moors purple with heath, nor in our meadows yellow with the buttercup or dandelion, not in the corn-field reddened by the poppy, but in the vast flowering prairies of Mexico and California, clothed by Nemophilas, Clarkias, Coreopsides, and Escholtzias, and stretching out sheets of blue, yellow, and pink as far as the eye can reach. Nor, if we pass into the garden

proper, shall we find ourselves a whit more independent of foreign lands. Almost everything that is remarkable for beauty or interest comes from some warmer climate. As there is no country which has not helped to swell our material wealth, so there is none which has not contributed its choicest plants to replenish our borders.

If this be so with flowering and herbaceous plants, it is not less the case with trees and shrubs. The scanty sylva of our ancestors has been augmented until we are almost lost in the multitude of species. Instead of one oak (or shall we admit the distinctness of the two varieties, and say two?)—instead of two oaks, we have fifty. Instead of one thorn, we have a hundred; and of willows the name is legion. But none of these additions are more conspicuous and important than the coniferous trees. Their peculiar character and graceful forms have added charms to the landscape, and the value of their timber has largely increased the resources of the kingdom. Most of them, too, being limited in their geographical distribution to the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere, have been found well suited to our climate; and their plantation or cultivation has been carried to such an extent that they may be said to have given a new aspect to the country.

An account of the species which have thus modified our landscape, including the most recent introductions, and preparing us for what may be expected from those which are still under trial, would furnish materials for an interesting volume. The 'Pinetum Britannicum' now issuing in bi-monthly parts from the private press of Messrs. Lawson of Edinburgh, has been commenced with the view of supplying this information. It proposes to describe and figure every species of coniferous tree which has been found to be hardy in Britain, and its illustrations are, wherever possible, to include coloured portraits of the trees both in their young and their mature state—the latter, of course, in most instances taken from specimens in their native country. The resources of photography give new facilities for representing these specimens with entire accuracy; and, so far as it has gone, this publication is well entitled to the commendatory criticism of Dr. Lindley, who has characterised it as a credit to the natural history of the present day. The work has been brought out with great magnificence, and is a valuable acquisition to the library. But we would suggest to the enterprising publishers that nothing is more wanted by persons who take an interest in their pinetum, than a handbook of the new pines, with their distinctive characteristics and the best modes of growing them, and it would

be convenient if this were supplied in a cheaper and more portable form. We shall endeavour in the following pages to present our readers with a succinct account of these captivating trees, derived principally from the important work before us.

The only cone-bearing tree native to Britain is the Scotch fir —that is to say, native to Britain during the present geological epoch; for if we go further back into the tertiary and secondary strata, we find remains indicating other species, some belonging to forms now only found in warmer climates, and some to types confined to temperate climates indeed, but far separated by distance from Britain. Interesting illustrations of the former are to be found in the remains of trees approaching the Araucaria in structure, which have been found in the lias, the magnesian limestone, and the coal measures; of the latter the most striking instances occur in the European lignites and other tertiary strata, although we must now look to California or Mexico for the nearest living types of them. Pines have their leaves arranged after three different modes; they are either two in a sheath, three in a sheath, or five in a sheath. The European species of the present epoch belong either to those with two leaves in a sheath (the section to which the Scotch fir belongs), or to those with five in a sheath (the cembras and Weymouth pines), and so far as actual discoveries in British strata go, the same rule holds in former epochs also; but in the tertiary strata, at no great distance on the continent, very distinct remains have been found of those with three leaves in a cluster, a group which at the present epoch is almost entirely confined to North America and Mexico. M. Gaston de Saporta, in a recent account of the vegetable remains of the tertiary strata of the South of France (published in the 'Annales des Sciences Naturelles,' 1862), gives figures and descriptions of some cones and leaves which belong to this group, bearing all the characteristics of the Californian type (such as one side of the cone considerably larger than the other, long-winged seeds, serrated leaves, &c.), with the exception that the cones are not so large. These tertiary remains are preserved with such wonderful delicacy, that there can be no doubt as to the accuracy of their classification.

One cannot feel quite so confident about remains which are only to be interpreted by microscopical examination of slices of the wood. It is on the strength of that test chiefly that fossilized remains in the secondary strata have been referred to species allied to the Araucaria (a genus now found only in the southern hemisphere). But although the structure of the wood of the specimens taken from these strata is arranged on

the same plan as that of the Araucaria, it is not identical, and no doubt the tree was distinct, and very possibly something quite different from anything we know.

In the most recent geological epoch we find in Britain remains of no conifers but the Scotch fir. These, however, are plentifully distributed in the Northern peat bogs; for the tree appears to have covered large districts, and to have flourished continuously on the same spot for long periods of time. Sir Charles Lyell, in his 'Antiquity of Man,' describes it as the oldest tree in our peat bogs. It does not appear to have been at any time a long-lived tree. The trunks of trees found in peat are not larger than those of mature trees now growing in the same neighbourhood; and the greatest age which has been recorded of any living tree in Britain, by reckoning the rings of annual growth, does not exceed two hundred and fifty years. In Sweden, as many as three hundred and sixty annual rings have been counted. The Scotch fir has maintained its place, not by the long endurance of individual trees, but by successive propagation. It was the prevailing tree not only in England and Scotland, but over much of the North of Europe and Asia. Holland and the Netherlands were one dense forest of Scotch fir. In Norway and Sweden it competed for supremacy with the spruce fir, and stretched across Siberia to Behring's Straits. It is said by Loudon to have been found in Nootka Sound, but this is now understood to be an error. It is not found in North America, although it extends to Greenland or the islands near it, where it assumes the form of a stunted bush.

The first addition made to this solitary representative of the conifers in Britain was probably the Norway spruce: this tree and the umbrella or stone pine of Italy, and the evergreen cypress of the South of Europe, are all three spoken of in Turner's 'Names of Herbes,' published in 1548, as then growing in the gardens in this country.

The spruce, having almost the same geographical range as the Scotch fir, was found to be peculiarly well suited to our climate, and speedily secured a footing in the land—in many places having become naturalised, and propagating itself by self-sown seeds. Numerous specimens of great spruces are to be found in every part of Britain—one of the largest of which is, or was, a tree at Studley Park, in Yorkshire, 132 feet in height (when measured in 1837), which possessed a peculiar interest from having been planted by Eugene Aram when he was steward of the Studley estate, about the middle of the last century.

The stone pine has not made equal progress. Its native lands being Spain, Italy, and Greece, it requires a warmer climate than we possess. Instead of becoming a lofty tree with a branchless stem and a dark green umbrageous top like a parasol or umbrella, it here rarely reaches thirty feet in height, and usually becomes bushy in growth, suffering the same stunting operation from our climate which the Scotch fir begins to feel only in the Arctic circle. Tolerably good examples of it in this phase may be seen at Kew.

The pinaster, or cluster pine (another species indigenous to the shores of the Mediterranean), was next introduced by Gerard, in 1596. It is of little value as a timber tree, but has proved extremely useful for shelter and decoration. It is one of the few trees which thrive best in sand and exposed to the sea breeze, and it has been found invaluable from these properties in reclaiming or preserving from desolation large tracts of country on the western coasts of France. The Landes in the Gulf of Gascony are composed of loose drifting sand, which in 1789 covered 300 square miles. M. Bremontier, of the then Administration of Forests in France, set himself to fix this mercurial surface, and the means he used were planting it with the pinaster. In a report of his proceedings, which he published, he compared this sandy tract to a billowy sea,—it offered nothing to the eye but a monotonous repetition of white wavy hillocks perfectly destitute of vegetation. When violent storms of wind occurred, the surface of these downs was entirely changed; what were hills had become valleys, and valleys hills. The sand on these occasions was often blown into the interior of the country, actually covering cultivated fields, villages, and even entire forests. This was done so gradually, in a shower of particles as fine as the sand used for hour-glasses, that nothing was destroyed. The sand gradually rose among the crops, as if they were inundated with water, and the herbage and the tops of trees appeared quite green and healthy, even to the moment of their being submerged. On this moving and shifting sea M. Bremontier sowed seeds of the common broom, mixed with those of the pinaster; commencing on the side next the sea, or on that from which the wind generally prevailed, and sowing in narrow zones, in a direction at right angles to that of the wind. The first zone was protected by a line of hurdles, and after it was established it protected the second, as the second did the third, and so on. To prevent the seed being blown away before it had germinated and become firmly rooted, he protected it by various ingenious modes, such as hurdles and thatching,

and he had at last the gratification, after conquering many difficulties, of seeing his first zones firmly established. The rest was then comparatively easy; and by degrees the tree covered the whole of these sandy downs, not only providing the interior country with a barrier against the incursion of the sands, but turning the downs themselves from a desolate waste into a source of productive industry. Although the timber is of little value, the manufacture of tar, turpentine, and other resinous products furnishes sufficient occupation for the inhabitants, who are thinly scattered over large spaces. Among the efforts of man to control the elements and the powers of nature, the conquest of the Landes from the desolation of the desert is entitled to a place beside the recovery of Holland from the empire of the sea.

So thoroughly established is this tree now in these districts, that M. Perris, of Mont-de-Marsan in the Landes, an eminent French entomologist, has for some years past found occupation in tracing the habits and transformations of the different kinds of insects which prey upon it, and has already recorded that upwards of 120 species live as parasites upon this tree. It is satisfactory to learn from him, not so much on account of this particular tree, but as a fact which by inference must be applicable to all trees, that 'he cannot admit that these insects 'are the primary cause of the death of the trees which they 'attack, and that during the fifteen years for which he without 'intermission studied their habits in one of the best wooded 'countries in France, he had observed a sufficiency of facts to 'justify him in expressing his opinion that insects in general '(not including those which attach themselves solely to the 'foliage as miners, &c.), do not attack those trees which are in 'good health, but they only address themselves to those whose 'health and functions have suffered from some cause or other;' and he expresses his perfect conviction 'that lignivorous 'insects are only to be dreaded by sickly trees. They are like 'some mosses and lichens which only attach themselves to en-'feebled trees, while healthy well-growing trees preserve a 'smooth bark, and repulse these vegetable parasites.'*

The pinaster has been used in this country under similar circumstances and with like results. Large plantations have been made in the sandy soils of Norfolk, where it flourishes. Loudon mentions a tree at Fulham Palace 80 feet high, and which, if still alive, must now be 175 years old. In Scotland it does not appear ever to get beyond 50 feet in height. The

* Perris, in Annal. Soc. Ent. Franç. 2me série, x. 513.

late Dr. Fleming thus pleasantly describes its introduction into Dumfriesshire:—

'Dr. Walker, who long occupied with distinction the chair of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, was, when minister of the parish of Moffat, regarded as rather of weak intellect in consequence of the fondness which he displayed for weeds and vermin. On returning one afternoon in spring from Edinburgh, he was observed to have the pocket of his coat full of what appeared to be *fir branches*. The witnesses now imagined that a crisis in his lunacy had arrived, and began to set a watch on his future motions. He was observed in the course of the evening going forth to a corner of the glebe and putting some plants into the ground. When he had retired to the manse, the spies immediately proceeded to the spot, and found that he had been planting some young firs—that these had appeared as branches sticking out of his pocket—and hence they were led to conclude that their minister was not so great a fool as they had suspected. The plants took root, were protected, and, as trees, now prove an ornament to the glebe, and a monument of the Doctor's arboricultural tendencies. These trees must now (1857) be at least 73 years of age, and one is 45 feet in height, and 6 feet 3 inches in circumference at the ground; and they to this day preserve the name of *Pouch firs*, in memory of the part of the Doctor's dress in which they were first observed.' (*Transactions of the Edinburgh Botanical Society*, 1857.)

The next introduction was the larch, which, notwithstanding its being a native of a country so near at hand as the Alps, did not find its way into England until about the year 1600, more than fifty years after the umbrella pine—showing that in those days our forefathers had more intercourse with Italy than Switzerland. It continued to be a very scarce garden-tree in England for more than a century, and was only carried into Scotland about 1725. Its rapid spread over the kingdom after that date was in a great measure due to James, Duke of Athole, who, from 1740 to 1760, set the example of planting it on what might almost be called a national scale. It is to this period that the well-known magnificent pair of larches at Dunkeld are to be referred. They are splendid straight pines upwards of 100 feet in height, and feathered to the very ground. According to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the popular tradition relating to these larches is that they were sent to the grandfather of the late Duke of Athole in 1727, and the plants having arrived at Dunkeld along with some orange-trees and other exotics, natives of Italy, they were all treated in the same way, and placed in a hothouse. The larches soon withered under this treatment, and, being supposed to be dead, were thrown out on a heap of rubbish in the garden. Covered

with dead leaves and other rubbish, and aided by a wet season, they soon revived, and, sending forth shoots, soon became vigorous-growing trees, which have gone on flourishing until they are what we now see. But whilst we gaze with admiration upon them, the painful thought will intrude: for how long will they remain thus? Are their days drawing near to an end? Is the mysterious disease which has cleared so many thousands of acres of larch-trees in Britain already mining at their heart's core? or have they passed the fatal age? or is there a fatal age? Some have thought that this larch disease is a malady similar in nature to consumption in animals, that there is a period at which the larch is more subject to its attacks than at others, but that it may be reckoned secure after passing this critical epoch. Others do not regard it as any special disease, but merely the ordinary result of unsuitable conditions of life—in other words, of mismanagement. The reader will find these various causes of the premature destruction of the larch, as well as other incidental points of inquiry, such as whether the disease is contagious, endemic, or occasional, fully discussed by Mr. Macintosh, in his little book on the subject; but Mr. Macintosh has arrived at no more definite conclusions than the following: —

'Of certain causes,' says he, 'there can be no doubt, and if these are conceded, the limits of the question become considerably narrowed.

'1st. We take these to be degeneracy in a large proportion of the present stock, arising from their being the offspring of diseased parents.

'2nd. That larch will not long continue in a prosperous state when planted on the red sandstone formation.

'3rd. That, to attain its largest and most useful size, a clear bright atmosphere, at a moderate elevation, sloping rather than flat surfaces, sufficient ventilation to admit of the leaves performing their proper functions, neither too wet nor too dry a soil, are conditions essentially necessary.

'4th. Conditions to be avoided: Never plant larch on ground recently cleared of a crop of any coniferous tree. Keep within reasonable limits of altitude.' (*Macintosh, On the Larch Disease*, p. 119.)

Now, if this is all that so acute and sensible a man as Mr. Macintosh was, and one so thoroughly acquainted with his subject, could say regarding the cause of this disease, we may well adopt the characteristic *mysterious* as applied to it. With the single exception of the condemnation of the red sandstone formation (which we do not believe to be warranted), the whole of the conditions of success and failure specified by him are

merely the conditions of success and failure applicable to every other plant, and therefore have no special bearing upon the disease in question. We think the bad success of the larch on the red sandstone formation is merely an accidental coincidence. In our own experience we have seen too many instances of the disease extending its ravages indiscriminately over different geological formations (and among these both the old and the new red sandstone) to attach the slightest value to their having any effect on the development or otherwise of the disease. None of the ordinary causes above specified, nor any combination of them, will satisfactorily explain the phenomena. It is impossible to suppose that these occur alone in the attacked districts; and that there is no bad seed, no unfavourable exposure, no wet soil and insufficient drainage in other districts where the larch has hitherto shown no symptom of being attacked. Its occasional gradual progress from one county to another is a circumstance indicative of contagion; while, on the other hand, its simultaneous appearance in different parts of the same district—as in 1845 (a year remarkable for atmospheric epidemics) at Drumlanrig Castle and Netherby Hall, exactly at the same period—point to some epidemic cause.

No similar cause for anxiety exists with regard to the next conifer which was introduced into this country, viz. the silver fir, which was brought from Germany shortly after the larch in 1603. Its geographical distribution is a little more southerly than that of the spruce. It is not found in Sweden, nor in the north of Russia and Asia, but as the spruce extends across almost the whole European and Asiatic continents, so the silver fir replaces it a zone further to the south. Most of our British tourists must have noticed, in their journey up the Rhine, the immense rafts of timber which come floating down the stream. These are trunks of the silver fir, cut in the Black Forest (which is chiefly composed of it), and floated down to the sea. The silver fir increases in beauty with age, and reaches the greatest height of any European trees. Perhaps the finest in Britain are those belonging to the Duke of Argyll at Roseneath, on the Clyde. These are known to be one hundred and sixty-five years of age, and nearly 140 feet in height. Loudon, however, mentions one at Longleat a few feet taller.

The first extra-European conifer introduced into Britain appears to have been the deciduous cypress. It is a native of the Confederate States of North America, and extends from Virginia to Mexico, where one of the largest known specimens, standing a few miles from the city of Mexico, still serves to

mark the spot of a memorable event. It was under this enormous tree that Cortez passed the remainder of the *noche triste*, after his escape or expulsion from that city. It was introduced into this country in 1640, and Parkinson tells us that 'its seed 'was brought by Master Tradescant from Virginia, and was 'sown here, and do spring very bravely.' Two good specimens may be seen in the ground, formerly part of Lady Blessington's garden, behind the conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden at South Kensington.

Another cypress, called the cedar of Goa, was introduced from the East Indies, in 1683; and about the same time the true Cedar of Lebanon followed, or, as some think, preceded—Evelyn having received cones and seeds between 1665 and 1670, which he probably planted without delay. The year 1683, however, is given by Aiton in his Hortus Kewensis as the date of the planting of the oldest recorded trees, viz. three or four which long grew and flourished in the Botanic Garden of the Apothecaries' Company at Chelsea; and if we suppose them to have been a few years old before they were planted out, it is quite possible that they may have even been part of the produce of Evelyn's seeds. These renowned trees are now reduced to one which is much decayed—a second, which long stood beside it, having been blown down in the autumn of 1853; but although these were perhaps the oldest, they were by no means the finest in the country. The highest is probably one at Strathfieldsaye, which a few years ago was upwards of 110 feet in height, and the largest is at Syon House; but many remarkable specimens must occur to every one. One noteworthy example was a tree in the Jardin des Plantes, well known from an anecdote connected with its arrival there. It appears that about one hundred and thirty years ago, viz. in 1737, M. Bernard de Jussieu, the celebrated botanist, when travelling in the Holy Land, had brought away with him from among the cedars of Mount Lebanon a little seedling. Being unprovided with better means of conveyance, he made a flowerpot of his hat, in which he planted it. He got it safely on board the vessel in which he sailed for France, but tempestuous weather and contrary winds drove the ship out of her course, and prolonged the voyage so much that the water began to fail. All on board were placed on short allowance: the crew, having to work, were allowed one glassful of water in the day; the passengers not having to work, only half a glassful. It was a hard struggle for Jussieu to refrain from drinking the whole of his small daily allowance, and to leave some for the plant, and probably no one but a naturalist would have dreamed

of such an act of self-sacrifice. But his enthusiasm sustained him. All through the lengthened voyage, under the bright sun of the Mediterranean, he shared his half glassful of water with his little plant. His own strength began to sink under the prolonged privation; but he never flinched, and arrived at Marseilles with his own health damaged, but with that of his little plant uninjured. At this stage the story seems indebted to the imagination of its narrators for a little *broderie* borrowed from our own times; for it goes on to tell us that on landing the exhausted botanist had nearly lost the whole of the benefit of his self-denial from the incredulity of the custom-house officers, who could not understand or believe in the interest he professed to take in the plant, and insisted on emptying the strange pot, to see if there were no 'undeclared lace,' jewels, or prohibited articles buried beneath the roots of the seedling. Entreaties and eloquent appeals to his past sufferings on its behalf at last softened their hearts, and he was allowed to carry off the relic of the cedars of Lebanon undisturbed. He brought it to Paris, and planted it in the Jardin des Plantes. It grew rapidly, and as it grew became more and more a favourite with the people. Its little story spread, and its remote nativity and scriptural associations completed the charm. When in later days it had assumed the proportions of a gigantic tree, the people crowded to it on the Thursdays, when the garden was thrown open to the public. The blind from their asylum, the deaf and dumb from theirs, and the inmates of the various hospitals, all bent their steps to it. Its green top was visible from the uppermost cells in the prison of St. Pélagie, which at that time stood at the end of the garden, and those prisoners who could procure a little money gladly paid it to be allowed to rent the cells from which the upper boughs of the cedar could be seen. It grew and flourished until it reached one hundred years of age and eighty feet in height. In its hundredth year (1837) it was cut down to make room for a railway, and now the hissing steam-engine passes over the place where it stood.

The grove of cedars on Mount Lebanon still subsists, disposed in nine groups corresponding with as many hummocks of terminal moraines, but of the very old patriarchs probably not a single specimen survives. In 1574 Rauwolf counted twenty-six. In 1653 Chevenot counted twenty-three. Laroque in 1688 found only twenty; in 1696, Maundrel saw only sixteen, although plenty of young ones. Labillardière found them reduced to seven in 1787, M. Tchihatcheff speaks of them loosely as ten or twelve, and Hooker in 1860

found no young ones at all, but about four hundred trees, of which only fifteen exceeded fifteen feet in girth, and two others exceeded twelve feet in girth. If the trees counted by Rauwolf, Chevenot, and the others above mentioned, were so remarkable for age and size as to be easily distinguished in their days, which was no doubt the case, these must have all disappeared, and are replaced by a new race of patriarchs which were young when the others were viewed by these travellers.

Until of late years it had been supposed that the cedar was confined to Mount Lebanon; it is now known that it occurs between Bsherre and Bshinnate in Syria, and that there are vast forests on Mount Taurus in Asia Minor. M. P. de Tchihatcheff, a Russian naturalist who had been exploring Asia Minor, thus describes them: —

'In following the southern slope of the Boulgardagh I was struck by the fine forests of cedars which mount even to the upper regions of this majestic rampart. I had at first supposed that it was only a local although very interesting phenomenon, but on ascending the Zamantau-Sau from Saïhoun where it debouches, I had the happiness to traverse for several successive days the finest forests of cedar which are perhaps known at the present day, so that the band which, on my botanical map of Asia Minor, marks the domain of the cedar may extend from 140 to 160 miles from the south-west to the north-east. Until now, botanists have been wont to make pious pilgrimages to the celebrated cedars of Mount Lebanon, and I myself had also been fifteen years ago to contemplate with profound emotion the ten or twelve centenarian trunks which raised themselves in isolation on that classic ground; but now they appear to me very trifling before the fine forests which I have just traversed, and alongside of which they figure only like our hothouse palm-trees when compared to the palm-trees of the forests of the tropics.' (*Ann. de l'Acad. des Sciences*, vol. xxviii. p. 759.)

The cedar is chiefly prized for its beauty and majesty, and for the interest attached to it in connexion with Biblical history. For economic or practical purposes, it is of little or no value; the ancients esteemed it for its durability, but even this is now disputed, although, we think, unjustly; but whether durable or not, there is no doubt that it is wholly wanting in strength and tenacity, and is consequently lightly esteemed by the artisan, and little planted by the landowner. This inferiority of its timber has given unusual importance to a scientific question which has of late years been much debated among botanists—viz. whether there is more than one species of cedar, or whether the cedar of Lebanon, the deodar of the

Himalayas, and the cedar of Mount Atlas are not all three one and the same.

About the year 1830, shortly after the Himalayas had been opened to the scientific world, the deodar was one of the first plants which commanded attention: —

'Seeds of it were then sent to this country by the Hon. Wm. Leslie Melville and Lord William Bentinck, and glowing accounts were received of its beauty, durability, strength, and other valuable properties. That its beauty had not been exaggerated was speedily patent to all eyes, and the other qualities ascribed to it were taken upon trust to be equally true. Its renown spread, and it being found that it was hardy and grew rapidly in our climate, about ten years later (1841) the Right Hon. T. F. Kennedy, who was then at the head of the Board of Woods and Forests, dreading an insufficient supply of oak in future years for the purposes of the navy, and believing (what every one said) that the deodar was as hardy, strong, and durable as the oak, with the advantage of growing much more rapidly, took counsel with the Earl of Auckland, then Governor, and the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and they came to the conclusion that it was an object of national importance to secure the introduction and growth of this tree in large quantities throughout Britain. To this end Mr. Kennedy on his part obtained from the Directors very large quantities of seeds—the rapid transit of the overland mail securing their arrival in good condition—which were intrusted to four of the principal nurserymen in Britain (Glendinning, Lawson, Skirving, and Waterer) to rear. They were also sown in the royal forests, more especially in the New Forest, and an immense number of young seedlings were soon planted out. A much more extended introduction, however, was contemplated than even the royal forests could afford room for. The East India Board sent large quantities of seeds from the Botanic Garden at Saharumpore (near the foot of the Himalayas), which they supplied gratuitously to every one who would pay the cost of carriage; and not only this, but they took a liberal step which did more to secure its effectual establishment in this country than any exclusively governmental effort could have done. They imported large quantities which they distributed gratuitously to the principal growers and nurserymen in England, leaving them to make their profit upon them, and so to spread them abroad by the force of ordinary trade.' (*Pinetum Britannicum*, 'Deodar.')

The natural result followed that the plants became cheap, and the deodar is effectually secured as a common tree throughout Britain.

For some years no doubt or distrust intruded as to its being a tree of great value as well as of great beauty. Professor Lindley in 1841 triumphantly announced that we 'should soon see this noble timber tree quoted in the nur-'serymen's lists at the price of the worthless though magnificent

'cedar of Lebanon.' At that time every one looked upon the two trees as perfectly distinct; but about the year 1853 or 1854 a whisper of suspicion began to spread abroad that we had perhaps been too hasty in taking for granted the accounts of its excellences, and that good botanists were unable to find any specific grounds for distinguishing it from the cedar. An able report was made to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests by Dr. Royle, who was a zealous advocate for the deodar, in which he accumulated all the arguments and evidence in its favour which could be obtained from books or men familiar with the tree in its native country. The question of specific identity was not touched, but much evidence in favour of the actual strength and durability of the timber was brought forward, more, however, by way of report than of actual experiment. But it was obvious that the question of specific identity had a most important bearing on the subject. If the two trees were the same species, it would be very unlikely that the timber of the one was first-rate, while that of the other was worthless. We need not occupy the time of our readers with the technical arguments of botanists on the point. The distinctive character which has been most relied on—at least, that which is most easily recognised by non-botanical observers—is the difference in habit of growth; the cedar of Lebanon being distinguished by its flat tabulated architectural aspect, and the deodar by its elegant drooping form. It has been often disputed whether these differences, which are so apparent in the young state, do not disappear as the trees advance in years, and both then assume the well-known form of the cedar of Lebanon. But we now know that although the deodar does assume somewhat more of the port of the cedar in its old age than it had in its youth, there is still a sufficiently well-marked difference in the trees at all ages. Photographs and drawings of the tree taken in its native mountains are now occasionally to be met with in England; and two very remarkable sketches of deodars by the late lamented Lady Canning, which have been copied by permission of Lady Stuart de Rothesay in the 'Pinetum Bri-'tannicum,' supply ample testimony of what we say. The scientific arguments on this subject are given at length and very fully discussed in that work and elsewhere. But it seems strange to be seeking for a solution of the practical question of the comparative value of the timber in philosophical speculations, when it might be at once determined by actual experiment.

The experiment has been made, but its accuracy or fairness was always subject to dispute on the ground of possible differ-

ence of circumstances or condition (as soil, drainage, climate, exposure, &c.) in the growth of the tree whose timber had been tested. But a curious and interesting experiment lately made, free from all such objections, is recorded in a recent number of the 'Proceedings of the Royal Horticultural Society.'* It appears that Mr. Tillery, the gardener of the Duke of Portland, had presented to the Society a slab of timber, being a longitudinal section of a tree, half cedar, half deodar; the deodar having been in-arched upon the cedar, and after growing until the tree had reached fully a foot in diameter, it had been cut down, and the section made and polished to show the lines of growth where the inarching had taken place. All above the line of in-arching was deodar timber, all below it cedar of Lebanon. Both grew on the same spot, in the same soil, and on the same root; a piece of the timber, 1 foot in length and 1 inch square, was cut off from each end of the slab, and subjected to the same trial of strength. The cedar broke under a weight of 378 lbs., while the deodar did not give way until under one of 448. The cedar showed scarcely any deflection, and broke short off like a carrot. The deodar showed considerable deflection, and, when it broke, sprang into three pieces with a sudden fracture, loud report, and permanent deflection. The result seems to be that the timber of the deodar (without being a first-class timber) is greatly superior to that of the cedar, and that an additional argument in its favour has been acquired by those who consider them distinct species.

Up to the time of the introduction of the cedar, the new species of coniferous trees which had been brought to Britain were, as we have seen, with one or two exceptions natives of the neighbouring continent of Europe. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, a new field was opened. By that time the North American colonies had passed the first or infant stage of colonial existence. The whole energies of the settlers were no longer absorbed in protecting their lives from savages, and in procuring the bare means of subsistence. They had secured a firm footing in the land; cities had sprung up; wealth and prosperity had flowed in upon them; and they had now time to think of the refinements and elegances of life, of the attractions of art and the pursuits of science. Amongst these, botany was not neglected; a great many American plants were introduced into Britain, among which were the most distinct and striking species of their conifers.† The white spruce,

* Proceedings of the Royal Horticultural Society, 1864.

† The following are the dates at which the different species from the east coast of North America were introduced at the commence-

the Weymouth pine, the pitch pine, and the hemlock spruce, are perhaps the most worthy of notice of these introductions. The white spruce, the tree from which the white spruce beer is brewed, is a charming addition to the landscape, from its handsome form, and the beauty of its short, thickly studded, glaucous foliage, but is not so generally met with as it deserves. The Weymouth pine is now common; great quantities were planted at Longleat in Wiltshire, by the Earl of Weymouth, shortly after its introduction, and the species has ever since gone by his name—nay, the name has been extended to the whole section to which this species belongs. Gardeners speak not only of it as the Weymouth pine, but of its allies as Weymouths. The pitch pine is the species which supplies the greatest part of the pitch, tar, and turpentine of commerce, the pinaster from the west of France furnishing only a very moderate proportion, as may be guessed from the high price which these articles have reached in consequence of the present war in America. The hemlock spruce, like the white spruce, is chiefly of value for its beauty, and the two harmonise well together, the white spruce having a spiral shape and a dark glaucous foliage, while the hemlock spruce is rounded in form, and lighter and yellower in colour. Its economic value in America chiefly depends on the bark, which is, in that country, of great value for tanning. The timber, from its splitting obliquely, is not easily worked, and is not held in much esteem. When it becomes aged the branches are liable to break off, and the withered extremities are seen staring out through the little twigs which have sprung out around them. This gives it a disagreeable, mutilated appearance, which, however, we never see in England, as this does not occur until it is far advanced in life; when young and supple, it is a lovely tree, both in this country and in America.

The introduction of conifers into Britain may be said to have taken place in five great periods. There were first those from Europe, which may be placed in the fifteenth century; then followed those which we have just alluded to, from the eastern

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ment of the eighteenth century:—The white spruce (Abies alba), and the black spruce (A. nigra), in 1700; the Weymouth pine, 1705; the frankincense or loblolly pine (Pinus tæda), in 1713; the swamp pine, 1730; the Banksian pine, 1735; the hemlock spruce, 1736; the Jersey pine (P. inops), 1739; the yellow pine (P. mitis), 1739; the American larch, 1739; the pond pine (P. serotina), and the prickly-coned pine (P. pungens), also about that time; the red spruce, 1754; the resinous pine (P. resinosa), 1756; and the pitch pine (P. rigida), 1759.

coast of North America. This importation took place about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The next was the product of the Himalayas, which came between 1820 and 1830 (strictly speaking, between 1818 and 1832). Next came California and Mexico between 1830 and 1854; and lastly Japan, in 1860.

During the long period which elapsed between the coming of the North American and that of the Himalayan species, a period of upwards of seventy years, the discoveries of arboriculturists were limited to taking up some dropped links in Europe, and to one or two discoveries in the southern hemisphere. The dropped links had no doubt been previously overlooked in consequence of those which were pines * being confounded with the Scotch fir, and those which were firs being mistaken for the silver fir.†

The most important of these neglected species was the Cembra, a tree which, although it appears to our eyes distinct enough from the Scotch fir, has yet sufficient general resemblance to render it probable that they may have been confounded. True, its leaves are five instead of two in the sheath, less rigid, of a darker green, with a beautiful silver lining, which gives a peculiar hoary character to the foliage when moved by the wind; the cone is also quite different, and the seeds are large, wingless, and good to eat, forming an agreeable nutty-flavoured addition to the food of the inhabitants of the countries in which it grows. But we have heard of the two being confounded in our own times under circumstances which may make us very lenient to any similar mistake in the days of our ancestors. A nobleman in the west of Scotland, some twenty years ago, possessed a grove of cembras of greater age and beauty than were to be found anywhere around. They were the pride of his heart and the delight of his eyes. They had been planted along with Scotch firs which had served as nurses, but were now mostly removed, although, being of more rapid growth than the cembras, such as remained had overtopped them. He had got a new gardener or forester just at the time that he was obliged to leave his country residence to attend to his duties in Parliament. Being, however, more of a country gentleman than a politician or statesman, he hurried home as soon as possible, and one of the first visits after his

* To these belong Pinus Cembra, introduced 1746; P. Laricio, 1759; P. Pumilio, 1779; P. Pallasiana, 1790; P. calabrica, and P. canariensis, 1823; P. austriaca, and P. pyrenaica, 1835.

† Picea cephalonica, 1824; P. Pinsapo, 1839; P. Apollinis, 1860.

arrival, was to his cherished grove of cembras. Slowly and benignly he paced up the hill like one prolonging the pleasure of anticipated enjoyment. He came down more quickly, and less benignly—not benignly at all, indeed—for when he reached the angle where he should have come in view of his grove, he looked for the cembras in vain. He started, stared, and rushed forward; not a cembra was there; the Scotch firs were left alone in their glory; and there stood the new gardener with the complacent grimace of one who had deserved well of his master—the *mens conscia recti* beaming on his countenance—ready to claim the meed of gratitude for having so well thinned out the grove. Believing the cembras to be merely smaller firs, he had cut them down, and left nothing but the taller Scotch firs. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The honest man had heard that in thinning it was wise to take the weak and leave the strong, and had acted upon it, without suspecting that he was dealing with two different quantities.

The Cembra is not only admirable for its beauty, but produces excellent timber. The wood is of a brownish hue, and has a most pleasant fragrance, which lasts for years. On the Continent it used to be employed, on this account, in wainscoting and panelling rooms, and in making bookcases and library shelves. The fragrance is not, however, confined to the timber. No one who has ever experienced it can forget the delicious smell of a forest of cembras in the Swiss mountains. The species is found stretching from Switzerland to the Ural Mountains. The same species, or one very closely allied to it, only more stunted in character, extends from thence across Siberia to the furthest confines of Asia. It is not found in Japan, but is there replaced by a representative species. In like manner another representative species fills its place in Mexico, and another in California and the Rocky Mountains.

Although rather out of place in point of date (for P. cephalonica was not introduced until 1824, and P. Pinsapo not until 1839), we may here notice these two most beautiful species—the one from Greece and Cephalonia, as its name implies, and the other from the Ronda of Andalusia—both well characterised by their stiff short prickly leaves standing out on all sides of the branches. The former was introduced by General Napier, while Governor of Cephalonia, in 1824—more to oblige a friend who wished to settle what tree the ancient Greek Ἐλάτη really was, than from any idea that the tree was new. There was a fine old forest of this tree on the Black Mountain in Cephalonia. Part of it had been destroyed by

an accidental fire, and General Napier was anxious to preserve the rest. He thought he did not receive sufficient support in this object from Sir Frederick Adam, the Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, and, with his usual reckless malignity, made the neglect of the forest a charge against Sir Frederick. This accusation was published in his 'Colonies,' and has been repeated by Loudon in his 'Arboretum.' Sir Frederick Adam never thought it worth his while to notice it, and it has hitherto stood uncontradicted. The writer of the 'Pinetum Britannicum' has, however, taken the trouble to inquire into the truth of the charge, and has printed the following reply from Count George Metaxa, who has been long resident in the island, and is well acquainted with everything connected with it. It completely exonerates Sir Frederick from General Napier's accusation. He says: 'So far from neglecting the forest, Sir F. Adam named a person with the title of Capitano del Bosco, and gave him six men as guards to watch and protect the forest, and made severe laws against all that cut or destroyed the trees.' (*Pinetum Britannicum*, *voce* 'P. cephalonica.') Two species, respectively from Persia and Mingrelia, the oriental spruce and a silver fir named Picea Nordmanniana, may also be here noticed, although not introduced until afterwards. The oriental spruce is a handsome tree although somewhat stiff, but P. Nordmanniana is as lovely as any silver fir on the face of the earth, not even excepting the P. nobilis of California.

The conifers from the southern hemisphere, which were introduced in the eighteenth century, need not occupy us long. The Dammara pine, or Courie pine, of New Zealand, which is remarkable on account of various singular deviations from the usual structure and form of coniferous trees—as, for example, having comparatively broad oval leaves instead of linear ones—was discovered in 1769, and attempted to be introduced into Britain; but, as might be expected with plants the natural habitat of whose species is Amboyna and the warmer parts of New Zealand, it was found to be very tender, and consequently cannot rank as an addition to the British sylva.

Neither can the Araucaria excelsa, or Norfolk Island pine, although its elegant and graceful form renders it a favourite ornament of the greenhouse. It was brought from Norfolk Island in 1793, where its gigantic but graceful form, the very personification of beauty and elegance in the vegetable world, was ill associated with the hordes of brutalised ruffians thrust out of the civilised world to turn an Eden into a pandemonium. One very remarkable character in all the species of a little

group of Araucarias from what may be called the Australian district, viz. Norfolk Island, New Caledonia, &c., is worthy of special notice—the difference between the young and the old leaves; the young being slender curved hooks—the old, broad flat shining plates imbricated one over the other—such difference in the leaves indicating an affinity to the cypresses, which is confirmed by the form of the leaves of the other Araucarias.

The Araucaria imbricata is, on the other hand, quite hardy, or nearly so, and is the only Araucaria which can be said to be so. It is also the most singular and striking in character of any, and already forms a peculiar feature on the lawns and pleasure grounds of our country houses. Its native country is the western flanks of the Chilian Andes, and large forests of it are scattered over them, reaching from the eternal snows almost to the plains. Two of the finest plants in this country were (until the winter of 1860 killed them) to be seen in the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, and they were reported to have owed their unusual size to an intelligent appreciation of their natural conditions in their native country, and a practical imitation of it in this. The elder Macnab, who had charge of the Botanic Garden in Edinburgh, reasoned thus:—The Araucaria grows in a country whose climate is not dissimilar to our own, but which is subject to excessive moisture at the period of the year when the winter's snows on the peaks above begin to melt at the approach of summer. So far as moisture is concerned, therefore, the treatment indicated would appear to be a liberal supply of water in spring to imitate the melting of the snows. On this hint Mr. Macnab acted; barrel after barrel of water was daily poured upon the roots at this season, and, whether owing to this treatment or not, the trees prospered beyond precedent.

Considerable mischief was done to the Araucaria by the winter of 1860. Many fine plants besides those in the Edinburgh Botanic Garden were killed; but more have survived. It has now begun to fruit, although, probably from the absence of male trees beside the female cone-bearers, the cones have hitherto been only of small size, and come to nothing. At present (July 1864), a tree at Tortworth Court (the Earl of Ducie's), in Gloucestershire, is crowded with cones in the manner we read of its being on its native mountains, where the produce is so liberal that we are told eighteen trees are sufficient to supply a native with food from the seeds for a whole year. The cones are large rounded balls with very numerous scales. Magnificent specimens of the cones of almost all the Araucarias are preserved in our national collection at Kew.

The seeds are large and well flavoured, and are eaten raw or cooked. They are roasted and sent down to the cities on the coast, where they are exposed for sale in the streets. At first, before this was known, some of our nurserymen who imported them were victimised by the fraud or ignorance of their agents, who, instead of going to the mountains to collect fresh seeds, made a more easy market in the streets of Concepcion or Valdivia of those already roasted.

Other more tender Araucarias have since been brought to England—the A. brasiliensis in 1829, the allied genus Cunninghamia Sinensis in 1804, and some more nearly related to the Norfolk Island pine quite recently—but, not being able to bear our climate, scarcely deserve to be reckoned in our present enumeration.

The bevy of species which were received from the Himalayas about 1820–30 contained some beautiful kinds of pines.* We have already spoken of the deodar, which is perhaps the finest; but the Khutrow spruce and Pichta silver fir are not far behind. The oldest and finest specimens of the former in Britain are two at Hopetoun House, near Edinburgh. Loudon tells us that these were reared from seeds sent to the Earl of Hopetoun by Dr. Govan, of Cupar, in 1818, who had received them from his son in the East Indies under the name of Khutrow.

But we must not linger over the other Indian beauties. The Californian and Japanese species are waiting for us; and however attractive the broad-leaved silver (P. Webbiana), the Pindrow, or the graceful Himalayan hemlock spruce may be, we have others from these countries which are not less beautiful or remarkable, and have the advantage of being more hardy and more useful. Mexico, and more particularly California, were first opened by Dr. Coulter and Dr. Menzies; and more fully explored by Douglas and Hartweg for the Horticultural Society; by Jeffrey for the Edinburgh Oregon Botanical Association; and thoroughly ransacked by Murray, Bridges, Lobb, Beardsley, Lyell, and other private travellers or collectors.†

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* The cheer (Pinus longifolia), introduced in 1801; the Khutrow (A. Smithiana), in 1818; Picea Pichta, in 1820; Pinus Gerardiana, about 1820; Picea Webbiana, 1822; Pinus excelsa, in 1827; Cedrus Deodara, 1832; Picea Pindrow, 1837; Abies Brunoniana, 1838; Pinus Royleana (?), 1853.

† The following is the order in which the more remarkable of the Californian species have been introduced, viz.: Pinus tuberculata, P. ponderosa, and Abies Douglasii, in 1826; Pinus Monticola, P. muricata, P. Lambertiana, in 1827; Picea grandis, P. amabilis, P.

Generally speaking, it has been found that the lower any organic being is in the scale of life, the more extended is its geographical distribution. Lowest of all, the same infusoria are to be found over the whole world. Highest in the vegetable scale, trees have a more restricted range than any of the humbler or more simple forms of vegetable life; and it has been noticed that this is peculiarly the case in North-west America, where many trees are found confined to isolated spots of small extent. But it would seem as if Nature, to compensate for the limited quantity of individuals, had lavished all her powers in producing something more than usually fine. Here have been found some of the most wonderful conifers on the face of the globe. If we look for beauty, what can surpass the 'noble' silver fir (Picea nobilis)? If for grace or elegance, what can be finer than the Californian hemlock spruce (Abies Albertiana)? If we seek for excellence of timber, where can any conifer be found to beat the Douglas fir in strength, straightness, tenacity, elasticity, and durability? If we look for bizarre and curious forms, we have the great hook-coned pines (P. Sabiniana and Coulteri), with cones as large as a child's or even a man's head, with the scales so curiously carved into great curved hooks, that strangers to the works of nature can hardly believe that it is not the cunning handiwork of a skilled artist—and the handiwork of a skilled artist it is, indeed, but of one with whom nothing human can compete.* If we ask for size, what can

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nobilis, in 1831; Abies Menziesii, Picea bracteata, Pinus Coulteri, P. Sabiniana, in 1832; P. insignis, in 1833; Taxodium sempervirens, in 1840, although known since 1796; Pinus Balfouriana, in 1852; Wellingtonia gigantea, in 1853; Cupressus Lawsoniana, &c. in 1854.

* These hook-coned pines have not been found to thrive well in Britain, where they have done so it is exceptional; but a remarkable indication of the kind of climate suited for them is to be found in the fact that a cone of P. Sabiniana was plucked by Col. Wright Hudson from a tree in a garden at Simferopol during the Crimean war. This tree could not be older than twenty-three years of age, the first seeds sent to this country having been those sent by Douglas to the Horticultural Society of London in 1832. That society was in friendly communication and intercourse with all the great Botanic gardens in Europe, and no doubt supplied to the Russian botanists the seeds from which the tree in question sprung. It is interesting to find the produce of this tree returning to the bosom from which its parent started. Col. Hudson, on his return from the Crimean war, brought the cone with him, and presented it to the Royal Horticultural Society, in whose collection at South Kensington it now is.

elsewhere be produced to match the great silver fir (Picea grandis) which rises in a single spire of rich green foliage 300 feet to the heavens, or the great sugar pine, also a giant of 300 feet in height? This wonderful tree has timber of good quality, and yields an amber-coloured resin which, when the tree has been partially burned, becomes white and crumbly, and has a sweetish taste, so that it is sometimes used by the settlers as a substitute for sugar, whence the English name of the tree? In composition, the sugar is a true manna and has the same medicinal properties. This tree also bears a wonderful cone. It is one of the Weymouth pines, but instead of having a cone two inches in length like the common Weymouth, it has one suitable in proportion to the dimensions of the tree itself—viz. nearly two feet in length. It was discovered in 1826 by Douglas, who, after getting a hasty glimpse of it on one of his expeditions, searched for two or three years longer before he again met with it. His journal gives the following account of his final success, and although he writes like an uneducated man, as in fact he was, there is a charm in the simplicity of his narrative.*

'I left my camp this morning at daylight on an excursion, leaving my guide to take care of the camp and horses until my return in the evening. About an hour's walk from my camp I was met by an Indian, who, on discovering me, strung his bow and placed on his left arm a sleeve of racoon skin, and stood ready on the defence. As I was well convinced this was prompted through fear, never before having seen such a being as me, I laid my gun at my feet on the ground and waved my hand for him to come to me, which he did with great caution. I made him place his bow and quiver beside my gun, and then struck a light and gave him to smoke and a few beads. With my pencil I made a rough sketch of the cone and pine I wanted and showed it him, when he instantly pointed to the hills about fifteen or twenty miles to the south. As I wanted to go in that direction, he seemingly with much good will went with me. At midday I reached my long-wished-for Pinus, and lost no time in examining and endeavouring to collect specimens and seeds. New or strange things seldom fail to make great impressions, and we are often at first liable to overrate them. And now, lest I should never see my friends to tell them verbally of this most beautiful and im-

* Poor Douglas, who perished at last in a pit-fall set for bears or buffalos in a North American forest, was in early life one of the under-gardeners at Raith, in Fifeshire. When he sent back to Scotland the seeds of that magnificent pine which will perpetuate his name, one of the first of the cones was addressed by him to his old master, Ferguson of Raith, and the tree is now one of the finest ornaments of that noble domain.

mensely large tree, I now state the dimensions of the largest one I could find that was blown down by the wind: 3 feet from the ground, 57 feet 9 inches in circumference; 134 feet from the ground, 17 feet 5 inches; extreme length, 215 feet. The trees are remarkably straight; bark uncommonly smooth for such large timber, of a whitish or light brown colour, and yields a great quantity of gum of a bright amber colour. The large trees are destitute of branches generally for two-thirds of the length of the tree; branches pendulous, and the cones hanging from their points like sugar-loaves in a grocer's shop. It being only on the very largest trees that cones are seen, the putting myself in possession of three cones (all I could) nearly brought my life to an end. Being unable to climb or hew down any, I took my gun, and was busy clipping them from the branches with ball, when eight Indians came at the report of my gun. They were all painted with red earth, armed with bows, arrows, spears of bone, and flint knives, and seemed to me anything but friendly. I endeavoured to explain to them what I wanted, and they seemed satisfied and sat down to smoke, but had no sooner done than I perceived one string his bow, and another sharpen his flint knife with a pair of wooden pincers, and hang it on the wrist of the right hand, which gave me ample testimony of their inclination. I could not save myself by flight; and without any hesitation I went backwards six paces and cocked my gun, and then pulled from my belt one of my pistols, which I held in my left hand. I was determined to fight for my life. As I as much as possible endeavoured to preserve my coolness, and perhaps did so, I stood eight or ten minutes looking at them and they at me without a word passing, till one at last, who seemed to be the leader, made a sign for tobacco, which I said they should get on condition of going and fetching me some cones. They went, and as soon as they were out of sight I picked up my three cones and a few twigs and made a quick retreat to my camp, which I gained at dusk. How irksome night is to such a one as me under my circumstances! Cannot speak a word to my guide; have not a book to read; constantly in expectation of an attack; and the position I am now in is lying on the grass with my gun beside me, writing by the light of my Columbian candle, a piece of wood containing resin.' (*Douglas' Journal, quoted in 'Pinetum Britannicum,' voc. P. Lambertiana.*)

Enormous as these trees are, however, they are still surpassed by the red wood * and mammoth tree, two allied species, whose dimensions task the imagination to realise. The former is found in considerable quantities throughout California. Speaking of it, Douglas says, 'The great beauty of Californian 'vegetation is a species of Taxodium which gives the mountains 'a most peculiar—I was almost going to say awful—appearance,

* Taxodium sempervirens, called red wood by the settlers from the rich red colour of its timber, and Wellingtonia gigantea, named the mammoth tree from its size.

'something which plainly tells us we are not in Europe.' And it would appear that this solemn character has reigned over the landscape, not merely for thousands of years (the rings of annual growth in one tree, where they were counted, proved upwards of twelve hundred years), but far back into the dim abyss of time, before even the wandering savage passed under its shade, down into the tertiary deposits. M. Lesquereux has identified this tree among the fossil remains of the tertiary strata in Vancouver's Island.

The mammoth tree or Wellingtonia gigantea is still larger than its cousin the red wood. The average dimensions of a full-grown tree are about 300 feet in height and 90 feet in circumference, but Lord Richard Grosvenor saw one 450 feet high and 116 feet in circumference. The portion of the bark of one of these trees set up in the Crystal Palace has familiarised Englishmen with the general appearance of its stem; the bark is of great thickness and strength, a property which is essential to the existence of the tree, for the timber is so soft and brittle that, but for the bark supporting it, it would be broken across by the wind. The following account of an expedition by Mr. Patrick Black, to procure seeds of it, illustrates this as well as some other points of interest. The species is only known to exist in three localities—one at Calaveros (the grove first discovered), whence the specimen in the Crystal Palace was obtained, and where ninety-two trees still remain; another at Mariposa, which contains about four hundred trees; and a third in Fresno County, the trees in which amount to about six hundred. The grove selected by Mr. Black for his operations was the Mariposa grove:—

'Well supplied with ammunition,' for the seeds were to be obtained by shooting down the cones, which are about the size of walnuts, and cannot be reached in any other way, 'he took his departure for the Mariposa grove, which is a long way in the outer world—not that it is without its own inhabitants, its own hotel (kept by an old hunter), nay, even its own authorities, as Mr. Black had like to find to his cost. He took up his quarters with the old hunter, who may rather be said to have kept *open house* than a hotel, as the sky was the only roof he had—a roof apparently not yet being considered essential to the comforts of a hotel in these parts, although one might have thought that it would, seeing that the forest is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and there was frost every night while Mr. Black was there. He visited the grove daily, shooting down a cone or two to see that they were ripe before beginning to make his collection. He soon found, however, that it would take a battery of ammunition and an army of sharpshooters to make even a moderate collection of seeds. The seed is exceedingly small, a mere scale, so that the produce of a whole week's shooting might be held in one's waistcoat pocket. Mr. Black soon tired of this, and seeing one or

two trees of less size than the others, and being apparently a man of a logical turn of mind, came to the conclusion, first, that it would be easier to fill his wallet by cutting down a tree than by shooting down the cones; second, that it could be done; and, lastly, that as it could be done it should be done; so boldly putting behind him the fear of the anathemas of the "New York Courier" and of the "Gardener's Chronicle," as well as the nearer terror of the local authorities, at once, with the assistance of his host and two Frenchmen (that the three most civilised nations in the world might all be represented in the perpetration of the sacrilegious deed), proceeded to put his intent into execution. They first selected the smallest tree which they could find in the grove; it was 24 feet in circumference, and took Black and the hunter three days' hard work to level with the ground, one cutting on each side of the tree. Increase of appetite growing by what it fed on, another and another shared the same fate, until they had actually cut down four of these magnificent trees, the last and largest being 42 feet in circumference, which took a week to cut and fell before the two Frenchmen; not, however, before the echoes of their axes reached the ears of Judge Lynch, who soon stopped the fun, and, in simple but unmistakeable language, gave him to understand that it would be "dangerous" to try it again. In other words, the authorities interfered, and although they did not lynch Pat (which would not have set the trees up again), they told him that they would if he cut down any more. He found the wood exceedingly soft and brittle, so much so that one of the trees in falling snapped in three places before it reached the ground, carrying away whole groves of silver firs and pine before it. But the bark was correspondingly tough, and Mr. Black and his friends found it a great deal worse to cut through than the wood —this being one of those beautiful compensative arrangements which we frequently meet with in the mechanism of nature.' (Murray, in *Edin. New Phil. Journ.* 2nd series. April 1860.)

From California to Mexico is an easy step, but our knowledge of the conifers of the latter country is in a sad state of confusion. There appears to be considerable variation in some of the characters of the species. It is so even in California, but as we go southwards the difficulty of identifying species perceptibly increases. A nurseryman named Roezl, who collected in that country, has done infinite mischief by sending home large numbers of specimens of cones, leaves, and seeds, under different names, which have for the most part been adopted and had descriptions appended to them by Mr. Gordon, in a work published by him under the name of 'The Pinetum'—not to be confounded with Messrs. Lawson's 'Pinetum Britannicum,' which is a work of a very different stamp. About one hundred and twenty-five so-called species of Mexican conifers of Roezl's and Hartweg's collecting have been described by him as distinct. These by some are thought to be all mere varieties

of five or six species, and by no one of moderate authority are estimated at more than a score.

This manufacture of names and describing species as distinct which are not so, is a species of coining which should be amenable to the law as much as the coining of bad money. It is done by unscrupulous collectors in order to get a higher price for their seeds, and is encouraged by unscrupulous nurserymen in order to dispose of a greater number of plants, and at higher prices than they would receive if the truth were known. The Mexican species must therefore wait the revision of some competent botanist. Few if any of them, however, are thoroughly hardy, although some of them would be valuable additions to our sylva if they really were so. The peculiar character of the pines is long green foliage hanging in tufts from the ends of the branches; and at least one of them (Pinus Don Pedri) has curious cones almost as large as those of the sugar pine.

A word or two, before we conclude, upon the introductions from Japan. Our knowledge of the botany of that sealed land was, until its recent opening under our treaties, confined to the works of three authors—Thunberg, Kæmpfer, and, of later date, Von Siebold, who for many years acted as consul in Japan for the Dutch, the most favoured nation of the Japanese, and who took advantage of his opportunities to collect, and with Zuccarini's assistance to publish, an excellent flora of that country. Considering how rigidly foreigners have been excluded from it from time immemorial, it is surprising that we knew so much of it as we did, but it is not surprising that as soon as its ports were opened our English botanists and nurserymen hastened to put their knowledge of it to practical use. Mr. Fortune and the younger Veitch both visited it at the same time, and to them we owe the introduction of almost all the Japanese plants of interest previously known, as well as many novelties. Of the conifers sent home by them, several were absolutely new to botanists—all were new to Britain. The two which will probably take their place as first favourites are the Thujopsis dolabrata, a flat-leaved cypress with leaves of a lovely glossy green above and broad silver bands beneath, and bearing a considerable *prima facie* resemblance to a lycopod; the other, the Japanese umbrella pine (Sciadopitys verticillata) is of great interest to botanists from its complication of affinities, and as it is a great favourite with the Japanese for its beauty, we may reasonably expect that we shall like it too. The name, however, does not refer, as in the case of the Italian umbrella pine, to the tree, but to the leaves,

which are arranged in little clusters spreading out like a head of hemlock or the ribs of an umbrella. It is dark green, and spiral in habit.

Mr. Fortune's name suggests the mention of his discoveries in China. Without a passing allusion to its productions, our sketch would be incomplete. Very few conifers, however, have been received from that country—four or five at most.* The most remarkable of them is the Pseudolarix Kæmpferi, whose barbarous generic name, half Latin, half Greek, and wholly, not half false, ought to be changed. It is a transition form between the larch and the cedar, with very remarkable characters of its own, and has a lovely light green foliage, with fine sabre-shaped leaves. It promises to be hardy (at least in the south of England), and we should willingly be without many another species to have this one.

ART. III.—1. *Miscellaneous Remains from the Commonplace Book of Richard Whately, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin.* London: 1864.

2. *Memoirs of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. With a Glance at his Côtemporaries and Times.* By WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK, J.P. 2 vols. London: 1864.

THIS little volume of the 'Commonplace Book' will be readily welcomed by the many who are grateful to Archbishop Whately for the intellectual assistance which he has afforded them, and also by the few who cherish a more particular and personal recollection of the man himself—his quaint, original, powerful style of thought and language, his manliness, his love of truth, his crotchets, and his weaknesses. It is as thoroughly characteristic as any record of the fresh and natural impressions of a man of his genius was certain to be. For it is to be remembered that Whately was in no degree a collector of other men's thoughts. What most of us call a commonplace book, is a collection of facts and sentiments derived from others' writings, which readers note down with a view of using them on the proper occasion. To Whately such a process would have been impossible. His 'Commonplace Book' preserves merely the first rapid flow of thought as it occurred to himself on any subject which attracted his fancy; or, to

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* Pinus densiflora, P. Massoniana, P. Bungeana, Picea Fortunei, and Pseudolarix Kæmpferi.

speak more accurately, as he believed it occurred to himself; for his comparative deficiency of general reading, and disregard of authority, made him often fancy himself original when saying what had been said before. Hence may arise some disappointment to the reader; for Whately's first thoughts were not his best: they were rather rough outlines of thought, which it was his habit to polish by turning them over and over in his mind, and to enrich with his peculiar wealth of homely illustration. Some of the contents of the work also seem to us to have been already used by their author in other shapes. For instance, the amusing chapter on 'mushroom celebrity 'arising from puzzle-headedness,' will be found nearly word for word in the Archbishop's commentary on Bacon's 55th essay, 'On Honour and Reputation;' and probably there are many instances, scattered through the miscellaneous mass of his writings, in which he had already given the contents of this 'Commonplace Book' to the public in one shape or another. Still, such as they are, they will afford abundant materials for farther thought to any one who peruses them, besides the mere enjoyment of the practical sense and mother wit with which they overflow. As for Mr. Fitzpatrick's two volumes, we name them, as in duty bound, because we have made considerable use of their contents in the absence of any more authentic record of the external facts of the Archbishop's life. But the lively compiler himself would probably be surprised at finding them rated as anything more than a mere *livre d'occasion*. In one respect he has done the subject of his biography more than justice: while preserving, with all the appreciation of humour which belongs to his country, many of the Archbishop's best jokes and some of his most outrageous puns, he has attributed to him, in mere wantonness, the authorship of numbers of anonymous witticisms which have floated in the atmosphere of Oxford common rooms, or of the Castle at Dublin, for the last half century.

We do not purpose, on the present occasion, to enter into any detailed examination of that great division of the late Archbishop's work in life which was, no doubt, in itself the most important, and also that by which he was best known and most appreciated: the effect which he produced on religious opinion, or more properly on religious thought, in this country. The subject is too large and too serious. The ordinary verdict passed on him by his contemporaries has, no doubt, its share of truth—that his work was destructive, not constructive. He was first led to think on these topics at a period when religious agitation was absolutely still, except in

the comparatively limited and exclusive circle of Evangelical thought. The first stone of offence, against which the impulses of his logical mind stumbled, consisted of the ordinary and most unreal defences which 'high-and-dry' orthodoxy, as it has been subsequently called, had set up round Church and State. And it was his keen sense of the real feebleness, and yet of the massive *vis inertiæ*, which that ancient fortress displayed, which led him to indulge perpetually in the favourite process of discovering and dwelling on its weak points, of testing all propositions by their ultimate results, and dispelling, by his unrivalled mixture of homely humour and close argument, the kind of haze which people of half opinions spread either intentionally or unconsciously around them. Generally speaking, therefore, Whately is set down as one of those men of negative genius who, by attacks on existing convictions of which they do not themselves foresee the results, prepare the way for more thorough assailants. But this is not altogether a just appreciation. Religious truth assumes many aspects to minds differently organised. With some—probably most of those who open their mind seriously to it—the prevailing aspect is dogmatic. Plenty are ready to say with Dr. Newman, 'from 'the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle 'of my religion.' There are many others who either reject dogmatic truth, or shrink from it with distaste, and appear to rest their own religious persuasions chiefly on sentiment; and this kind of religion, if so it may be called, tending more and more to rely on emotion and to ignore historical faith, has no doubt peculiar attraction for younger minds at the present day. But there is a third class of minds, also, which are not attracted by dogmatic truth, and yet cannot reject it; which regard most of that which extreme parties in the Church call dogma as superstition, but retain the rest, having too substantial cravings to be content with mere emotional religion. Such minds as these construct for themselves a creed, by adhering to a few received fundamental doctrines with logical or illogical pertinacity, and discarding all the superstructure which churches or sectaries have reared on this foundation, as of mere human origin. Such was, no doubt, the character of Whately's religion. And it were as well that those who condemn it without demur as meagre and unsatisfactory—who consider the believer who rejects at once ecclesiastical authority on the one side, and inward light on the other, as founding his faith, in reality, on a mere act of the will; as being in truth his own Pope without pretension to infallibility—should reflect that, in one way or another, the same objection

applies to the system of every man who holds any positive religious belief at all, from the completest system of the most exclusive Church down to the creed of the mere Deist. No man really yields, on religious questions, to downright logical compulsion. At one stage or other in the process the will comes in. He who throws off all fragments of Protestant opinion and clings resolutely to the Church of Rome, does so, in the first instance, by one bold act of choice; it is his will, not his belief, which he really submits in the first instance to the dictation of his priest. So with him who deliberately accepts the common Protestant view of the exclusive and absolute inspiration of the Scriptures: it is by an act of the will that he assumes this fundamental doctrine, from which all others follow. To prove its truth to any one else is simply impossible. At some link or other of the chain, its real strength, in every system, is afforded by an assumption. If, therefore, a man assumes certain of your fundamental doctrines (that is, treats them as proved, but by arguments which in truth rest on assumptions), and rejects all the rest of your system, you may hold his doctrine unsatisfying if you will, but you cannot with reason term it illogical: it is no more so than your own.

We have rather reluctantly gone even thus far into the character of Whately's theological views, feeling that it is a subject on which we ought not to bestow many words, and on which few words are liable to be misconstrued; but we were anxious at the outset to place his case fairly, as we consider it, before the reader. Because he had no mercy for other people's opinions, the suspicion, at least of many, is 'that he had no affirmative opinions of his own. But, in truth, to the few essential tenets of theology on which alone he dwelt he held with unshaken firmness. His last recorded words were surely not the feeble utterance of a deathbed, but the summary of a life's convictions: 'It is a great mercy,' said a friend to him, 'that though your body is weak, your intellect is vigorous 'still.' 'Talk to me no more of intellect,' he replied; 'there 'is nothing for me now but Christ.'

Whately was born in 1787, and spent his youth and early middle-age almost wholly at Oxford. He was a Fellow of Oriel, then, after a short experience of a country living, Principal of St. Alban's Hall; and only left the University in 1831, when promoted to the Archbishopric of Dublin. These dates are a little forgotten by those who are in the habit of mixing up the period of his academical career with that of the so-called Tractarian movement. That movement, substantially, dates

only from 1833. The strong part which Whately took in opposition to it belongs to later days — some time after his connexion with the University had ceased. He was pupil to Copleston, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, a man ten years older than himself. 'From you,' he said in a letter to the Bishop in 1845, 'I have derived the main principles on which 'I have acted and speculated through life.' One can conceive the mixed feelings with which the cautious though acute prelate must have received this flattering testimony from so dangerous a quarter. Davison, Ellison, Cardwell, Senior, were chief among his immediate contemporaries; while Keble, Arnold, Hampden, Milman, were of somewhat later date—Newman much later: and it is to be remembered that three years at the University constitute a generation. Among these there were men of many different minds; but of the so-called Liberals of Whately's own day, it might be said, generally speaking, that their views were confined to the establishment of more open and tolerant views on social and ecclesiastical questions than those prevalent at Oxford; they did not seek to promote any special line of thought on doctrinal questions; for the passions which these arouse then lay, happily or unhappily for truth, entranced in an ominous sleep. Among these Whately attained his great influence chiefly by his thoroughgoing nature, his honest and fearless logic. Most men who still cherished the conventional truisms of the place found themselves forced to drop off from him, after going with him a certain distance. With younger men he had great influence through the generous and expansive nature of his political liberalism, and (it must be added) not a little of the Johnsonian tendency to argue down, trip up, and domineer over, antagonists in controversy. Two of his productions, among the relics of those free and happy days, deserve particular remembrance. The first of these is the well-known little pamphlet of 'Historic Doubts respecting Napoleon Buonaparte,' which remains, odd to say, the most popular work of the author. We had in our hand recently the thirteenth edition of it, published when the nephew of its hero had become President of the French Republic, and there may have been more since. It would be idle to attach much importance to a mere clever squib; but it has been misunderstood, and under-rated as well as over-rated. To fancy it an answer to Hume's objection to miracles is absurd. But it is directed against reasoners who argue thus (and writers on Hume's side are constantly falling into the confusion, intentionally or casually): 'Miracles can-'not be believed on human testimony. But in addition to

'this, the testimony on which you receive them is full of 'inconsistencies and absurdities.' The Whateleian answer is— 'If no testimony will make miracles credible, then the character 'of the testimony is unimportant. But if it *is* important, then 'I will show you that a piece of well-known history—that of 'Napoleon, for instance—is as full of apparent inconsistencies 'and absurdities as the instances you cite from Scripture. 'And then, this husk disposed of, we can attach ourselves more 'closely to the issue which is the kernel—are miracles credible 'or no?'

A more important effort of the Whateleian style of attack on the common fallacies of those days is to be found in the once famous 'Letters of an Episcopalian' (if they are indeed his). This able tract is now out of date, because the opinions which it advocated, strange then in a Churchman, are now held by all but a few Churchmen. But we cannot describe the effect which it produced better than in the words of Newman, in that most engaging record of his youthful impulses and changes of sentiment which is now in the hands of every one:—

'In the year 1826, in the course of a walk, Froude said much to me about a work then published, called "Letters on the Church by "an Episcopalian." He said that it would make my blood boil. It was certainly a most powerful composition. One of our common friends told me that, after reading it, he could not keep still, but went on walking up and down his room. It was ascribed at once to Whately. I gave eager expression to the contrary opinion; but I found the belief of Oxford in the affirmative to be too strong for me. Rightly or wrongly, I yielded to the general voice; and I have never heard, then or since, of any disclaimer of authorship on the part of Dr. Whately. The main positions of this able essay are these: first, That Church and State should be independent of each other; he speaks of the duty of protesting against the profanation of Christ's kingdom, by that double usurpation, the interference of the Church in temporals, of the State in spirituals; and, secondly, that the Church may justly and by right retain its property, though separated from the State. . . . The author of this work, whoever he may be, argues out both these points with great force and ingenuity, and with a thoroughgoing vehemence which perhaps we may refer to the circumstance that he wrote, not in *propriâ personâ*, but in the professed character of a Scotch Episcopalian. His work had a gradual, but a deep effect on my mind.' (*Apologia pro Vitâ suâ*, p. 70.)

It had indeed; for it is not difficult to trace the connexion of these thoughts, moulded as they were along with others under the fierce amalgamating influence of one dominant idea, with the subsequent mental history of the great leader of men

who thus refers to them. In the meantime, the immediate effect of these Letters and similar productions on Oxford thought was, oddly enough, precisely the reverse of what Whately proposed to himself. The question of Catholic Emancipation roused the great majority of Oxford minds into vehement opposition to the powers that then were. The mass were influenced only by the ordinary Tory views. But a clever fraction, to whom these were distasteful, found in the threatened danger of surrender to Rome, rather illogically, a strong argument against Erastianism. It was the Whig, or renegade Tory Cabinet, which was 'profaning Christ's kingdom,' by interfering in spiritual or quasi-spiritual matters. Those who are curious in such obsolete history will find a singular instance of the strength of this feeling in the Reverend Mr. Perceval's account of the first start of the 'Tracts for the Times.' It will be seen there, that the great movement which resulted, first in an attempt to dictate to the Church, and then in an extensive defection from it, began really in wrath with the usurpation of the State in meddling with certain Irish temporalities.

Whately was profoundly angry, no doubt, when some of his cherished liberal pupils thus aimed at him, the leader of Oxford liberalism, with arrows feathered by himself. Newman recounts an instance in which this feeling came out in a characteristic way. For some out-of-the way reason, Newman had voted against Peel in the famous University election of 1829:—

'Whately was considerably annoyed at me, and he took a humourous revenge, of which he had given me due notice beforehand. As head of a house, he had duties of hospitality to men of all parties: he asked a set of the least intellectual men in Oxford to dinner, and men most fond of port; he made me one of the party; placed me between Provost this and Principal that, and then asked me if I was proud of my friends. However, he had a serious meaning in his act: he saw, more clearly than I could do, that I was separating from his own friends for good and all.'

But the leading peculiarity of Whately's mind, as shown in his Oxford labours as well as in after life, was his unshaken, undeviating, almost fanatical devotion to Truth as such. It seems strange to point out this as the distinctive feature in any man's character; but, in the world we live in, such it is. He never could conceal, or disguise, or evade, the truth as it at the time appeared to him. He never could stand on terms of alliance or intimacy (intellectually speaking) with those who did. He never belonged to a party, or acted with a party, or adopted the pass-words of a party. No great merit in him, perhaps; for he could not do it. When temporary circum-

stances brought him into common action with a party on some point on which he agreed with it, he was the most inconvenient of all possible allies, going off into neutrality or opposition the moment any divergence of opinion between himself and his associates began to show itself. That much of this untoward spirit of independence was learnt in his Oxford days is indisputable. And it was no doubt considerably spiced with the kindred spirit of opposition. He found orthodoxy, religious and political, guarded, in those days, by an elaborate system of defences which every one had agreed to recognise as such, but which were entirely unadapted to resist the first pressure of inquiry. The reason which a man was required to give for the faith which was in him was simply a stereotyped reason, put into the mouths of a whole class at once by their teachers. To give a different reason was a divergence from correct principle scarcely less irregular than to raise doubts respecting the faith itself. There is much of this kind of teaching in high places of education still; and there are many, too, who still approve of it; who contend that, inasmuch as students can hardly be supposed capable of discriminating between the arguments which may be used on both sides of a great question, the really expedient course is to present them with half arguments and 'economies' of the truth. Those who thus argue are little aware of the terrible amount of evil they cause; of the number of ingenuous minds which they seduce, first into sarcastic doubt, then into negation of all belief. They are little aware how many more souls are led into a sceptical way of thinking by the consciousness that their teacher does not tell them the whole truth, than by the leading of one who honestly avows his own difficulties, and does not conceal those which await his hearers.

An instance will serve to illustrate our meaning. There was a work of high repute at Oxford in its day, by the Reverend W. Palmer, of Worcester College, entitled a 'Treatise 'on the Church of Christ.' It did not appear, indeed, until 1839, long after Dr. Whately had ceased to fight his battles at Oxford; but it was a very fair specimen of the class which had prevailed in earlier times, and which it was his especial business to combat; a work intended to instruct students in theology by laying down for them a course of dogmatic assertions in matters both of faith and history, thoroughly onesided, and intended to meet ordinary objections by superficial answers. It is, we suppose, forgotten by this time, as are works in general which, under the mask of learned treatises, have the substance of party pamphlets,—a special division of the genus

which Charles Lamb termed 'Biblia Abibla,' books which are not books. But it had its day, and was a common manual in the hands of people who wanted arguments for a predetermined conclusion. Newman, in his 'Apologia,' speaks of it with high respect, and yet in terms under which we cannot decide whether there does not lurk a certain amount of sarcasm:—

'As was to be expected from the author, it was a most learned, most careful composition; and, in its form, I should say, polemical. . . . It was one which no Anglican could have written but himself —in no sense, if I recollect right, a tentative work. The ground of controversy was cut into squares, and then every objection had its answer. *This is the proper method to adopt in teaching young men.*'

The reader may judge of the real value of this chess-board of controversy by the very first square. Every Greek scholar is perfectly aware of the primary meaning of the word 'Ecclesia,' which we translate Church. All such know that to ordinary Greek ears it simply conveyed the idea of an assembly for the purpose of transacting public business; that its derivation from the verb 'to call out' implied no more nor less than the act of summoning the citizens from their dwellings to the public place in which the assembly was held. It was a common word, as thoroughly appropriated to a special subject as 'parliament,' 'senate,' or 'vestry' among ourselves. And hence, as is equally well known to ecclesiastical students, Protestants have argued that the Church of the Apostolic age was neither more nor less than an assembly of the faithful for purposes of worship and of administration, subject, like any other Ecclesia, to mere human government, possessed of no mysterious attributes or supernatural powers.* On the other hand, it is equally familiar knowledge that those who hold higher notions of Church authority have always striven to show that the Apostolic writers did in fact use the word, not in this ordinary sense, but in a secondary, special, and restricted sense. But all this discussion was too fine and dangerous, in Mr. Palmer's opinion, for orthodox students. They were to be taught 'dogmatically' if at all; and consequently, incredible as it may appear, in his definition of the Church he does not controvert or explain away the common and recognised meaning of the Greek word—he simply ignores it altogether. We are merely told, at the outset of his work, that its ordinary

* The old Dissenters, in their word 'Meeting,' and 'Meeting-'house' for the place of assembly, approached more nearly to this simple sense of the word Ecclesia than any one else.

application in Scripture is 'a *society* of Christians, or those who 'believe in Christ. Thus the Church of Christ is *not* formed 'by the mere voluntary association of individuals, but by 'divine grace, operating either by miracle, or by ordinary 'means of divine institution. *And this seems implied in the 'very word Ecclesia, derived from Ekkalein, to call forth.*' Such were the arguments by which the youth of Oxford were authoritatively taught to defend their faith, not so many years ago! Such were the manuals of correct instruction placed in their hands, and not to be criticised without suspicion of heterodoxy! That such things are now, we believe, impossible; that the most timid student in divinity would venture on a smile of dissent at such a definition of 'the Church' as is here imposed upon him by authority—is owing to Whately, to his style of trenchant and searching thought, and especially to his scrupulous respect of Truth *quand même*, more than to the efforts of any other individual.

'We must not be deterred from this duty (of plain speaking in Biblical interpretation) by the fear (so often put forward) of what is called "*unsettling* men's minds." It is true that every man's mind is likely to be somewhat unsettled, if he has been taught to build on a foundation of sand, and you seek to place his building on a rock. If he has been trained by those who assure him that his religion is true, but that an attempt to investigate the "reason of the hope that is in him," is likely to end in infidelity; if he has been taught to regard our Bible version as the original, or as the only version extant, or as inspired and infallible; or if he has been taught to regard the Romish Legends as of equal authority with Scripture—no doubt he will be "unsettled," and his faith, perhaps, endangered when he is undeceived on these points. But a truly honest and conscientious minister will not *dare* to leave any one in darkness whom he is able to enlighten; or to practise or to connive at anything of the character of a pious fraud, on the ground of a supposed expediency.

'And if he does his duty honestly, because it *is* his *duty*, it will then be given him to perceive that the honest course was also the expedient one, and that there is much more danger ultimately in the opposite. For when a man comes to perceive that he has been led, or left, to error, he will distrust, or probably disbelieve, all that comes from the same quarter. The first detected falsehood—the first suggested doubt—is a mortal wound to the faith which has been based on utter ignorance. . . . If you pursue, in all points, the open and straightforward course, you will find that instead of ultimately unsettling, you will have settled men's faith on a better basis than sand.' (*Commonplace Book*, p. 296, 297.)

That Whately carried this prudery of veracity, so to speak, even too far, will perhaps be thought by some who are thoroughly disposed to admire it on general principles. He

says somewhere, if we recollect rightly, that he never taught, even children, anything until he was convinced they understood it—not even their prayers. A questionable position surely. For if by 'understanding' we mean understanding thoroughly, then it is difficult to see how education is to begin at all. If we mean 'understanding' in the popular sense—attaching some kind of sense to the words we use, and not repeating them like nonsense verses—then the precept seems too vague to be of much practical utility. Bearing in view, however, this cardinal point in Whately's intellectual character, we have no difficulty in realising the intense antipathy with which he set himself against the so-called 'Oxford or Tractarian movement.' This is a part of his labours on which we have every reason to touch tenderly. No one can have read the 'Apologia' of Dr. Newman without having his sympathies strongly excited, even as it were in spite of himself, by those simple and warm outpourings, as from a heart overcharged with the sense of many years of injurious and unanswered imputation; the utterings of one who demands that, whatever wrong his opponents may do him in other matters, they will at least allow him the credit of honest allegiance to that truth for which they indeed may declaim, but for which he has sacrificed everything. But when the due tribute to this demand on our feelings has been paid, the original question will nevertheless recur. Not whether Dr. Newman be himself a man of honour, but whether the movement of which he was the leader was or was not conducted in a dishonest manner; whether its managers were not throughout concealing from others, both followers and opponents, their own ulterior intentions, fully formed or half formed. Whately knew that these tendencies were towards Rome; he believed the chiefs of the party, more or less, conscious of those tendencies; he saw that they did not openly avow them; and he denounced them accordingly from the beginning. It seems rather hard, that when the event proved him right, he should be condemned as harsh and partial. But Newman's position, throughout his autobiography, is in fact a false one. He not only admits, but demonstrates with all his unrivalled subtlety of exposition, how every advance which he made in thought led him nearer to Rome; and he thanks God for it. And yet the obsolete resentments of his old Anglican days seem to cling very closely about the convert. He cannot refrain from considering himself extremely ill-used by those Protestants who maintained all along that he *was* on the way to Rome. Even so (we hope we may use the illustration without disrespect) have we not unfrequently read the autobiography of some distinguished

malefactor, in which the writer unburdens his conscience, almost complacently, respecting all his offences against other people's property, and yet cannot avoid speaking throughout in a grumbling tone of injured feeling respecting the thieftakers who had tracked him, the witnesses who had sworn against him, and the jurors who had convicted him. Even such a detective was Whately; and the 'confitens reus' himself cannot make up his mind to forgive him. As regards Whately himself, his aversion to Romish and quasi-Romish tenets themselves was not half so strong as to the trickeries, 'reserves,' 'economies,' half-avowals, and the like, by which in his opinion they were insinuated at Oxford. The reader may consult, if he will, the chapter of the Commonplace Book somewhat affectedly entitled 'Phenakism,' from an uncommon Greek word, signifying in plain English cheatery. (It has by the way no date, as most of the fragments have, which is in this instance a loss.) Any one who remembers the controversies of those days can hardly have forgotten how the wrath of the thoroughgoing anti-Phenakist was excited when certain of Newman's congregation at St. Mary's persuaded their pastor to mix water with the sacramental wine—which happens to be the practice of Rome—*solely* on the alleged ground that the unmixed beverage was too strong for their stomachs before breakfast! It became with him a kind of typical instance of party disingenuousness.

And—we must say it plainly, without instituting any hateful comparisons between the real honesty of one good man and another—there is an essential difference in the mode in which Truth, as such (not *the* Truth, which each man troweth) presents itself to minds like Whately's and Newman's respectively. It is only necessary to read the long and strange dissertation respecting lying and equivocation into which the latter enters, in his 'Apologia,' and compare it with Whately's expressions on the same subject in his commentary on Bacon's essay 'On Simulation and Dissimulation.' Everybody, or nearly so, admits that to lie is justifiable in certain extreme cases; but no honest man doubts that a false assertion intentionally made *is* a lie, however justifiable. And all equivocations, and ingenious concealments or half-admissions of the truth, are equally lies: are only justifiable where lies are justifiable: and, even in that case, superadd to the lie the unnecessary meanness of an endeavour to disguise it. All this is plain doctrine—Heaven be thanked that it is so—to every honest man, woman, and child; no argument is needed to confirm it, no casuistry can weaken it; no array of 'authorities' can obscure it. It is well and simply put by Whately in the commentary referred

to. And at the same conclusion Dr. Newman seems to arrive at last*; pronouncing himself (oddly enough) more of an Englishman than an Italian in such matters: as if, though it may be the fact (which we, for our part, by no means affirm) that Italians lie more than Englishmen, an honest Italian could possibly have a different opinion as to what is a lie from an honest Englishman, any more than as to what is a triangle. But he comes to it through such an infinity of intricate coils of thought—such curious citation of authorities this way and that, and balancing of one against the other—that he leaves us under the unavoidable impression that though he, in person, stands up for truthfulness, a man who should assume, in certain cases, a considerable license of assertion would have in his view so much of 'probable opinion' to back him as might leave his conscience in a state of comparative comfort. For such refinements Whately's organisation was unsuited. As he says, and nobly, in the commentary already referred to:—

'It is not given, to those who do not prize straightforwardness for its own sake, to perceive that it is the wisest course. The maxim, that honesty is the best policy, is one which perhaps no one is habitually guided by in practice. *An honest man is always before it; and a knave is always behind it.*'

Nearly connected with this subject in many minds, though

* We say 'seems:' for, after all, we are not sure that we fully understand Dr. Newman's ultimate standing-point. 'The rule of 'the Economy,' he says, 'at least as I have explained and *recommended* it, did not go beyond—1. The concealing the truth when 'we could do so without deceit. 2. Stating it only partially. '3. Representing it under the nearest form possible to a learner or 'inquirer, when he could not possibly understand it exactly. I con-'ceive that to draw angels with wings is an instance of the *third* of 'these economical modes; and to avoid the question, "Do Christians '"believe in a Trinity?" by answering "They believe in only one '"God," would be an instance of the second' (i.e. of a justifiable telling of the partial truth). Now it is conceivable—to put an extreme case, after the manner of the casuists—that it might be lawful to tell a lie, by saying 'Christians do not believe in the Trinity;' for example, to save the life of a father. But to mislead the inquirer by the answer, 'They believe in one God,' must be simply a lie *plus* the meanness of attempting to whitewash it. Does Dr. Newman mean that he 'recommended' this? or that (the delusions of ardent controversy being over) he recommends it now? A Mussulman Sheikh asked Captain Semmes, of the Alabama, 'Are you promoters 'of slavery?' 'We belong to a country where the black man is better 'taken care of than in any other part of the world,' answered the astute captain; who surely must have studied at Oriel in his youth.

perhaps not so in reality, is the question respecting the credit to be attached to ecclesiastical miracles, on which not only the views, but the turn of mind, of the two distinguished men whom we are comparing, were undoubtedly very distinct, but not precisely with that special divergence which the world attributed to them. That Newman, in the days of his early zeal, and with some feeling of pleasure, we suspect, in startling his former associates, did stand up, and allowed his followers to stand up, as the champions of all manner of ill-authenticated miraculous manifestations, will be plain enough to those who will examine for themselves the records of the old Oxford controversy, and in particular his famous preface to Fleury's history. But his logical position, so to speak, on this question was always clear and tenable enough; Whately's, perhaps, not equally so. At the same time, Roman Catholics are apt to over-rate the real value of their supposed logical advantages. The pious Romanist believes in the miracles of Scripture; he believes, also, that a continuing Church continues to possess the power of working miracles; and in this he is consistent. The pious Protestant believes in Scripture miracles, but he believes (generally speaking) that the power to work such miracles ceased after the time of the Apostles; for which he can give no very cogent reason. But, practically, the two seem to a third party more nearly on a footing than they themselves suppose. For ordinary Romanist and Protestant alike believe, as matter of faith, in every recorded Scripture miracle, though their reasons for holding the plenary inspiration of Scripture be different. But no Romanist *need* believe, as matter of faith, in any one recorded ecclesiastical miracle, any more than his Protestant opponent. He *need* only believe in miraculous agency potentially, in which the Protestant *may* believe also. And such, we venture to guess, is the fixed habit of mind of educated Romanists in general. We may mistake Dr. Newman altogether; we submit readily to the correction of those who may know him better than we do; but we suspect him of being of an enthusiastic indeed, but not of a credulous turn of mind. We have our doubts (notwithstanding what he says about certain *relics*) whether he believes any one Church miracle whatever: he is content, we imagine, with the conviction at which he has arrived that he may believe such as he pleases.

Whately's turn of mind was very different. He was the reverse of fanatical by temperament; but he was credulous. Credulity was a strange cross thread, running athwart the general hard and uniform texture of his disposition. On Scriptural miracles, as evidences, he dwelt with singular earnestness.

There is a passage in this Commonplace Book, calculated to shock some minds, in which he inquires (p. 288) what is the difference between the case of our Saviour and of Brother Prince of the Agapemone, both of whom were called by their enemies 'blasphemers,' 'except what is derived from an appeal 'to the reason: i. e. that the one gave proof by his miracles of 'the truth of the claim, and the other none at all.' See the same argument pushed to an uneasy extreme in one of the essays in this volume, denominated 'Weight without Scales.' But passing by such reasonings as these, to which the author was perhaps driven by mere stress of his own logic, it may perhaps be said respecting miracles of later date, that though his opinions led him to disregard them *quâ* ecclesiastical, he was by no means naturally indisposed to admit them *quâ* supernatural. There are passages (especially in his essays on the writings of St. Paul) in which he speaks of them with more respect than would be generally imagined of so good a Protestant. And his natural tendency to believe, diverted from that direction by argumentative obstacles, found an issue in his wholesale reception of all the marvels of modern thaumaturgy. Homœopathy, mesmerism, clairvoyance, table-turning, spirit-rapping, all went down with him alike; all were received with a certain amount of awe, and a disposition to find them true. We do not doubt that one or other of these interesting fancies has its advocates among our readers; but no one can reasonably say that there is any link of natural connexion between them all; that there is any reason, because a man believes in infinitesimal doses, that he should also believe in the power to read a letter through a brick wall. Each and all were welcome alike to the curiously constituted mind of Whately. Many eccentric observations respecting them are scattered through this Commonplace Book, finishing with the heading 'on spiritualism,' which begins with the avowal, 'I am greatly perplexed, and so are the intelligent 'friends whom I consulted, about Mr. Home's proceedings,' and ends with the solemn advice: 'On the whole, I think it is 'the safe course to have nothing to do with any necromantic 'practices'! (P. 302.)

But, to return to what we have said before, the period of active antagonism between Whately and the Tractarians occurred long after he had left Oxford and become established at Dublin. In the meantime he had made himself a great university name in other than theological inquiry; by his works on logic and rhetoric, to which we will only allude; and his very successful labours in the chair of Political Economy. And to the public at large he had become known by the forcible and

effective manner in which he had taken part in some of the great social questions of that day. To these we shall have to direct further attention. It was a strange destiny which drew into the same city the two Oxford friends of early days, now separated alike by party feuds and mutual animosity, standing opposite each other, 'like cliffs which have been rent asunder.' We have Newman's word for it, that they never saw each other there. He appears to throw the blame of the separation on the Archbishop. The friends of the latter, we believe, hold a different view. But Fate was more in fault than either.

Little indeed was Whately prepared for so great a change, when the Whig Government of 1831, hardly firm in their seats during the great constitutional revolution of that year, took him from his Oxford common rooms to place him in the See of Dublin. To what particular interest, or motive on the part of those then in power, he owed his elevation, the world has never been informed, nor can we ourselves conjecture. Lord Grey declared (before a Committee of the Lords in 1837) that when he offered the archbishopric to Dr. Whately he had never spoken to, written to, nor to his knowledge ever seen him. Mr. Fitzpatrick, with all a biographer's boldness, seems to have asked Lord Brougham to explain his share in the business, and to have received from the good nature of the ex-Chancellor the following answer, which throws no great light on the matter:—

'*Nov.* 8. 1863.—Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Mr. Fitzpatrick. He has an indistinct recollection of having urged on Lord Grey the claims of Dr. Whately to the Archbishopric then vacant, and to have pressed upon him not only the "Lectures," but the admirable work to which Mr. F. refers.'

What work that was Mr. Fitzpatrick does not inform us. That the appointment was much more influenced by the opinion entertained of Dr. Whately's power as a man of thought and action in political emergency, under the schemes of thorough change in the Irish Church which were contemplated by the Liberals of that day, than by any sympathy with the sundry eccentric theological opinions which he was supposed to entertain, we have no doubt. Such, however, was not the clerical view of the case. Any one who remembers the violence of the brief storm excited last year by an unfounded report, that Canon Stanley was about to receive the same promotion, can form an idea, but a faint one only, of the typhoon which raged in 1831 among the combined ranks of the Irish Orange clergy, the orthodox of Oxford, and the political Tories who sought

to use the agitation thus created in the line of their own business. Not only was the new archbishop a Radical of the most dangerous character, but he was an anti-Sabbatarian, a Sabellian, a Socinian in disguise. As to the first of these latter charges, the religious world, with the exception of a respectable but diminishing party, has nearly come round to Whately's view of the case. The second we leave for the consideration of those who may think it worth while. On the third, we can only say, that in the days which we have ourselves lived to see, a prelate who should unite Whately's breadth of liberalism with that firm belief which he maintained, to his own satisfaction at least, in the chief articles of the Church's faith, would be a godsend to the wavering among us. The Bishop of Exeter—with the eye of a general detecting at a glance the weak point of the enemy's defences—led the assault. After abundant protestations of his esteem for the new prelate, and that he 'meant nothing invidious,' he informed the House of Lords that he 'must not be afraid of saying that the known 'opinions of the Archbishop of Dublin upon an important 'theological question, are opinions which in a great degree 'disqualify him for the situation to which he has been ap-'pointed. . . . His opinions denying the sacredness of the 'Sabbath have been put forth to the world, and for that he is 'responsible to the world.' Partisans to back him, except a few admiring individuals, he had none. The old High Church could not forgive his early attacks on the connexion between Church and State: the nascent new High Church, his manifest contempt for Church authority in their sense: the Low Church, his views on the Sabbath and on kindred questions. He fought in the ecclesiastical *mêlée*, like Harry Wynd, 'for 'his own hand.' From Episcopal thrones down to the humblest evangelical pulpit, in England and Ireland, the wave of the outcry propagated itself, as usual, with increasing violence as it reached the outer limit. And we are bound to say, that even Hibernian zeal was matched by English indignation in the vividness of its eruptions. 'This is the man,'—so we ourselves heard a London preacher thunder from the pulpit—'whom the Whigs have made an archbishop. He an arch-'bishop! I should like to knock off his mitre, and kick it 'round his diocese.'

Violence of this sort did not much affect the demeanour and conduct of so independent a man as Whately; nor, we imagine, his equanimity. He was strongly penetrated, all his life, with the truth of a sentiment somewhere expressed by Hallam—that, on religious questions, what the multitude thinks is

pretty sure to be wrong; a maxim which may not be quite orthodox, but must, nevertheless, be allowed its due weight as a corrective of those four words of pregnant Latin which made Newman a Romanist—*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* His habit of mind, as regards the support which he derived from other minds, was, like so much of his idiosyncrasy, very singular and exceptional. He cared not much for general approval, but he did not like to stand alone. He surrounded himself, all his life, with a small squadron of adherents. Thus far many men have resembled him. But the peculiarity of Whately's mind was this, that he never treated these adherents as followers, disciples, 'séides,' as the French phrase it; but, by an odd mental evolution, contrived to regard himself as *their* disciple, and kept quoting, as authorities in his favour, expressions of theirs which in truth were mere reverberations of his own. He—who had simply a quiet contempt for what is commonly called authority—constantly cites, in his works, the testimonies of a few learned men on his own behalf, who, in point of fact, were more or less his own mouthpieces. His appeals to the dicta of Dr. Hinds, of Bishop Hampden, of Mr. Senior, of his own chaplain Dr. Dickinson, and a few more, in favour of notions which he had himself instilled into them, are often extremely amusing. 'What people most readily and 'most cordially approve,' he somewhere says, 'is the echo of 'their own sentiments;' and he does not seem to have been in the least aware how truly he was characterising himself. 'All 'his geese were swans,' says Newman, repeating in no ill-humoured spirit a common saying respecting Whately; and it was true enough in a sense, though we are far from imputing anserine qualities to any of the distinguished Whateleians whom we have enumerated.

Fortified by the sympathy of kindred spirits such as these, Whately, as we have said, pursued his way without much attention to the vulgar abuse which was heaped upon him. But the fatal blow to his real happiness, as well as to his final estimation by his contemporaries, was not inflicted by the unpopularity which attended his appointment; it was the inevitable Nemesis of the appointment itself. It was his acceptance of high office in a Church which was itself an anomaly and a scandal; a thing maintained in spite of common sense, of the unanimous judgment of enlightened men out of Britain, and of most of the better class of thinkers at home; maintained for a long time in a spirit of defiance to an oppressed majority; maintained now, for the most part, by politicians who would most gladly get rid of it, but are simply at their wits' end to

devise the method of doing so. Whately should never have suffered himself to be seduced, not indeed by wealth, for which he cared not, but by the lure of high position and the hope of doing great things, into a post in which his position was really humiliating, and in which to do great things was impossible. He, the most truthful of men, and so regarded by the bitterest of his enemies, had to occupy the most prominent place in an institution which was itself a 'sham;' which it was impossible for him to support except by arguments whereof, when used by others, he would have been the first to recognise the fallacy. That he saw his error early we believe: he set himself about repairing it with the spirit of an indefatigable and zealous benefactor of his race, as in truth he was. Unable to make any figure in the ordinary archiepiscopal line consistently with his own sincerity of heart, he devoted himself to a purpose line which was not that of his office, although one which sat by no means ungracefully on its occupant,—that of national education. It is not our intention now to discuss the extraordinary energy with which he embraced this cause, the great apparent successes which he achieved, or his ultimate failure. Enough for the present to say that he was the victim, not of imprudences or errors of his own, nor, in strictness, of the injustice of his opponents, but of other men's follies and other men's passions, which cut as it were indirectly athwart the line which he had proposed for himself. There was nothing impracticable in his plan of teaching religion to the young without interfusing with the teaching the spirit of sectarian difference; and it worked well enough, so long as the two religious bodies lived on tolerable terms, under the sensible rule of Archbishop Murray. But, on the other hand, it was impossible, in theory, to maintain the proposition, against an earnest religious partisan, that religion could be taught, even in the most elementary way, without any reference to those matters of controversy which, to him at all events, appear essentials. The logic, therefore, of Whately's opponents was irrefragable: their passions were excited by the renewal of hostilities between the two persuasions consequent on the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and other polemical matters of the day; and to fight logic and passion united, with the mere weapons of common sense and charity, was a hopeless task.

'There are two little works,' so ran the celebrated pastoral of Dr. Cullen and his suffragans, 'which have been some-'times, though rarely, used by Catholic children, which we 'now ask to be excluded from their hands. The first is a 'little treatise on the Evidences of Christianity, composed by a

'Protestant dignitary who has lately distinguished himself by 'an unprovoked attack on our conventual institutions, under 'the pretence of protecting personal liberty.' The prelates who could thus commence a damnatory criticism on an essay on the Evidences of Christianity by the statement that it was composed by an author who was favourable to the Government inspection of nunneries, must truly have been, to borrow Swift's phrase in the 'Tale of a Tub,' 'in a delicate humour for 'setting about a reformation.' But the power wielded by these confederates rendered their reasoning as formidable as that of the master of twenty legions. In a very short time, these books, the favourite results of Whately's labours, which he had spent an infinity of pains in adapting for the use of mixed education, were banished from all the schools under his superintendence; and he had to sit, condemned and humiliated, at that Board of which for some time he had been almost absolute master. It was not irritated self-conceit, but a just sense of his own impaired usefulness, which made him resign his seat; but from that period (1853) his public life ceased. He was reduced to the ordinary nullity of an Irish Protestant Archbishop who disdains to head or serve a party in the Church. It was a blow most deeply felt by a man in whom pride was not the less dominant because it was veiled by a studied abruptness of manner and absence of pretension. He was stimulated the more to self-assertion by the vain desire to cover a defeat. He seems to have yielded, more than ever, to the natural tendency of his disposition to domineering, and to intolerance of personal opposition. He is said, we know not with what truth, to have asserted that the calumnies and hostilities to which he was exposed on the Education question 'shortened his life.' The complaint does not at first sight seem founded on irrefragable grounds, seeing that he died at seventy-six, after living through an amount of intellectual toil in which few have surpassed him. But he belonged, no doubt, to a family in which very long life was hereditary. The Whatelys, with few exceptions, have attained a more protracted age than he. Whether it shortened his days or not, the opposition in question assuredly disturbed his mind to its very depths, and embittered all his last years. This Commonplace Book contains his last reflections on it.

'*What is Hardest to Forgive?*

'When I consider what magnanimous candour it requires to think kindly of those who adhere to the principles, party, &c., which were once *ours*, and which we have abandoned (far more than to be charitable towards those who had *always* differed from us), even when

we are fully convinced that we were right in the change, I do suppose the bitterness of feeling towards me in those who had formerly acted with me on the Education question, especially that large portion of them who are well aware that I am quite in the right, must at least equal that of any of the numerous phials of wrath that have before now been poured out on me.

'How easy it is to forgive *injuries*, compared with many things that are not injuries! But people may object to this use of the word forgive, and I will not insist on using it; though Miss E. Smith says, "A woman has need of extraordinary gentleness and modesty, to be *forgiven* for professing superior ability and learning." And she, I believe, *was* forgiven accordingly.

'But not to insist on a word, instead of "forgive," say, "judge fairly, and feel kindly" towards—

'1. One who adheres to the views which were yours, and which you have changed. (This was one of Paul's trials.)

'2. One who has proved right in the warning and advice he gave you, and which you rejected.

'3. One who is preferred to you by the woman you are in love with; or has carried off some other prize from you: especially if he has attained with little or no exertion what you have been striving hard for without success (vide Aristotle's "Rhetoric:" φθόνος).

'4. One who has succeeded in *some* enterprise when you predicted failure (as in the railroad over Chat Moss).

'In all these, and some other cases, there is evidently no injury; and therefore "I hate," some will say, "to hear *forgiveness* spoken of, when in fact there is nothing to forgive." Be it so; but do not go on to imagine that you have therefore no need to keep down with *strong effort* just the same kind of feelings that you *would* have, if there *had* been an injury.' (Pp. 147, 148.)

It is a more pleasing task to return to some of his earlier political or social achievements, in which he ran boldly counter to existing prepossessions, and exposed himself, with that true courage which belonged to his character, to every kind of misconception and misrepresentation for the sake of what he deemed the right. Of this class were his exertions in the great cause of Poor Law Reform in England. It is almost forgotten now, how nearly the accumulated abuses of the former system had brought, some thirty years ago, ruin on the employers of labour, and degradation on the labourers, throughout the greater part of agricultural England. Nor can we, of this generation, justly appreciate the extreme unpopularity which attended the task of its reformers. Among these the greatest name was unquestionably that of the late Mr. Senior. We read, the other day, in a graceful little biography of this accomplished man in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' that he said of himself, 'When I was twenty-five years old, I determined that 'I would reform the condition of the poor in England.' And

that work he executed. What the peasantry of England have gained in these last thirty years in point of comfort, rate of living, manliness, and independence—all due allowance made for extraneous causes, such as commercial prosperity and free trade—we must, in justice, attribute, first and foremost, to the exertions of that band of thinkers who combined to turn the public mind of England into the right direction. And of these we must rate Senior the first. His powers of writing, though considerable, did not equal Whately's, nor had he the Archbishop's incisive logic and store of illustration. But he possessed, what was perhaps more available in such a controversy, perfect clearness of thought, founded on an intimate acquaintance with the subject, and never-failing grasp of its true points; great equanimity, and a steady gentleness of irresistible argument—the iron grasp in the glove of silk. Senior did, in truth, great things; but he had in him the elements of far greater; and now that one so well known and so valued, so ready to communicate knowledge and so unaffectedly willing to receive it, has left a void among us, we, who knew him well, are tempted to speculate why a man possessed of such powers should have assumed, as it were instinctively, a lower place than that which early achievements seemed to assign him—should have passed from a most original teacher into a clever retailer of other men's sayings, adding thereby a great deal to the agreeableness, but not much to the wisdom of the world. In the times of which we are now speaking, he was the foremost champion in the cause of amendment; and close at his side followed the two Whatelys—the Archbishop and his brother of Cookham — who had the additional merit that, being clergymen, they were compelled to endure the most painful charges of hardheartedness and cruelty, which their lay coadjutor might better afford to despise.

On the whole, we are scarcely able to record with equal satisfaction another of Whately's achievements in this most active portion of his life; that on which he himself, and many of his friends, seemed at one time to rest his strongest claims on public gratitude and remembrance—his vigorous attack, nearly thirty years ago, on the system of penal transportation. At that time the public mind was a good deal excited by accounts from the Australian colonies of the evils resulting from the management of convicts there, in particular under the ordinary practice of 'assignment.' It was easily shown that the punishment was extremely unequal in its severity; that while some convicts, either from the evil disposition of their employers, when assigned, or from the hardships incidental to the system,

when worked in penal gangs, suffered intensely, others suffered scarcely anything at all, and in a short time attained to wealth and position as the reward of their offences against society at home. These things, as we say—though susceptible to a great extent of remedy, so far as they were evils—produced a very unfavourable impression on line-and-rule disciplinarians. They were seized on with avidity by Whately, and made the most of in furtherance of his own views; but they did not form the basis of these views. His rigorous reasoning sought, in punishment, only the object of deterring from offence. Of its other supposed purposes, reformation of the criminal, vindication of moral justice, and so forth, he reckoned nothing. His mind knew no side points. It was not so constituted as ever to admit with readiness the consideration of subsidiary reasons for anything. Every instance of punishment applied—he was wont to say—is an instance of the failure of that punishment; for it shows that in the instance in question it has not deterred.* And he had thoroughly made up his mind, although the evidence on the subject was at best conflicting, that transportation was not 'deterrent,' and was therefore necessarily a failure, without pausing to inquire what was to be substituted for it. He wrote much, in a rambling way, about secondary punishment; but to the best of our belief he never contributed a valuable idea to the knowledge of the world on the subject. Undaunted by the difficulties of the question, he boldly summed up his counsels as to transportation in reckless dicta like the following, in his 'Thoughts on Secondary Punishments':—

'If, however, the system of transportation is the very worst of all—is productive of less advantage, and open to more objections, than any that has been proposed or ever can be conceived as a substitute, our deliberation ought properly to be, not whether or no it shall be continued till we can fix the best kind of secondary punishment in its stead, but merely what experiment we shall try next; secure that, whether, in the first instance, we make the best possible decision or not, any change must be for the better.'

Had any opponent uttered a similar argument, or rather piece of declamation, we can well imagine the style of Whatelean retort which he would have provoked. 'Your hat is the ugliest

* We have heard this sentiment quoted as Whately's, and restricted to 'capital' punishments. But he uses it with quite general application, in one of his treatises on the Transportation question. We are not aware that he was opposed to capital punishment on principle, and remember passages in his writings from which we should have inferred the contrary.

'which ever was seen. Go therefore instantly to a hatter 'and try another; and mind, that the make and style of the 'article are utterly immaterial; you cannot be so badly off as 'you are; therefore, take the first you can get.'

Whately's arguments made a widely-felt impression at the time; seldom has a mere literary man rushed into the throng of professional combatants, legal and political, with such a scattering charge. It cannot, however, with truth be said, that he caused the abolition of the system which he impugned, although, no doubt, he did his best for the purpose. The arguments he used had been employed long before by Mr. Bentham, and the altered circumstances of the Australian colonies rendered the continuance of transportation impossible.*

The great fault of Whately's intellectual character was its intense onesidedness. He seemed, if one might use such a phrase, to run like a strong horse in blinkers, only carefully put on and adapted by himself so as to exclude every glimpse of vision on either side of the way. And with this was connected much of that very peculiar habit of mind which we can call by no better name than that of crotchetiness, which above all others renders a man unsafe as a practical guide; a tendency to desert every now and then the straight path which his ordinary course of opinion marked out for him, and join, on some refined point of difference, with his usual opponents; a tendency, even when he got at the truth, to get at it by intellectual byeways rather than by the broad road trodden by the vulgar: wisdom 'entangling herself in over-'wiseness.' It was this contradictious spirit which led him into so many strange mistakes—which caused at one time the steady assertor of non-interference with private rights and enjoyments to join in the cry for Government inspection of convents; which at another time made him, while he plainly and honestly disapproved of the 'Ecclesiastical Titles Act,' as a mere extravagance generated by the 'Papal aggression,' yet seriously recommend its extension to Ireland; either his abstract love of logical uniformity, or a Mephistophelian desire to see the whole scheme break to pieces, prevailing in his mind over the dictates of common statesmanlike prudence.

* There is a serious warning against the rashness of prophecy in a passage in one of Whately's pamphlets on this subject, in which he expresses his belief that Western Australia will advance more rapidly than her neighbours on account of the absence of the vile convict element! A quarter of a century later, the old convict colony had grown into two commonwealths: Western Australia was begging for convicts to keep her from starving.

Mr. Fitzpatrick notices another very singular instance of this class of mistake—the celebrated Charge, delivered during a visitation of cholera, in which he deliberately argued with his clergy that their place was not, like that of their Romanist brethren, at the bedside of the sick, because Protestants attach no importance to the last sacraments! Wherein it was observable that even his logic was at fault, and he plunged head foremost into a fallacy; for it is assuredly no article of faith with Roman Catholics that a penitent, who desires the sacraments, but is deprived of them through accident or the default of the priest, must suffer for their loss. The deep religious compulsion which urges the priest to the dying chamber of his penitent is not to save the sick man's soul, but to save his own, by performance of that duty which his Church lays upon him. This, we suppose, is all which Newman truly means, when he says of a mission priest that 'the fact of a parishioner's 'dying without the sacraments, through his fault, is terrible to 'him.' All beyond this is merely Christian sympathy, and desire to administer that consolation for which the sufferer longs; motives which are, or ought to be, common to the ministers of both religions. It may, however, be doubted whether what lay at the bottom of Whately's mistake in this instance was not the exaggerated impression which he entertained of the danger of the then novel visitation of cholera. Not from personal timidity; for this was no failing of his; but from the fear of exposing valuable lives. He possessed an imagination easily affected by the formidable, new, and strange. The same propensity in a different shape which made him regard with alarm and awe the pretensions of the merest quacks who put forward their new experiences of the spiritual world, made him see something 'dæmonic,' as the Germans phrase it, in the development of a disease of which the measure had not been as yet taken by experience. Something of the same kind may be traced in the writings of one who differed from him in many respects, but resembled him in this, his friend and fellow-labourer in the cause of truth, Arnold of Rugby.

These were instances of what we have termed 'crotchets;' cases in which a vigorous but eccentric intellect was seduced out of the direct path by exaggerated following of correct reasoning, or even by the mere desire of singularity. All those who knew the Archbishop are well aware how these characteristics were reproduced in his daily conversation and manner. Frank, honest, above suspicion, powerful above most men in the art of exposing error and reducing folly to absurdity, he nevertheless left on the mind of far inferior men to

himself an impression of unsafeness of judgment, which was not always undeserved. Any one who was conscious of some slight obliquity in his own meaning, of *arrière-pensée*, reticence, inclination to argue on half a truth and suppress the remainder as inconvenient, felt soon abashed in the presence of this inexorable disputant, whom no such devices could deceive, and who never could pretend to be deceived by them. But he had retained from Oxford common rooms that habit of 'chopping 'logic' which is so characteristic of the society nourished there, and suits so indifferently with the more complicated designs and arguments of real life. Those abide as pleasant days, in the memory of most of us, when, in all the daring and freshness of youth, it was our habit in daily argument to push principles to extremes for the purpose of testing them—to play, as it were, with our own convictions and those of others—to pass the hours in endless logomachies. Victory was, no doubt, the first object, but generous sentiments and invaluable truths, never to be forgotten, were momently struck out in frank discussions which shrank from no consequences or corollaries, and left an indelible impression on the mind after the youthful unripeness of spirit which elicited them had passed away. But it was strange to see a veteran Archbishop and politician, a man in the habit of daily dealing with questions of vast social importance, indulging in the old ways of Oriel controversy with a favourite knot of his clergy, or with grave men in the mixed society of London. Except perhaps in Boswell's 'Johnson,' there is no record of anything resembling the style of conversation which Whately most enjoyed and in which he principally shone. His habit of extinguishing an opponent by arguments which were, in truth, mere 'catches'—playful illustrations, perhaps, nearly approaching the truth but just missing it—logical traps, into which men easily fell, and from which they could not extricate themselves in time to avoid giving their opponent a semblance of victory—was inveterate, and amounted to a weakness, for he would not unfrequently employ it in matters of mixed reasoning and experience, to which it was wholly inapplicable. He used, indeed, to expose the same defect in others' reasoning with all his own point and dexterity. The lawyer's fallacy of requiring a categorical answer to every question, 'yes or no,' he would solve by instancing a question to which no one can answer 'yes or no:' 'Have you left off beating your father?' And yet he would playfully employ a similar fallacy, with little scruple, to overthrow a pretentious combatant. Mr. Fitzpatrick gives an instance which amusingly illustrates our meaning. Whately, as

is well known, had a special dislike to organised efforts in his diocese at proselytism from Rome; not only on account of the evils to charity and peace which they might produce, but also because he had a very shrewd distrust of the soundness of the arguments which the most eager agents in the work might be likely to use. On one occasion, he proposed to a body of earnest young clergymen, who solicited his countenance to such a scheme, that he should 'test, in a way of his own, their 'capabilities for the achievement. "I wish," he said, "to '"personate the priest of Ballyshanduff, where, for argument's '"sake, we will assume that you will first pitch your camp."' And he then proceeded to read to them a paper of supposed objections and arguments which might be employed by the imaginary priest. One was from the eighth chapter of Acts, where Philip asks the Ethiopian who was reading Esaias, whether he understood what he read; 'And he said, "how '"can I, unless some man would guide me?"' 'Now,' proceeded Dr. Whately, 'if that man had been a Protestant, you 'know as well as I do that he would have made no such reply.' Now it is plain on a moment's consideration that the true answer to such a suggestion would be, that it has nothing on earth to do with the question—the cases of Philip and the Protestant are not analogous—it is a mere fallacy, of the same class with 'Achilles and the Tortoise,' and the other venerable puzzles which have found their way from the stores of antiquity into Oxford manuals of logic. But then to disentangle the fallacy would require either the exercise of a very ready wit, or an amount of tedious circumlocution; and so the object was attained, and the zealous young men silenced; and probably it did them good. Mr. Fitzpatrick (himself, we presume, a Roman Catholic) sees it in quite as serious a light as they did. 'We are not aware,' he says, 'that any of the Catholic 'controversialists have ever thought of making the point!' (Vol. ii. p. 203.)

We select from the same pages another very fair instance of 'word-catching,' just of the class to discompose, and put out of temper for the moment, an enemy not equal in ready acuteness. 'What in the name of goodness,' wrote a champion in the attack on Dr. Hampden, 'could induce Lord John Russell to 'choose him out, from among the 15,000 clergymen of the 'Church of England, to be the new Bishop of Hereford? 'Dr. Hampden is less than nobody.' 'The writer,' suggested Whately in his answer, 'evidently does not mean this to be 'understood as signifying that he is inferior to none.'

After all, those who engaged in controversy with the pole-

mical Archbishop were very apt to find that the safest replication, in legal phrase, to one of his acute pleadings, consisted in what is called the lady's argument—repetition of the original statement, with such slight variation of form as might be contrived. And if his object were to make the Archbishop angry, nothing could be more effectual. 'A lobster,' he says, '(and the same may be seen in a prawn) always faces you, as if 'ready to maintain his post and do battle; but when you 'approach, he gives a flap with his tail, and flies back two or 'three feet; and so on, again and again; always showing his 'assailants a bold front, and always retreating. I have met 'with many such *men*.'

Not only was Whately addicted, as these and so many instances show, to the persistent use of homely arguments and illustrations from a spirit of irony, as the most efficacious and ready mode of putting down false pretence, which '*semper ver-* '*satur in generalibus*'—but it was also in accordance with the natural prosaic tone of his mind. Of poetical feeling or appreciation he had scarcely a scintilla, and it is really hardly fair on his memory that the affectionate editor of the Commonplace Book should have subjoined to his vigorous prose the half-dozen unfortunate little scraps of rhyme which—to our surprise, and somewhat to our disappointment, for we fancied we possessed one great man at least who had never written a verse—have been disinterred from his papers. The obscure, we are told, is a great source of the sublime—and as Whately was characteristically averse to the obscure, so the sublime was no element of his. It is this peculiarity which renders his edition of Bacon's Essays, to us, a work so eminently disappointing. While singularly adapted to comment on, and to amplify, the close and ingenious illustrations from daily life with which Bacon polishes his truths, the grand statuesque form into which the great philosopher at first roughhews them seems altogether to escape his observation. The reader need look no farther for an example than that passage, one of the most magnificent in our language, which closes the second Essay, 'On the Fear of 'Death':—'There is no passion in the mind of man so weak but 'it mates and masters the fear of death. Revenge triumphs 'over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; fear pre-'occupates (anticipates) it,' and so forth. On which the commentator prattles thus: 'Of all the instances that can be given 'of recklessness of life, there is none that comes near that of the 'workmen employed in what is called dry pointing—the grind-'ing of needles and table forks;' &c. &c. 'The force of bathos 'could no farther go.'

Whately, though the least selfish of men, was undoubtedly a great egotist; a great deal occupied in considering and dissecting the phenomena of his own mind, and, far more than he was himself aware, in meditating on the effect produced by himself and his proceedings on others. An amusing essay in the Commonplace Book before us, 'Of Consciousness,' illustrates to a certain extent his want of self-knowledge. He is speaking of 'consciousness' in a common though somewhat irregular sense of the word—the 'habit of considering what 'people think of one:'—

'There cannot be a more injudicious way of improving a person's manners than that which was adopted in my own case, viz. directing his attention to that point; and, above all, setting him to copy the manners of others. If he is bent, and solely bent, on giving pleasure, he will easily *catch* in good society those forms and expressions which are, as it were, the language (in many cases the arbitrary language) for giving utterance to that wish. He will then be thinking of others, not of himself, which is the very essence of politeness: by the opposite plan you drive him to think of himself, and of others only in reference to the figure he makes in their eyes, the result of which must be either shyness or affectation, and generally both together, the former springing from fear of exposure, the other from ambition for display. I, accordingly, in whom the former much predominated, suffered all the agonies of extreme shyness for many years, and if the efforts to which I was continually stimulated had been in any degree successful, or had been applauded as such, I should probably have gone on to affectation, and have remained conscious all my life; but finding no encouragement, I was fortunately driven to utter despair. I then said to myself, "Why should I endure this torture all my life to no purpose? I would bear it still if there was any progress made, any success to be hoped for; but since there is not, I will die quietly without taking any more doses. I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life in spite of it. I will endeavour to think as little about it as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured." From this time I struggled as vigorously to harden myself against censure as ever I had to avoid it, like a stag at bay (who faces about to fight when he finds that flight is vain), and with as much effort as the said stag, for it is not without a hard and persevering struggle that consciousness can be shaken off. I was acting more wisely than I thought for at the time, for I had not then that clear view of the subject that I now have, and consequently I succeeded beyond my expectations, for I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces, and acquired at once an easy and natural manner, careless, indeed, in the extreme, from its originating in a stern defiance of opinion which I had convinced myself must ever be against me; rough and awkward, for smoothness and grace are quite out of my

way, and of course tutorially pedantic; but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good will towards men which I really feel; and these I believe are the main points.' (Pp. 33, 34.)

Now we will venture to say that no man really 'unconscious' ever wrote an essay to prove that he *was* unconscious. And we suspect that the Archbishop was, in truth, one of the most conscious of men; though in this respect, as in others, he was honestly blind to his own peculiarities. His roughness of manner, his violent transitions in conversation, his fondness for astonishing, puzzling, and disconcerting—these and similar traits had, no doubt, some foundation in his natural temperament, but they were as deeply marked with affectation as the cognate characteristics of Dr. Johnson, with whom Whately had so very much in common. No one could converse much with him, and doubt that, except when forgetting himself in the excitement of serious discussion, he was constantly thinking of the effect which he might produce on his hearers. No one could have heard him, for instance, confounding the discussions of some learned knot of disputants on politics or divinity by a sudden anecdote about the habits of his dogs, or some abominable pun, or some luculent but most inappropriate explanation of the qualities of the Boomerang, and suppose for a moment that these eccentricities were merely natural. One could not but trace in them at once the delight in innocent malice, and the love of a peculiar sort of display. When he thus confounded a pretentious talker, it was but a repetition of the old story—'I trample on the pride 'of Plato.' 'With greater pride, O Diogenes!' According to a current story of the time, a foreigner on board a Dublin steamer was once heard to inquire, '"Pray who is that venerable-'looking person, in dignified costume, standing on deck, sur-'rounded by ecclesiastics who appear to look up to him?" '"That is the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin." "And who 'is that lengthy, strange-looking person, with a travelling cap 'and a cigar, coiled up on the paddle-box in such an extraor-'dinary way that his foot is almost in his mouth?" "That is 'the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin?"' Mythical, probably; but, if true, we may be pretty sure that the Protestant Archbishop was at that moment by no means the least 'con-'scious' of the two rival dignitaries.

While on the subject of his personal oddities, we cannot refrain from adding to our repertory of anecdote one which we find in Mr. Babbage's recent work, 'Passages in the Life of a 'Philosopher.' The scene lies at one of Mr. Babbage's Saturday conversaziones, famous in years gone by as reunions

in which lions and ladies, fashionables and humorists, promiscuously exhibited themselves. Lady M—— the heroine of the tale, was anxious to make acquaintance with Mr. Borrow, the clever author of the 'Gypsies in Spain,' who enjoyed at that time a kind of fantastic popularity.

'I added, that in the course of a few moments I should have great pleasure in presenting to her Mr. Borrow. Lady M——, who had several other engagements that evening, said, "Only tell me what sort of a person he is and I will go and find him out myself." I observed that he was a remarkably tall, straggling person, with a very intelligent countenance. With these instructions her ladyship left me, and finding, as she imagined, exactly the man I had described, immediately accosted him. The conversation was highly interesting, and included a great variety of widely different subjects. It concluded by Lady M——'s expressing her delight with her new acquaintance, from whom she parted with this remark, "What a delightful gipsying life you must have had!" A slight mistake had, however, occurred, which was not discovered until long after: the person thus addressed was not Mr. Borrow, but Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin!' (P. 369.)

Although we are unable to estimate Whately very high as an authority on questions of practical politics, particularly those on which political logic is all on one side, and the only arguments on the other are suggested by considerations of present expediency, yet, considering the interest just now attaching to the question, we cannot forbear from adducing his testimony as to the Lord-Lieutenantship of Ireland, which institution he had so much opportunity of testing by close personal observation:—

'As it seems now not likely that I shall live to see any attempt to abolish the office of Lord-Lieutenant, it is as well to leave my opinion on record.

'I have been under thirteen vice-royalties; and have about as many times, or more, been Lord Justice. Being of no political party, I have been ever ready to strengthen the hands of *any* Lord-Lieutenant; and I have been on friendly terms with all.

'My conviction is that the office is not only useless, but most mischievous; and the same is the opinion of a very large quantity of the most intelligent and best informed among those who have no personal interests to bias them. Some are persons who have themselves held the office.

'1. The *union* can never be complete while there is a viceroy. It is a suitable office for a distinct kingdom, or a *province* with a distinct *legislature*; but utterly *unsuited* for a part of one united kingdom. It tends, therefore, to keep up the idea of a *Kingdom* of Ireland; and partly for that reason it is that it is so strongly advocated by *repealers*. The Act of Union is most emphatically a *half-measure*.

Retaining the vice-royalty, while there is but *one kingdom*, is an *inconsistency*.

'2. The Lord-Lieutenant is *ostensibly* the representative of the *Sovereign*; but in reality is well understood to be the representative of the *ministry* for the time being. His main object must be to obtain *votes*, so as to secure a parliamentary majority for his ministry. There can be no real *loyalty* felt towards a Lord-Lieutenant, and there could be none towards the sovereign, if the sovereign were to be *changed with each change of the ministry*. The evil of the office would be—though still very great—much less if some nobleman, unconnected with party, were appointed for life. But as it is—

'3. The Lord-Lieutenant is a sort of *hostage* placed by ministers in the hands of their opponents; who have an opportunity of thwarting and teazing, through him, the ministry they dislike. Then—

'4. The *short tenure* of office, which naturally results, makes each Lord-Lieutenant constantly *a beginner*. If he is a candid and intelligent man, he will be just beginning to learn who is, and who is not, to be trusted, and how Ireland should be governed, by the time his vice-royalty comes to a close. At first—and, if he is not a very wise man, throughout—he is beset by persons studying to mislead him; and it will take time to find them out.

'5. It has been said that a ruler resident in Ireland is likely to be the best judge of the deserts and qualifications, for each office, of those around him. He may become such by the time half, or more than half, of his time has expired; but then he is exposed to solicitations, and bullyings, and temptations to jobbing, and to courting popular applause, in Ireland, far more than if he lived in England. "He has need," says the proverb, "of a *long spoon* who sups porridge with Old Nick."

'6. As for the *need* of a local government, as if for a distant province, it is, *now* at least, ridiculous. When a man can easily breakfast in London and dine in Dublin; and when a message can be sent in twenty minutes, such a plea is absurd. But—

'7. At all times, it appears that Ireland was just as well governed under *lords justices*, and I have always found that their time is not occupied for more, on an average, than an hour a week.

'2. It is represented that the Irish people are greatly attached to the office, and this is true of a small number of Dublin shop-keepers, and a few empty folks who like levees and drawing-rooms*, and a good many political agitators who wish, for their own sakes, to keep Britain and Ireland as *distinct* as they can. But all these are far from a majority of the Irish people. They are, however, *united* in their object, *zealous* and *clamorous*, and thus prevail over a far greater number, and of wiser and better men, but who do not like to put themselves forward for a task which might seem ungracious, and

* But I should much like to see a real *regal* court in Ireland. A residence of the Sovereign for two or three months annually, would do more to make Ireland peaceable and loyal than all the bullying and all the coaxing that have been alternately tried.

would expose them to some ill-will, and after all is no particular concern of theirs. A small body of well-disciplined soldiers are an overmatch for ten times their number of a scattered and undisciplined multitude.

'*April* 1861.' (Pp. 179–182.)

Our last extract shall be made for the purpose of exemplifying his tendency to illustrate his positions by quaint and minute observation. He is discussing the 'mental differences of the 'sexes.'

'Though readily attaining proficiency in various departments, women seldom reach the very highest in any. And this cannot be attributed to any difference in Education; for it is found where the difference is on the other side.

'E.g. *more* females than males learn *painting* and *music;* and many of them succeed well; but the *tip-top* painters and composers are almost all males.

'And the same with cooking. It does seem also that women have little of *inventive* power. They *learn* readily; but very rarely *originate* anything of importance. I have long sought for some instances of invention or discovery by a woman. And the best I have been able to find is Thwaites' Soda-water. A Miss Thwaites of Dublin, an amateur chemist, hit on an improvement in Soda-water, which enabled her to drive all others out of the market. But besides this, some small musical compositions, and some pretty novels and poems, are all the female inventions I can find.

'Mrs. Somerville is said to have been one of the five or six mathematicians in the world that understood the works of La Place. But she *discovered* nothing. And we cannot refer their deficiency in invention, in any department, to their not having been *trained* to *that* particular department; for it is remarkable that *inventions* have seldom come from those so trained. The stocking-frame was invented by an Oxford scholar, the spinning-jenny by a barber, and the power-loom by a clergyman. . . . There is a feminine figure of speech by which I have sometimes detected, even in a good style, the female hand. In speaking *generally*, a man uses the *masculine* pronoun *singular* when meaning to include each sex: a woman almost always makes a solecism, by using the *plural* as if it were *singular*; e.g., A man would write, "If any one should think so and so *he* is much mistaken:" a woman would be apt to say "they are."' (P. 189.)

Anybody can test the truth of this last remark by a question adroitly addressed to his wife or his sister.

We have endeavoured to use the volumes before us for the purpose of illustrating the peculiarities of this distinguished prelate as a thinker, and as a public man, who has left his mark on the age more durably perhaps, and more deeply, than others who have won for themselves a more ostentatious

popularity. For it was not so much by the development of original or striking thoughts, as by the persistent cultivation of a peculiar mode of thought, that he produced his influence. There is no 'corpus' of Whateleian philosophy. We have to collect it as well as we may out of the numberless Sibylline leaves of his writing, from the well-known 'Historic 'Doubts' down to the Commentary on Bacon's Essays, and the present Commonplace Book; mostly brought out for some temporary purpose, though pregnant with matter of permanent value. Nor are there such things as Whateleian opinions, or a sect of Whateleians. But there are many Whateleian thinkers: men who apply to religion, politics, moral philosophy, those peculiar modes of testing truth and excellence of which he set the fashion and inculcated the use; and, making all allowance for the exaggerations into which the master was apt to fall, no less than his disciples, they have formed a school whose efforts will not soon be forgotten.

But it would be unjust to his memory to take leave of him without paying due honour to other qualities, which he himself would have been the last to exhibit to notice, except so far as his great unaffectedness of moral character necessarily brought them forward. As he was essentially the most truthful of men, so he was the most unreservedly generous. His liberality was not of that kind which can be compared, sovereign for sovereign, with the munificence of other men. It was anything but systematic; but, when called for, unbounded except by his means; as overflowing, regard being had to the changed manners of modern days, as that of the legendary saints of old who divided their cloaks with beggars, or went to bed supperless to feed poor children. For money, we have said, he cared not at all. Nor did he care a whit more for display, or for system, in giving it. Indeed he abhorred systematic charity, like an ultra-political economist as he was. But where a case of what he deemed real distress came before him, his style of largess was not after the measure of other men's. The instances of his profusion in this way cannot and never will be fully known.

'A ripe scholar and gentleman,' says Mr. Fitzpatrick, 'died some years since in Dublin, leaving his family almost destitute. Dr. Whately having been made acquainted with the circumstance, aided them by the relief of 1000*l.* A classical teacher was threatened by a legal execution; Mr. M——, on his behalf, represented his painful situation to the Archbishop, who, being informed that 250*l.* would make him a comparatively free and happy man, filled a cheque for that amount, and thus averted the catastrophe.'

Simple acts enough; but how many people, with life incomes only, have ever done the like? Similar cases have been brought to our knowledge; it would require not many of them to account for the fact that, living hospitably and well, but not profusely, he left at his death little more than the moderate fortune with which he had begun his long life. If he spoke of his own generosity, it was but to comment on it in his peculiar humour. 'I have given a great deal 'away,' he would say; 'I have no doubt often made mistakes; 'but there is one thing with which I cannot reproach myself; 'I never relieved a beggar in the streets!' But he possessed, in addition, a quality which in his high situation is equally noble, more useful, and we fear even more rare. We quote again from his biographer, Mr. Fitzpatrick:—

'There never was a man so little tinged by nepotism, or who exercised the patronage in his gift with less consideration for selfish interests. And it is much to the advantage of this prelate's fame, that while five of his chaplains have become bishops, it is only in this the last year that he presented his son, Edward Whately—who has been fifteen years in orders—to the comparatively poor parish of St. Werburgh's. With this exception there is not, in the united dioceses of Dublin, Glendalough, and Kildare, a single minister who is either connected with, or related to, Archbishop Whately.'

Statements like these, which defy controversy, form the noblest epitaph. But, alas for human nature! was there not something in the very nobleness of this self-denial, and the entire absence of display which accompanied it, calculated to provoke the enmity of inferior minds? How many of those who joined in the cry of persecution against the Sabellian, Socinian, Anti-Sabbatarian, may have nourished in their hearts a certain unrecognised grudge against the man of simple and stedfast honesty, who was putting the Mammon of their secret worship to shame, by making his life a daily protest against those multifarious disguises of decent saving, and providing for one's family, and gratitude for favours received, and due consideration for the claims of party and for the wishes of distinguished patrons, and all the rest of it, under which this kind of unrighteousness is habitually veiled? We may be accused of cynical severity: let those who think so first point out to us, how many men as spotless in these respects as Whately have filled situations of similar dignity. The enumeration will not be a very toilsome one; and then let them say whether the Archbishop might not justly have added superiority of this class to his catalogue of 'things which are 'hardest to forgive.'

ART. IV.—1. *The Co-operator: a Record of Co-operative Progress, by Working Men.* Edited by HENRY PITMAN. Manchester: 1864.

2. *Co-operative Tracts.* New Series. Printed at Dewsbury: 1864.

3. *Self-help by the People. History of Co-operation in Rochdale.* By G. J. HOLYOAKE. London: 1863.

4. *Co-operation in Lancashire and Yorkshire.* By JOHN PLUMMER. (*Companion to the Almanack*, 1862.)

5. *Les Sociétés de Coopération.* Par M. CASIMIR PERIER. Paris: 1864.

THE Co-operative Societies of our country have been enjoying an increasing notice and appreciation for three or four years past; and heartily have they relished this success of opinion. The present year, however, will, in that respect, please them better than any former one; for it so happens that five or six of the most prominent topics of social interest during the recent Session of Parliament have a direct bearing on the theory or practice of the Co-operators. This sect of industrial society has now become so considerable in numbers and in property as to have fairly fixed the attention of the literary class; and thus its story has been told with sufficient fulness and repetition to render it unnecessary to tell it again. In books of narrative and political economy, in reviews, in discussions at Social Science Meetings, in essays read in Mutual Improvement Societies, the story of the Rochdale 'Pioneers' may easily be found*; so that we may fairly assume that our readers are aware, one and all, who those people are, and what they have achieved. A few words will show what their doctrine is, and what their numbers and condition are, or were when the latest official estimates were sent forth; and when their actual standing in society is thus made out, we may proceed to point out why their transactions are particularly interesting at the present time. The Co-operative principle is that the Workers are the Capitalists. By this, if it is found practicable, the opposition between Capital and Labour is annihilated; and the principle is found practicable

* An historical sketch of the rise and growth of Co-operative Societies appeared in the pages of the most conservative of our contemporaries, the 'Quarterly Review' for October 1863; and, rightly considered, no principle is more conservative than that which identifies the labourer with the capitalist.

by the method in use; viz., a subscription by shareholders; payment of interest (usually 5 per cent.) on the deposits; and a periodical division of the profits of the business (whatever it be) between the Reserve Fund, the shareholders, and the members employed in the concern at the market rate of wages. Such is the scheme.

It is exactly twenty years (October 1844) since the *Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers* was registered. In nineteen years from the day when the celebrated forty weavers had, by payments of twopence a week, raised 28*l.* to begin trading with, the number of Societies in England and Wales registered by Mr. Tidd Pratt amounted to 521. These associations contained nearly 100,000 members; and, by this time, it is estimated that, including Scotland, the Societies are about 800, the members 200,000, and their capital more than a million. The profits, where the management is good, are 20 per cent.; and, after a fourth part of this is distributed to the shareholders, a large sum remains to be applied to the support of schools, reading-rooms, baths, and other good and pleasant objects. The leading Societies subscribed largely to the Relief Fund during the cotton famine; a fact which will find a place in the industrial history of our time.

The movement began with some poor flannel-weavers; and the form the enterprise took was that of a shop or 'store,' where, by providing and selling goods themselves, they might save the expense of the middleman who costs the humble buyer so dear. This shopkeeping, or distribution of commodities, remains the great business and the chief triumph of the Co-operators: but they also attempt production; sometimes succeeding, and sometimes meeting with more or less disappointment. We hear of mills—flour mills, and cotton and woollen mills; and of farming, and of cottage-building; and of shoe-making, hat-making, and tailoring. The law precludes mining and banking; and the public opinion of the body forbids the brewing and selling of intoxicating drinks; but, with these exceptions, the members declare the whole field of industrial enterprise to be open to them.

The question whether it is really so or not brings us to the first of the half-dozen points of peculiar present interest. It is a favourable sign of the times, and a credit to the present Government, that the two most important measures brought forward by Ministers last Session were specially directed to the improvement of the condition of the working classes.

I. The Lord Chancellor's County Courts' Amendment Bill excited as strong a sensation among the Co-operators as in any

other part of society, when it was brought forward last May; and the interest was concentrated on the clauses relating to the credit system of this country, as it affects retail trading. It was a great surprise to those who heard of the correspondence with the Lord Chancellor that the Co-operators, of all people, should be stirred up on the subject of Credit, while the very principle of their association was understood to be the abjuration of credit. What could it matter to them, it was asked, whether the shopkeeper proceeded to recover his debts in this way or that, while they themselves never had, nor could have, any debts? Why should they petition in favour of the Bill when it could never concern them? The well-known 'Lancashire Lad,' one of the heroes of the Relief story, explained it in a published letter to the Editor of 'the Co-'operator.' He spoke on behalf of the sufferers under the existing system of shop-credits, showing what a blessing it would be to them to find it very difficult, instead of very easy, to obtain credit; and to be thus led to join their co-operative neighbours under a ready-money system which would make them secure and comparatively rich. The Tradesmen's Societies were, generally speaking, virulent and active against the Bill; and it would go hard with their poor customers if nobody took up their case. A good many Lancashire Lads accepted this view of the matter, and were eager to support the Bill; while other co-operators could not see that it was any concern of theirs, and were alarmed, moreover, lest the shopkeepers should do them injury more zealously than ever; and perhaps turn out Mr. Cobden at the election, supposed to be then close at hand. The Lord Chancellor himself was well pleased at the prospect of the most important provision of his Bill being supported by the Co-operators, the best exemplars, as he said, of the virtue and rewards of providence, rendered so difficult to the working classes generally by the credit system he was endeavouring to amend. The Bill was withdrawn: but it is to be brought forward again next Session; and the disclosures already caused by it may well stimulate the members of a Society which declines credit altogether, to aid a measure so favourable to their principle and their cause. Our readers may have no objection to learn the aspect of the case from the point of view of the Co-operators, and of many others who happen to know something of the economy of daily life among the working classes in town and country. Here is one view, presented, not by Co-operators, but by the inhabitants of a country town, assembled under the excitement of the Lord Chancellor's Bill, though after it had been withdrawn.

The place is in a district which depends largely on its sale of oak copse wood to the bobbin mills. From the origin of this traffic the system has been one of long credits; and such credits, being the practice between the landowners and the mill-owners, have necessarily become the practice of society below them, down to the poorest cottager. The squire has to wait long for payment for his young oaks; and he pays his bills only at Candlemas. Even his baker is not paid for a single loaf, from one February to another. The tradesmen not only have to wait for their money from the squire, but they are told by the doctor, and the parson, and the lawyer, and the farmer, and the spinster, that they do not see why they should pay sooner than the squire; and those who will not exactly say this, wait, like other people, till Candlemas. Then the master-workmen,—the mason, the carpenter, the house-painter, the nurseryman,—say that they cannot pay either journeymen or tradesmen till they are paid themselves. When it comes to this stage the mischief is dreadful. After journeymen cease to receive their wages regularly, few of them remain good men and good citizens. In the district now described, the master-workmen bid their men come to them for money on account when they want it; and the men draw out some of their earnings in this way, while going into debt for everything they can get on credit. Having no present check, they become lax in their habits of expense—live wastefully, and become (to say the truth) profligate in mind and manners; so that by the time the catastrophe arrives, they are hardened to bear it shamelessly. Throughout the year, or the two or three years, that their wages have been growing in the employer's hands, they have magnified the amount in their own imagination, and have kept no accounts: so that, if the employer is himself able to pay at last, the sum turns out to be insufficient to meet the calls upon it; and the journeyman, who has been living at his ease, month after month, finds himself overwhelmed with debt, and 'sold up' before his neighbours' faces. What does he do? He borrows money to open house again, and sets out afresh under a burden of debt to relatives, while seeing an unpaid creditor in every tradesman in the place. The end is plain enough.

But what of those tradesmen? Where bad debts abound, as under such a system, the shopkeepers of course compensate themselves by high charges, which are a burden upon the 'short' payers. The 'short' payers have moreover something else to bear. No discount is allowed; for the tradesmen do not desire to be paid while the opposite method is the established one;

and they inform customers who prefer paying as they go along, that it is troublesome to open the books except at the proper times. Of course the shoemaker and tailor can no more get paid for the shoes and coats of the chemist and the grocer than for those of the gentry. There is one more order of creditors in this district; that of the hawkers and pedlars. The women in farm houses, and in humble cottages, and possibly in tradesmen's kitchens, buy costly trumpery of these travelling merchants, and promise to pay by degrees. We heard a good deal of the sin and sorrow thus caused, in the course of the discussion on the Chancellor's Bill; but nothing that can be said of the mischief is stronger than it deserves. The foolish women do not know that such secret debts are not legally recoverable from husband or father; and if they had known it, they would never have been tempted to incur the debt.

From time to time an effort is made in such a district to introduce amendment. Tradesmen are brought, by strong influence, to promise to send in their accounts at shorter intervals. Perhaps they do it, once or twice; but, while the great man pays no oftener, other people go on as before, and as many households as ever are sold up in spring and autumn. This year, however, has wrought a change in the scene of our description, which promises to be real as far as it goes. Perhaps the death of the old squire prepared the way; but the stir took place when the Chancellor's Bill was announced and discussed. By the time it was withdrawn, the tradesmen and some of the gentry had resolved to act. They held a public meeting, and passed resolutions, pledging themselves to charge and pay quarterly instead of yearly; and declaring their opinion that apprentices, journeymen, and labourers should be paid by the week or fortnight. If this new method is carried out, as seems probable, everybody will be the better for it but the publicans, and other ministers of unlawful or excessive indulgence; but what a condition are the people left in! They cannot, with a change of plan, become what they once were. The poacher and the sot cannot become regular livers and healthy men. The labourer's daughter cannot return to the homely style of dress once universal in her class; and her mother has no habit of daily thrift, like housewives who have to make the weekly wage serve the week. It is a question of reinstating a spoiled generation in the respectability of its fathers; and, right as it is to try, who will say that it can be done?

The town case is little better than the rural. In towns, labouring men have somewhat more liberty to live according

to feeling and conscience,—somewhat less overwhelming temptations to profligacy,—somewhat less peril from the arts of the travelling merchant; but the terms of retail purchase are as hard as possible, to the city as to the country labourer. His practice is to buy whatever he wants in the smallest quantities; and for the quality of what he buys he must take his chance. It is piteous to see the half-ounce of coarse tea, and the little screw paper of coffee, and the wet dark mess of sugar, and the dab of soft butter, served across the counter to the child who comes with halfpence, ten times in a week. It is piteous to know that the time and trouble of weighing, and the cost of the wrapper, and the risks of the grocer who has such a set of customers, are all paid for by those coppers, reducing the purchase by so much of either quantity or quality. It is piteous to think of the vast number of customers who, unable to send halfpence, are running up a more hopeless score from week to week. These things, and their deplorable results, had attracted the notice of the Government, and were adverted to by the Lord Chancellor in his speech of the 6th of May in the following terms:—

'The Lord Chancellor called attention to the state of the law of debtor and creditor as affecting the poorer classes. He pointed out that, in the two years ending the 31st of December last, no less than 17,979 persons had been sent to prison from the County Courts; and the number of days which they had been committed was 399,777, and the number of days actually spent in confinement were 253,251. Of this total, 17,850 had been sent to prison for not having satisfied the judgment and costs: they chiefly belonged to the class of operatives or labourers, in equal proportions. He pointed out the cost of maintenance, the loss of wages, and the contamination suffered in prison on account of these persons being put into confinement by their creditors, who knew their position when they trusted them, and on that account, at most, had only a right to have their claim satisfied as far as they could, but not to throw them into prison, with very little benefit, in most cases, to themselves, and great loss to the debtor, and to the country. The actual state of the law was very different as regards the higher classes of society, with debts of a far greater amount. This was the last relic of the old law of debtor and creditor, and was almost as savage as the criminal law which formerly prevailed in this country. Since the County Courts were established, there had been a great increase in the amount of credit granted by small shopkeepers, and this facility of credit had produced not only great demoralisation and extravagance, but had subjected the working classes to pay from 30 to 50 per cent. more than they otherwise would have done. They were legislating for a class —improvident, thoughtless, and fond of enjoyment; and they could have done nothing more injurious than to foster these habits by the

powers which they gave the creditor over them. He also referred to the effects of the tally system, by which unnecessary goods were often forced on the wife unknown to the husband, for which he was called on to pay, and often preferred to go to prison sooner than submit to extortion and injustice. It was clear that the power of imprisonment was the parent of credit.'

In contrast with these town and country cases, it is interesting to turn to that of the Co-operators, who conduct their own trading for the necessaries and comforts of life—living comfortably, 'owing no man anything,' and acquiring a little capital, or drawing a little income year by year.

It is worth a journey of a good many miles to see a Co-operative 'store' on a Saturday night. The purchasers look well to the quality of the tea or the calico, the candles or the clogs which they buy, because the stocks are their own, and because they bring the payment in their hand. People who are capitalists and who have no debts are able to buy in profitable quantities whatever will keep; and thus the waste of time and trouble, of paper, string and odd farthings, incurred in hucksters' shops, is avoided. There are no risks from bad debts, no interest on locked-up capital, to be covered by high retail prices; and thus, goods of the best quality are bought cheaper than they can be had under the credit system.

'These crowds of humble working men, who never knew before when they put good food in their mouths, whose every dinner was adulterated, whose shoes let in the water a month too soon, whose waistcoats shone with devil's dust, and whose wives wore calico that would not wash, now buy in the markets like millionaires, and, as far as pureness of food goes, live like lords. They are weaving their own stuffs, making their own shoes, sewing their own garments, and grinding their own corn. They buy the purest sugar, and the best tea, and grind their own coffee. They slaughter their own cattle; and the finest beasts of the land waddle down the streets of Rochdale for the consumption of flannel-weavers and cobblers. When did competition give poor men these advantages? And will any man say that the moral character of these people is not improved under these influences? The teetotalers of Rochdale acknowledge that the Store has made more sober men since it commenced than all their efforts have been able to make in the same time. Husbands who never knew what it was to be out of debt, and poor wives who, during forty years, never had sixpence uncondemned in their pockets, now possess little stores of money sufficient to build them cottages, and go every week into their own market with money jingling in their pockets; and in that market there is no distrust, and no deception; there is no adulteration, and no second prices. The whole atmosphere is honest. Those who serve neither hurry, finesse, nor flatter. They have no interest in chicanery. They have but one

duty to perform—that of giving fair measure, full weight, and a pure article.' (*Self-help by the People*, p. 38.)

One of the most interesting features of the enterprise is the bold and generous attempt of some of these societies to rescue from destruction victims of the 'tally-shop' system, who long for freedom to spend their earnings well and wisely. At Prestwich, near Manchester, there is a fund 'for the relief of honest 'debtors "fast" with a shop score.' The score is paid and the slave released, on the guarantee of some member of the Society. 'The emancipated person joins the Co-operative Society, and 'repays the loan from his profits. Many poor persons have 'thus been aided; *and not a shilling has been lost.*' This was one of the announcements made at the Social Science Meeting of last year.

It is not surprising that disclosures like these excite strong emotions in the friends of the working men, who have been grieving through long years at the spectacle on all hands;—the debt and drink, the drink and debt, with imprisonment at the end,—imprisonment for thousands who never can pay, and are sure to sink into lower debasement. It follows of course that the anguish of baffled competitors bears a due proportion to the pleasure of sympathisers. We need not spend time and space in describing the vexations of the hucksters; but their hostility must be noticed as one of the conditions of the case. They first ridiculed the new sort of shop; and this was fair enough. The trade was limited to four articles at the outset; and the entire stock, as a rival said, might have been carried off in a wheelbarrow. Then, the first shopman was a novice; and very slow, though time was precious,—the store being open only after working hours. It was reported that the seller did not know the flour from the oatmeal, nor the butter from the sugar. As the concern grew, the quizzers became jealous; and now that new Stores are opening from year to year, and the hucksters' own proper debtors are released by the funds made by the very trading which was once so ridiculed, any amount of wrath is almost excusable.

'But,' we are told, 'it is not a ready-money system. Under 'the old methods any dealer might, if he chose, deal only for 'cash payment: but most have preferred the credit system. 'In the same way, the Rochdale Pioneers may insist on ready 'money; but there are certainly other bodies of co-operatives 'who give and take credit.'

It is true that there are such: 'and pity 't is 't is true,' say the best men of the sect. They had rather that societies which depart from the ready-money principle should call themselves

joint-stock than co-operative dealers, for the truth is that the chief merit of the system lies in the fact that every member of the society being at once a seller and a buyer, he has a direct interest in immediate payment by all the other shareholders and customers. The most conspicuous failures which have occurred have been owing to this blending of the old system with the new. At Padiham in Lancashire, about 2000*l.* more was invested in goods than had been subscribed. The success of the Society even in manufacturing was so great, that the debt would soon have been paid, if its existence had not destroyed the confidence and comfort of the members. There was a quarrel: one of the shareholders broke into the mill at night, and cut the warps from the looms. The creditors of course came down upon them, and sold them up, so that the shareholders lost everything. The remark on this case in the Report is, that if the Society had not owed for goods, it could not have been at the mercy of creditors.

Here lies the objection to extending the Co-operative principle into manufacture. The members may pay cash for whatever raw material they buy; but they cannot get ready money for what they sell, unless they have a public of their own, large enough to buy all they can make. In opening a general Store, they may be secure of a purchasing body of their own; and they can admit the public to their counter on their known condition of cash payment. But the case is altered when they begin to manufacture. They thereby enter into competition with the gentiles, and must do as the gentiles do, if they want to sell their fabrics. If, in any particular case, there is assurance of a sufficiency of co-operative custom for flannel or calico, as there is for flour, then there may as safely be a woollen or a cotton mill as a corn mill; but it will take a long time to establish this condition over any very wide area; whereas the food and clothing Stores are safe, as far as custom is concerned, wherever there are shareholders enough to set them up.

There is a new effort, conspicuous in the history of the movement, which may have some bearing on the manufacturing problem. There is now a so-called Wholesale Society,—a sort of federal centre to which the other societies attach themselves, as individual members do to the ordinary associations. It seems to be an agency for purchasing commodities in quantities large enough to supply the whole range of Co-operative Stores, whose members may choose to take a share of the advantages of buying largely for cash. Already the individual members have better meat, flour, groceries, &c. than their

neighbours, because they establish agencies for procuring the best of everything, which they cannot produce for themselves. The new proposition is to economise the purchases to the utmost by wholesale buying on a very large scale, with its liberal allowances for cash. If this method is well supported, it may soon be ascertained whether any manufacturing body can command a cash-paying public of its own. If this is not made out clearly, the experiment must be a dangerous one. The gentile rivals enjoy the advantage of credit, corresponding to that which they are obliged to afford; and they have moreover the benefit of that energy, enterprise, strict superintendence, and general unity of action which constitutes the admitted advantage of private over associated industrial undertakings.

We must just add that some sanguine members of the rising sect speak of a time when its producers will have the market of the whole body, besides the custom they can win from the outer world. It is unnecessary to say more than that there is no more reason within the co-operative body than without, that members should buy anywhere but in the cheapest market. In any case, the co-operative manufacturers will stand or fall by competition with those outside. They cannot in these days set up a monopoly. If they can offer more than their rivals, they will have a public from both sides of the pale; and if they can only offer less, under their repudiation of the credit system, their rivals will have a public from both sides of the pale.

It must be a long time, however, before the question of any sort of monopoly can become a practical one; and meanwhile we may see abundant reason for the eager desire of the Co-operative body that the County Courts Amendment Bill should pass; and for the Lord Chancellor's readiness to accept the support of the body. The rest of the world is, for its own part, conscious that it has heard and thought more of this new economical sect, since the small shopkeepers' credit system was brought prominently forward in the spring, than in all the twenty years before, during which they had been told more or less of the Rochdale Pioneers.

II. By no circumstance perhaps have the Co-operators become so interesting to us of late as by their continued existence in the districts affected by the cotton famine. Many who were substantially friendly to them ten years ago, believed that they would fare less well than they deserved. They were, no doubt, men of great steadiness, industry, and intelligence; and the leaders especially must be men of a high

order, and well disciplined by experience; but it was incredible that people working for wages, who began their adventure with proposing to make earth a heaven by subscriptions of twopence a week, should so grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength of their scheme as to be adequate to its support, under the changes that man and society have to undergo. If they were prosperous, these leaders could know nothing of business on a large scale; and they would make fatal mistakes. If events were adverse, the members would wrangle over their losses, and part asunder. If this did not happen, the first gust of misfortune would overthrow their scheme from its foundations.

Such were the anticipations: and what is the fact? In the darkest times of the Lancashire distress, the sum of 134,873*l.* was drawn out by members of ninety-eight societies; but the societies did not break up. After yielding for support of members nearly 135,000*l.* which but for them would have been dissipated in some fruitless way long ago, these societies did the best they could. The leading ones subscribed largely, as we have already said, to the Relief Fund; others could only hold their ground; and some suspended operations till happier times. There they stand now; and they stand invested with the honour of having so ameliorated the condition of their respective districts as that 'the pressure of the cotton distress has been in an inverse 'ratio to the spread of Co-operation.'

III. One of the prominent social topics of the present year, as of the last, has been the astonishing amount of loss and disappointment submitted to by the working and lower middle classes from the unsoundness of the Benefit Societies (under all their variety of names) to which industrious and sober men have entrusted their savings. The ground was gone over first when the Post Office Savings Banks Act was under discussion; and it was resumed this year on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Government Annuities Bill. The exposures made of the dreadful havoc wrought among working men's fortunes and peace of mind by unsound insurance, have yielded a great triumph to the Co-operators on the whole, though some of them have disgraces to blush for, almost as flagrant as those of bankrupt benefit clubs. That the sect has accumulated a capital of above a million is a fact which may make every faithful member hold his head higher than his neighbours' whose fortunes are a lottery or nothing.

The benefit clubmen, in ordinary course, have had a pleasant time of it for some years. They have enjoyed the satisfaction of laying by a due proportion of their earnings; and they have

peace of mind in the assurance that they have purchased, by their industry and providence, support in sickness, an income for their latter years, and a respectable funeral. They have had pleasant meetings and festivals, where their social and personal feelings were gratified; and if they have grudged the expenditure on flags, and yet more on beer, which must either be a tax on present wages or a diminution of the amount to be received hereafter, they are unwilling to damp the ardour of their comrades, and to vex the managers by any criticism. At length, however, there are disturbing rumours afloat; then there is a breach of engagements to the sick members, who cannot obtain their allowance; and, finally, there is a total break up, amidst strife and recriminations which are shocking to bystanders. Everything is gone; such is the news that the wives have to hear some day, when the husbands come home to dinner. They might have indulged in a hundred things that they have denied themselves; they might have made a junketing holiday one or two days a week, all the year round, and they would have been no poorer than they are now, after all their toil and economy. Such a spectacle is enough to make the ordinary run of men idle or wasteful for life. It is enough to break the hearts of a higher sort of men. And if it makes a sage or a hero of a noble fellow here and there, his wisdom and courage will always be more or less dashed by the past carelessness in himself, or the wrong in somebody else.

How do the Co-operators appear in comparison with these precarious or delusive investments of the savings of working men? What can their enemies say against the stability of their fortunes? As storekeepers they have the shopkeeping class against them, as we have seen. As accumulators of capital they have the benefit clubs, for the most part, for enemies. What can these enemies say?

They point to quarrels of factions, as in the case of the Leeds Flour-mill, and the factories at Padiham and Pendleton; and to the defalcations of officials, as disclosed occasionally in County Courts; and to the rage for speculation which appears in some cases where manufacture has been attempted. These things are true as events; but it is replied, and we think justly, that in every case, the mischief has been owing to a departure from the Co-operative principle, or to gross carelessness in appointing unworthy agents. Mere joint-stock associations and societies which trade upon credit have no right to expect the advantages of pure co-operation, any more than those which keep their books badly, or show whim or favouritism in their official appointments, or change any

fundamental condition of their united action. Like all inexperienced traders, the novices in Co-operative Societies are apt to overrate the value of their stock, and underrate the liabilities from accident, and fall into mistakes in one department or another of their books; but such misfortunes happen but once in the same place. The members learn to take stock, and appoint bookkeepers who understand their business; and all the while the great capital of the sect continues to grow; and every member owns his portion of it as absolutely and freely as if he had it in sovereigns locked up at home. He began by taking not less than a prescribed number of shares (at Rochdale, five), paying for them by weekly subscription or otherwise, as may suit him. He receives 5 per cent. interest on the amount he has invested. If employed in the Society, he receives the wages paid in the district. So far, he has ordinary wages, and interest on his investment in shares. Then comes in the special advantage, in a pecuniary sense, of his membership. The proceeds of the sales leave a large profit after all expenses are paid, because those expenses do not include the costly system of middleman agency and the risks of credit. There have never been any debts: and after interest, rent, wages and repairs are provided for, the remainder of the profit is for the proprietors; that is, for all the members. One part is distributed in proportion to the shares, and another in proportion to the wages. Thus everybody gains money while the concern prospers; and where the concern is a Store, it cannot but prosper under good management. While the quality of the commodities remains good, there is absolutely no risk whatever; and as it is a necessity that the common property should be of good quality, for the common convenience, the plan may be said to preclude all risks whatever. This is on the supposition common to all estimates of business affairs—that the management is intelligent, and the official agency honest. Thus we see, amidst the wreck of unsound schemes of assurance, and the costly conditions of those which may be considered safe, a mass of capital now exceeding a million, solidly and safely accumulated and owned by 200,000 working men and women. They can leave their share to grow where it is; they can spend the income; they can deposit it in the Post-Office Savings' Bank; they can buy a Government annuity under the new Act; or they can still, if they please, become members of any benefit club outside their pale. The money is their own, to do what they like with. The difference between them, as co-operators and members of ordinary benefit clubs, is that they are simply laying by their own money, and

not purchasing a future amount or allowance by a present subscription. It is a memorable fact in the history of the movement that its first success was mainly owing to the failure of the Savings' Bank at Rochdale, the secretary of which had helped himself to 70,000*l.*, nearly all deposited by working men and women.

IV. The modes of assurance connected with Trades' Unions are identical with, or closely resembling, the Benefit Clubs just spoken of; and if the Co-operators have the advantage of these, how much more happy are they to escape the grand evil of Trades' Union clubbing,—the tyranny exercised by members of their own class! We have formerly exposed this tyranny as a social anomaly almost incredible in England, and as a calamity well-nigh intolerable to capitalists and labourers alike. We shall now, therefore, only show, in a few words, the present aspect of the alternative case of the Co-operators and the ordinary workmen; and we shall speak of only one of the many strikes now existing in England.

In a district of Staffordshire, 'West of Dudley,' some time since, there were fifty-six furnaces in blast; and these employed not only their own proper workmen, but the colliers in the neighbouring pits. It was this coal which long ago brought the iron manufacturers into the Midland counties, from the Furness peninsula and the Cumberland mineral district. When the forests were exhausted there, and coal was found elsewhere, the iron manufacture left the north-western counties, and settled down beside the coal. It is now going back again—has in great measure gone back again—from the district 'West of Dudley,' and the cause is the strike of the colliers, which has desolated the place like a famine. The colliers earned, in the first half of last year, 3*s.* 6*d.* a day; the 'day' signifying an amount of work so moderate that it was common to earn a day and a half's or two days' wages in ten or twelve hours' work. In answer to the men's demands, the wages were raised sixpence a day three several times; so that the most moderate workers earned 30*s.*, and the more industrious 3*l.* a week. Meantime, the cost of making iron has increased in every particular; and the coal owners found themselves compelled in the summer to reduce wages. The proposed reduction was only sixpence a day, one sixpence out of the three added last year; but the men have struck for it, and their obstinacy is ruining the district. The colliers at Whitehaven and Ulverston are working recently-discovered coal there, for 3*s.* 6*d.* a day; and, of course, the iron manufacture is going back to its old seat. In the middle of the

summer, only fifteen or sixteen of the fifty-six furnaces in that Staffordshire district remained in blast. The rest were cold; and thousands of destitute creatures were hungry. Five thousand colliers are out on strike as these sheets are passing through the press. The most painful feature of such scenes always is the tyranny with which the strike is conducted on either hand, by ignorant and selfish men who constitute themselves leaders of the workmen. On the one hand, they ruin the employers by driving away their trade; and on the other, they ruin their own comrades by not permitting them to work for wages which would content them. Here Co-operation comes in to the rescue of both the suffering parties. A few years' experience of the management of large business concerns have strikingly improved the sense and temper and manners of men, who set out in their co-operative career in a very boastful way, and with the most unreasonable claims and expectations. These men have not only learned in their own persons, but have taught others by their conversion, what profits are, and what therefore wages must be. They perceive, and through them others perceive, how little the rate of wages anywhere, at any time, depends on any man's will; and their whole conception of 'a capitalist' undergoes a change. There is great virtue in their having become capitalists themselves; but it is not so much this as the insight into the rationale of business, given by the actual charge of extensive affairs, which strips an ignorant man of his conceit and self-will, and desire to tyrannise, and renders him willing to let his comrades manage their own affairs, because he is more conscious of difficulties and responsibilities. In a co-operative establishment, where the profits belong to everybody, there can be no struggle on behalf of wages at the expense of profits: there can be no despotic determination of the rate of wages by a man or a clique: there can be no intimidation of the workers, nor compulsion put upon them to starve. There is no opposition of interest, or room for imagining such an opposition, between the capitalist and the workman; and, so far as the sect has spread, there is an end of the whole crop of mischiefs which grow out of that 'root of bitterness.' However the discussion may end as to the fitness or unfitness of manufacture as a field for co-operative action, the working men of England can hardly fall back again into their misconceptions of the position and powers of the capitalists as against their labourers. If there are now 200,000 members of Co-operative Societies, uniting in themselves the functions of capitalists and workers, there must be, before their boundary lines are laid

down, such a knowledge of them, and their ways and privileges, all over the country, as must affect the class views and habits of every industrial body strong enough to make terms about wages at all.

V. How is it about Land? is the next question: and it came up very conspicuously when Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright were publicly charged with revolutionary agrarian sentiments and designs. A great deal was said at that time about large and small holdings, and the relation of the peasantry to the soil: and one of the questions often asked was—'What are the 'Co-operators doing about land?' Many of us, of all sorts of opinions, knew Robert Dale Owen; and we might remember that there was nothing he was more emphatic about, than the mistake which lay at the root of his New Lanark experiment. The basis of the experiment should have been land, he said, and not manufacture. After all these years, then, and while the Co-operative theory and practice has been spreading, what are the members doing about land?

Up to a very recent time they could do nothing, fenced out from the land as they were by legal prohibition. The Friendly Societies Act had a clause which forbade the holding, by either occupation or possession, of more than one acre of land. Another forbade the occupation or possession of either land or buildings, except as the seat of the actual business of the Society. These restrictions were removed only two years ago; so that the great experiment of all remains to be made. The Co-operators are now as free as anybody else to deal with land and houses; and we shall soon see, no doubt, what they can do. While they were waiting for a change in the law, they became acquainted with a story which delighted them exceedingly. The co-operative experiment had long ago been tried on land by a gentleman, for reasons of his own; and after thirty years, the success was complete. Mr. Gurdon, of Assington Hall, Suffolk, offered a small farm to twenty labourers, to see what they could make of it. This appears to have been in 1832, when rural labourers were, on an average, very inferior to what they are now. Mr. Gurdon kept the control, in regard to the method of tillage, and lent them the necessary capital, without interest. Beyond this, they were left entirely to themselves. The capital was repaid in ten years; and all went so well that Mr. Gurdon enlarged the experiment, by letting a farm of 150 acres to thirty other men, on the same terms. Two years ago, they had nearly repaid the loan of capital. All the fifty families were thriving, in a neighbourhood where other labourers were miserably fed and

clothed, and a burden to the parish. The local gratitude to Mr Gurdon for having relieved the rates so largely was very fervent; and what must have been that of the fifty families! They all had bacon when their neighbours were eating dry bread. They had comforts about them which they had never imagined they could possess. They were all respectable in conduct, knowing this to be the condition of their continuance in the partnership; and, more than this, they had become so intelligent and energetic, as well as happy, that they were not like the same men. Mr. Gurdon himself has publicly recommended country gentlemen all over the kingdom to deal with their surplus agricultural labourers in this mode; and, by way of encouragement, he declares that, of all his land, these two estates are the best farmed.

Such a success as this is enough to start a good many co-operative schemes; and already we hear of the attempt being made in various directions, without waiting for the further facilities in the acquisition of land which we are all looking for. Before the repeal of the restrictions referred to above, or before the repeal could work in England, a scheme was formed for co-operative land-holding in the colonies; and we should be glad to know what success has been obtained. When the Lancashire hunger was beginning, the people heard with bitter feelings that in Australia, three thousand bullocks had been boiled down for glue. The men looked in the faces of the poor children about their knees, and wondered whether there was no way of getting them to lands where bullocks were so cheap. People were thinking the same thing in the colonies; and urgent invitations arrived from Brisbane, addressed to Co-operators especially. Land was cheap in Queensland; all the conditions of cultivation were favourable; and, if the settlers would grow cotton, they might become rich very fast. There could hardly be a doubt that the capital needed to set forward a co-operative colony of a thousand persons might be obtained, if a sufficient number of thoroughly intelligent and experienced leaders could be found ready to go out; and there was really no room for question of the success of the enterprise, if it was properly begun and persevered in. But there was one doubt which certainly damped the enthusiasm of some who were rejoicing at the grand opportunity at last offered to their sect. At home it has been the great wonder that a sufficient number of men of the right quality had appeared, to manage the Rochdale experiment and others that were successful; and that these leaders had influence enough to keep the members steady and united. There were instances of failure through

caprice, selfishness, or mere ignorance, enough to show where the danger must inevitably lie; and the leaders themselves always said that many of their members were kept in the Society, in spite of the restlessness, unreasonableness, and suspiciousness of ignorance, merely by the consciousness of what they must lose by change. If it requires in England the pressure of a general narrowness of circumstances outside to keep the prosperous co-operatives together and at all faithful to their principle, could it be expected that the emigrating body would remain compact and constant till its obligations were discharged, while beset with temptations to make great gains individually by desertion? How many of the supposed thousand persons would abide by their comrades, working out their common debt till the last shilling was paid, while hearing every day of the fortunes they might make, if they would go here or there, and try this or that? This doubt is quite enough to account for any apparent neglect of such an opportunity, if indeed the Queensland Co-operative Colony should be heard of no more.

As for farming at home, there can hardly be a doubt of its eminent success under good management, wherever the produce is for co-operative consumption. If it is intended to compete with the rest of the world in markets where the dealings are based on credit, the associations would be better called joint-stock companies; and they would no longer simply stand or fall by the theory of their sect. At present, the suggestions offered take the form, for the most part, of recommendations to follow the course of Mr. Gurdon's experiment; or perhaps dividing the farm, when obtained, into portions of a few acres to be held separately, instead of a partnership of all the men on the estate, the rents constituting the fund out of which the purchase-money is to be repaid, and the means of cultivation provided. It looks as if the method of the storekeeping and manufacturing departments would be safer to begin with; to pay ordinary wages to the labourers, and interest on their shares; and to divide the surplus among the shareholders and the workers, after discharging all current obligations,—in which would be included an instalment of the borrowed capital. In the present state of affairs in England, when the prices of meat, wool, and dairy produce are steadily rising and likely to rise, we shall probably have the opportunity of witnessing some interesting co-operative experiments on the land basis.

VI. In regard to Houses a good deal has been done: and here again we encounter a strong interest of the present time. While Mr. Peabody's money and Alderman Waterlow's and

Miss Coutts's, is being applied to relieve the bad supply of dwellings for the working classes, and while we praise the late Duke of Bedford for his zeal in the erection of labourers' dwellings, and the Duke of Northumberland for having improved above a thousand cottages since 1847, we cannot but be interested in observing what the Co-operators are doing towards housing themselves, and perhaps others who will pay cash for the commodity. The Rochdale Land and Building Company is at work on eleven new houses, which when complete will raise their number to thirty-six. In Edinburgh, a Co-operative Society of Masons have long been in possession of a handsome house-property of their own creation. They have erected 'rows of houses'; and most of them live in dwellings of their own. At Prestwich in Lancashire, the members desire to live in houses of their own; they have spare capital; they have done a creditable piece of building-work in the store they have erected; and they have resolved to extend the experiment by building three cottages on the spare land adjoining the store. They will not mix up the new object with their store proceedings, except when new buildings are wanted for the due discharge of that business; but they will, as at present appears, form a company for the purpose of enabling the members to obtain houses of their own to live in. No part of the Co-operative programme would be more attractive to the public, or more encouraging to the working classes, than this, if a large and indisputable success should be the result.

In natural connexion with this we find lodging and boarding houses discussed. This was one of the topics at the meeting of the National League for Improving the Condition of the Working Classes, held in London a few weeks since with the Marquis Townshend in the chair. Whatever may become of the lodging movement, the boarding scheme is so thoroughly suitable to the co-operative theory, that there can be little doubt of its extensive adoption. Among the prominent objects of social interest just now, are the cheap dining-halls in Glasgow (which deserves the first place on the list), Edinburgh, Manchester, London, and, we hope, other places. Lord Brougham has publicly extolled the soup, sold at a penny the plate; and many very competent judges report well of the dinners they have got for sums ranging from twopence to fourpence-halfpenny. The truth has for some time been made clear, that by providing food of the best quality in small variety and large quantity, the cost may be brought very low: and here is the principle and practice of economical sustenance offered to

the co-operators ready for use. If they remember the time when they and their children hardly knew the taste of meat, and rarely had enough at dinner, and supposed the relish of agreeable food to be a luxury of the rich, they may feel that times have indeed changed for them. It is a great event when the wife brings home, on Saturday nights, flour, meal, and butter that are sweet, meat that is prime, and groceries that are unadulterated; and all for less than she has paid before; but it is more striking still to take the next step—to pay at a lower rate still for the choicest food, cooked in the best manner, and served in thorough comfort. Not only the co-operators understand how this is done; but the rest of the world has been taught by Mr. Corbett of Glasgow (the originator of the movement), Miss Catherine Sinclair at Edinburgh (now gone from among us, honoured for a thousand good works), Mr. Arthur Kinnaird and Mr. Samuel Gurney in London, and M. Casimir Perier in regard to the 'Association Alimentaire' at Grenoble, founded in 1851, under the auspices of M. Frédéric Taulier. There is no reason why an institution which is self-supporting when established by an individual capitalist should not be so when the property of a company: and especially if the provisions are supplied by the same proprietors from another department of the same organisation. The people who carry home excellent dinner materials from the stores which are their own property, may have their meals cheaper still (and probably better prepared), by buying them ready cooked from kitchens which are also their own property, and enjoying them in well-warmed and comfortable apartments which are their own property too. We shall soon find that dining-rooms supplying other meals also are a prominent feature of all co-operative societies in towns, or at any centre of industry. Englishmen and their wives are not likely to take to living in barracks or public boarding-houses on any inducement of cheapness. Nothing can be cheap in English eyes which involves discomfort; and to us English no discomfort is so intolerable as living in public. We had rather be straitened in every other way than in our privacy; and among the prime necessaries of life in our country is a home of one's own. The co-operators, therefore, are no more likely than other people to live in any gregarious way; but to working men and women it may be so important to have dining-places at command on busy weekdays, that we doubt not that this part of co-operative economy will be eagerly supported by households who would be most jealous of the privacy of home when their day's work is done.

VII. Thus much about food, clothing, and habitation. How

about the education of the young and the adults, and the intellectual wants of the individual? We are not referring, more or less, to matters above and beyond the scope of the Co-operative theory. Co-operative theory in practice may have, and certainly has, moral results of great importance; but it is in itself an economy; it relates to the production and distribution of wealth (in the sense of Adam Smith), and we have only to treat of it in that relation. It is fair to speak of its bearings on intelligence and morals, as these are closely implicated with every economical theory; but we have nothing to say here in regard to the highest interests of all, any more than the societies themselves have, including as they do members of all religious denominations, and all schools of speculation yet known to them. What, then, have these societies done as yet for the intellectual and moral culture of their members?

The Rochdale Association took the lead in this, as in other matters. The top floor of their warehouse was reserved for a reading-room and library, as soon as the means would admit. In due time, there were not only newspapers and books, but globes, and some philosophical apparatus. The library was well chosen, and not inconsiderable, when Mr. Plummer gave his account of it three years since; and it appears, by a Report now before us, that the amount appropriated for the quarter ending last March, under the head 'Library and 'news-room,' was 141*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* We find the members voting 25*l.* to the memorial to the late Alderman Livesey, and 20*l.* to sustain 'The Co-operator,' which was announced to have a circulation of 12,000 monthly. They, who discountenance the sale of beer, have very properly erected a drinking-fountain on their premises, and they support a Turkish bath; their charities are liberal, and the cotton famine must have absorbed much of what remained at their disposal. Yet, knowledge is so indispensable to their permanent success, that a system of schools seems likely, now that the law allows it, to be one of the first enterprises of any branch which finds itself prosperous. It is encouraging, in glancing over the brief reports in the 'Co-operator,' which publishes monthly the state of the scattered societies, to see, again and again, that 'education 'is not overlooked.' In one paragraph (June 1864) we read, in regard to the subscription to the publication itself, 'Some say 'they cannot read, for whom I am very sorry; but to such I will 'promise to read the whole paper once every month, if they 'will but subscribe their penny towards extending the circu-'lation. I think no working man ought to be without it.' So writes one zealous member; and all the sensible and well-

qualified leaders of the movement feel very deeply the need of a cultivated intelligence for their success. Their trials hitherto have been attributable, chiefly if not wholly, to the ignorance of some of the members. Some have expected results which were impossible, and have, in the true temper of ignorance, suspected everybody of cheating them. Some have carried their old notions of the enormity of profits into their new business, and have drawn off in disgust when they found that profits have a proportion and a limit, to which all men must submit. Such unfit members are sure to drop away; but it is much better, the managers think, that none should be so ignorant, and that all risk of unqualified men being found in office should be avoided. In the library catalogue at Rochdale, there is evidence that this view was uppermost in the minds of the selectors of the books; and again, the character of the books testifies to the high intelligence of the men who diligently read them. While, however, there really are members who cannot read their own 'Record of Co-operative Progress,' there is a great deal to do in the department of education.

Two anecdotes appear in recent Reports, which show something of the spirit of the members. At the June quarterly meeting at Rochdale, a member moved that all the reading-rooms should be closed on Sundays. The proposal was supposed to be hardly serious; but when it was found to be so, the vote against it was almost unanimous. To deprive them of the best, and almost the only leisure they had for reading, looked like keeping knowledge from them, they thought; and if gentlemen kept their news-rooms and club libraries open on Sundays, much more might the working men. At Worcester, there was a working men's club under patronage. It failed, and the patronage was declared to be the cause. The co-operators immediately opened a reading-room, to be managed by themselves—a committee of working men—and it seems to be going on with great spirit.

VIII. Their determination to obtain the suffrage is a spring of action and a bond of union of these people. This is a matter of course; but it is not, therefore, the less interesting and instructive a study to Government, and to everybody else. It is plain that a body of so many tens of thousands of men, sifted, as it were, from the mass of the labouring class, men of such steadiness and capacity as to be becoming capitalists, day by day, by an organisation of self-government, cannot possibly be excluded from political rights. A speech of Mr. T. B. Potter's, as chairman of a meeting of Manchester and Salford co-operators, indicates something of the general

feeling of observers. Addressing a tea-party of two thousand persons, he said: —

'Social elevation and educational advancement must result from this movement. The people were no longer without hope for the future. They aspired to remove that great obstacle to their progress—ignorance, and to raise themselves and their families in the social scale. At present, the members of these Co-operative Societies belong chiefly to the unenfranchised class; but they were being trained to self-government and business and provident habits. The constitution of the societies was democratic; every male and female member had a vote, and only one vote, whatever the amount of their investment. All the business was done openly and straightforwardly; there was no "secret diplomacy," nor any need to struggle to maintain "the balance of power." It was impossible to resist the inexorable logic of facts; and they might as well attempt to roll back the waves of the ocean as to keep qualified people out of the pale of the constitution. Working men aspired to the rights of citizenship, and they were going the right road to secure them.'

It ought to be an unmixed satisfaction to Government and to every political party in the country, that a fresh participation in electoral rights is approached in this direction. We ought all to rejoice at seeing a hundred thousand of the working men obtaining 'a stake in the country,' as our fathers used to say; and yet more, training themselves in the administration of affairs, and becoming experimentally aware of the arduousness of the task of governing communities. It is among the co-operators that Government may now look for men who can sympathise in the troubles and difficulties and toils of administration; and they at least will never again come under the imputation of undervaluing the intellectual requisites of rule, or the breadth of scope of public measures. If we have apprehended embarrassment and disturbance from men too suspicious to be stable, too ignorant to be fair-minded, and too narrow to comprehend the magnitude of the task of governing, we may look and see how these are the very men who cannot remain in a society of co-operators. They drop out, and leave behind a set of men whose intelligence and character are attested by their very existence as an association; and it would be a national disgrace if such a body of the Queen's subjects were excluded from the full rights of citizenship. If it is pointed out that such men are sure to reinforce the class of Ten Pound householders, and can, therefore, command the suffrage whenever they please, this is to a certain extent true; but it is not enough. No doubt, a considerable number of the members will be, or might be, living in 10*l.* houses before long; but

many may not, owing to large families or other causes: and many are single men. These should have, and no doubt will have, a free admittance to the suffrage, according to the open pledges of some members of the present Government, and the spirit of the public speeches of others. If, in the avowed view of Ministers, the enlightened patience of the sufferers under the cotton famine has proved them to be fit for the electoral trust, still more must the original genius, the steady march, and the prosperous discretion of the Co-operative enterprise point out its members as eminently fitted to form a judgment on those public affairs, and on the administration of a national policy and economy which they have themselves long been handling on a smaller scale. As Mr. Gladstone indicated in his speech of the 11th of May, it is an infinite blessing when fresh applicants for the suffrage offer themselves on the ground of their proved fitness, rather than make a rush at their object with violence and clamour, loading the tables of Parliament with demands in the form of petitions, and shaking the nerves of Ministers by besieging crowds. After obtaining so much recognition as this from statesmen, and very much more from political philosophers, and social reformers and economists, so that there is scarcely an eminent public man among us who has not spoken or written of the co-operators with respect and admiration, this new order of working men cannot but be on the point of entering the constituency of the country.

They will deserve a different kind of honour from that, and a peculiar gratitude, if they practically show us a way out of what seemed, not very long ago, a hopeless difficulty. The increase of large properties, and the widening and deepening separation of the wealthy and the poor classes, the capitalist and the labouring orders, have been at least as alarming to thoughtful persons during the last twenty tranquil years as the riots of Luddites, and rick-burners, and Chartists ever were to the most superficial and ignorant of former generations of English gentry. How to counteract this tendency of antagonism —in short, how to deal with the great and menacing Labour Question—has been the problem of late years which we have felt to be as difficult as any solved by statesmen or citizens of any age. As far as they go, the co-operators have met the difficulty. They have shown that there is a natural affinity, and not antagonism, between capital and labour; and they are actually creating small properties, and introducing a new class of independent small proprietors into society, day by day. They even see their way to starving out the Poor Law system. As far as their special population is concerned, the Poor Law

is a dead letter, for there can be no paupers in their body. It is probably true that this will turn out to be a parallel case to that of the Quaker sect, which declares that it contains neither paupers nor criminals—a thing true, perhaps, in a literal sense, but only by a sort of quibble; the fact being that Quakers exclude from their society all open offenders against the law, and the sort of helpless poor people who cannot be kept out of pauperism. It is probable that co-operators may never have any concern whatever with the Poor Law, but to pay their rates, because the members of their fraternity must all have more or less property; and their system will, no doubt, relieve the Poor Law of some of its work, by keeping steady, and making prosperous, many men and women who, for want of such encouragement and support, would have sunk into bad habits, poverty, and despair. Of the 200,000 co-operators of to-day, some would have, doubtless, spent in beer and tobacco, or would have simply frittered away, a good deal of the 1,000,000*l.* now realised; and every day, the example of prosperous sobriety and prudence must be operating upon the minds of spectators, and withdrawing them from the vortex of pauperism. This is a great influence, so beneficent as to claim the grateful recognition of society, and so noble as to animate the coldest member of the brotherhood with patriotism as well as pride; but it would be as irrational to expect to extinguish pauperism by a system which excludes all the idleness, intemperance, and recklessness of the working class, as it would be to anticipate a universal surrender of the advantages of credit by, and in order to, all traders becoming co-operators. It is enough to be grateful for, that a considerable body of men and women have found the way to bridge over the deep and widening gulf which has existed between the moneyed and the labouring classes in our country; that they have proved that the best things of life are at the command of that labouring class; that they have checked that expenditure of millions yearly in drink and smoking which has been our greatest social discouragement; that they have shown how moderate toil, allowing leisure for intellectual culture and moral enjoyment, will sustain the comfort and independence of temperate and prudent households; and above all, that when the thing is set about properly, co-operation may be as productive as competition, while far less expensive in the use. As to the moral superiority of the brotherly principle to that of rivalry, there can, we suppose, be no question. The common wish of all thoughtful and kindly members of society must be that the co-operators may fairly try how far their principle and methods

are applicable in the three great departments of social economy —production, distribution, and exchange.

We hear a good deal about the spread of the system abroad, in most of the countries of Europe, and in the United States; but on looking into the matter, it generally appears that widely differing schemes are included under one name. It is as great a mistake to liken the German or American subscribers to a common fund to the English co-operators, as it would be to regard the English co-operation of our day as identical with the socialism, communism, and other *isms* which have been, and still are, the terror of continental despots. We see, by a correspondence in 'The Co-operator' of a few months ago, that the Germans are proud and delighted to publish the facts, announced at the Social Science Congress at Dresden last year, that 'the Co-operative Societies' in Germany now amount to 1,200, with a capital of 31,000,000 thalers (rather more than 5,000,000*l.*). On inquiry, however, it appears that only about 150 of the 1,200 societies are of the storekeeping kind—the Consumption Unions, as they are called abroad. The bulk of the associations are joint-stock banks—deposit or savings banks, in which the deposits are productively employed, and by which advances are made to members; and not to members only, but to outsiders who may accept and observe the rules of the society. The introduction of credit here removes such institutions from the line of comparison with the pure English system. The same may be said of a large class of associations in America, which are simply Trades Unions, modified by the effects of the immigration from Europe, which renders the conditions of the labour-market there altogether peculiar. There have no doubt been experiments in that country of every social system proposed in our day and generation, and for long before. We need not describe again the well-known settlements of the Shakers, the Rappites, the Owenites, the Brook Farm people, and others. We all know the general result; viz., prodigious material prosperity under anything like good management, and a restricted success or failure from moral mistakes, where there was not ignorance enough of political economy to account for it. At present, in the convulsed state of the republic, amidst an empty labour-market and floods of paper money, there is no saying how the employers and the employed may stand, in their relation to each other, to-morrow or next year. All that we can be sure of at present is, that trades unions, formed chiefly to conduct strikes under the present dearth of labour, and to prevent the replenishment by immigration, each of its own market, bear no real resemblance

to the co-operative associations of England. The funds which are called co-operative subscriptions are raised, not to form a capital, owned by individuals or the society for productive purposes, but to sustain opposition to employers' terms. When we hear of a central society issuing charters to affiliated societies, and opposed with the whole force of the employers, we may plainly see, and must fully understand, that these American trades unionists have no more resemblance to our co-operators than the hostility of the employers there is like the jealousy that the shopkeepers at Rochdale feel of the Pioneers' store. When, after a settlement of the quarrel in America, society there resumes a natural course, we have no doubt that every co-operative success achieved in Europe will be reproduced there in a magnified form, and under the most perfect conditions. We are apt to suppose that in that young country all men capable of combination may get rich without it; but, if this ever was the case, it has long ceased to be so. The contrast of wealth and poverty, and the proportion of underpaid to well-paid labour, have for many years been growing before the eyes, and vexing the hearts, of the truest republican citizens. Methods of rescue and retrieval are necessary there as in Europe; and if they were not, men would be abundantly willing to grow rich faster, if they could do it by co-operation. We should be seeing now what the principle can do, if civil war was not desolating the field of the experiment; and if we do not witness it ourselves, our children probably will.

The Italians, perhaps, of all the people of Europe, are those from whom we should expect a good illustration of the system; and it appears that they are stirring about it. An organ of the brotherhood, the 'Journal of the Italian Co-operative Associations,' is issued at Genoa, the first number having appeared last January. Its motto is 'Morality, Loyalty, Labour:' and its professed object is to put the working man in the way of good food, clothing, and habitation, and a good method of life and course of improvement of mind and fortunes, by means of co-operation. Of the Russians we know but little, beyond the meagre hints afforded for some years past of trade associations, which have seemed to resemble the guilds of our forefathers, rather than the Co-operative societies of our own day. At the Social Science Meeting of last year, however, Lord Brougham said that we are likely to hear more from that quarter.

'The Russians,' he said, 'are full of confidence in the effects of emancipation. It is certain that they have turned their attention to the Co-operative system, which has, so beneficially to our labouring

classes, been established in this country. Men from St. Petersburg and Moscow have visited our towns where Co-operative institutions are established, that they might profit by our experience. There has indeed long existed in Russia a rude kind of Co-operative unions (what is termed Ateles); but the change in the condition of the peasantry has enforced the expediency of introducing the complete system with all its improvements.'

M. Casimir Perier gives us news from France, very consoling to those of us who have mourned over the waste of energy and endeavour, of personal hope and patriotic aspiration, caused by the failure of well-intended social schemes in France. M. Perier says that chimerical tendencies, to which his countrymen are remarkably prone, and by which they have bitterly suffered, are losing ground from day to day. There was always a large proportion of the working classes who resisted the intoxication; and the others have now completely got over it. They have seen how fatal is the ruin which overtakes unsound projects: and their present intention certainly is to make very sure of what they are about before they embark their fortunes on a sea so full of whirlpools as that which has been too long crowded with the sails of all the *isms*. But, as it is the intention of M. Perier to show, the French working men have no such fair chance as the English of obtaining the blessing of a competence by free industry. In January 1860, the Emperor declared that before developing foreign commerce by a freer exchange with other countries, his Government must ameliorate the conditions of French agriculture, and liberate industry from all restraints which place it in a position of inferiority. Such is the avowal which M. Perier cites on behalf of the industrial class of his countrymen, while showing how the process of liberation has been reversed in act. The treaty with England, followed by others, has brought French industry into direct competition with that of countries in which industry is immeasurably more free, before anything was done to release the French artisan from trammels such as the English have never known or have forgotten. Either protected trade with fettered industry, or free trade with emancipated industry, M. Perier demands. We English of course agree with him on behalf of the complete freedom; and if we hold that the one-sided liberty is better than the old system, and can show that France has found it so, we shall not the less feel with him the intolerable injustice of promising facilities under circumstances which make them rights, and then withholding them at the critical moment when they are the most indispensable.

The Rochdale men found it hard not to be able to hold more

than one acre of land; not to be able to hold any house but the premises where the business of the Society was *bonâ fide* transacted; not to be able to invest their money anywhere but in three or four prescribed ways, such as the savings banks of that day; and not to be able to apply their funds more or less for educational objects. These restraints and some others were, as we have seen, removed two years since, when exemption from stamp duty and income tax was also granted; but they were felt as very galling while they lasted. What, then, would the Rochdale men have thought of such restrictions as the French workmen, desiring to co-operate, were subject to?

First, an authorisation must be obtained; and then they could admit members only on certain conditions, and must admit those through whom the conditions were fulfilled. The amount of payments was specified; societies were not allowed to be constituted till a fourth part of a professed capital was subscribed; and the officers of the society must be the holders, in equal shares, of a twentieth part of the whole capital of the society—a condition which altogether precluded the choice of managers, and the selection of them by capacity or character. In short, as M. Perier says, no such society as that of the Rochdale Pioneers could exist in France. And if there are to be prosperous co-operators there, and any emulation of the benefits which other countries derive from the rise and growth of a body of small capitalists in the labouring class, the French Government must allow its respectable artisans and labourers to manage their own affairs in their own way. The working classes of France are certainly not the people on whom the violation of this first condition of prosperity in business can be attempted with any safety.

What, then, can these French workmen do?

M. Perier points out that there are three objects of this sort of combination:—economy in consumption—a provision of credit—and the furtherance of production. As might be anticipated, he considers the two last very doubtful and perilous in the present state of affairs, and fitter for joint-stock than for co-operative enterprise. It is, in his pamphlet, the credit question over again; and, in the last of the three cases there are additional considerations—the length of the time of suspense about the results of large undertakings; the doubt about the steadiness and consistency of the management, under such democratic conditions of appointment; the amount of capital requisite for works which lock up so much of it; the hazards from the vicissitudes of the times and the trades, &c. It is with the first object that the new life of co-operation ought to begin. The

well-known *Association Alimentaire* of Grenoble affords an illustration to a certain extent. M. Perier gives an interesting account of its origin and working. It is too like our English and Scotch dining-halls to need any full description here. The main point, as indicated by M. Perier, is that it is an example of association pure and simple, unclogged by any attendant object, financial, religious, or other; and its success is sound and complete accordingly.

But the benefit is narrow in its scope, he says, in comparison with the Rochdale scheme. The members have good food, cheap, well-cooked, and served up in an agreeable way; and further, a working man who distrusts his own prudence while he has money in his pocket, may at once carry his weekly wages to the office, and procure counters for the food his family ought to have for the coming week. But it would be a much greater blessing if at Grenoble, as at Rochdale, the members could buy the food for themselves at the same cost, and take it home. It is doubtful whether the favour shown by authority to the Grenoble institution would be extended to a more enlarged scheme; but M. Perier would not allow the doubt to preclude the attempt to follow the example of Rochdale. There are so many, he says, to whom a dining club, with a fixed hour for meals, can be of no avail, that it is worth an effort to enable all whom it may suit to buy food and clothing at a trading centre of their own, under the securities enjoyed by the Pioneers. While we write, we hear of promises given out by the Emperor's Ministers, in public addresses, of greater freedom of association to be afforded to the working class. If the Emperor is wise, he will fulfil with a broad liberality the expectations thus excited. He may learn, by observing the tendencies of the co-operators of this country, that lawlessness and political change are as unwelcome to that body of citizens as they can be to any other part of the nation. From the time when they become capitalists, owners of merchandise, houses and land, they may be reckoned on as conservative in their views and feelings. The restlessness which harasses the souls of men destitute of property and of prospect, becomes an animating ambition as soon as property accrues and a prospect opens; and the bitter root of discontent blossoms out into loyalty and attachment to government and law. If the co-operators represent among us a great present security and the promise of a better future for the whole State, much more should they be welcome in countries which have a lower material condition, and a narrower and more precarious political foundation than our own.

ART. V.—1. *Le Maudit.* Par l'Abbé * * *. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1863.

2. *La Réligieuse.* Par l'Abbé * * *. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1864.

THE principal characters in these novels are interdicted priests: the lives of two men at variance with the hierarchy to which they belonged, and finally proscribed by its power, furnish the Abbé * * * with many scenes and combinations new as yet in fiction. In presenting these views of French society and French clerical life, he necessarily dwells more on the dark than on the bright side of his subject. No class of men are more miserable than interdicted priests, and were a new Dante to describe the circles of our social Inferno, a special place must be reserved in it for the outcasts of the Church. With sorrow be it said that their number is considerable in every Catholic country, though the Abbé * * * naturally confines his observations to the French priesthood, whose ruined members congregate for the most part in Paris. These men, deprived of their spiritual functions by absolute authority, are incapacitated from resuming their civil character and existence, and they have to seek in the capital for the bare means of subsistence which are too often denied to them. They are Pariahs even in French society. The descent to this Limbo may be rapid, but many paths lead to the edge of the abyss. Some priests are ruined by flagrant acts of misconduct, some by breaches of ecclesiastical discipline; some have despised things which the Church delights to honour, others have held opinions which the Church has agreed to condemn. But if the guilty suffer for their misdeeds, innocent victims are also to be found who can blame others and not themselves for their reverses, and say that 'an enemy hath done this.' For them, however, as for their compeers, there is no redress; their persons are insignificant, their means slender, their position equivocal, and their advocates few; and it may easily be imagined with what concentrated hatred men so circumstanced will regard the power which has thrust them out into the wilderness.

That hatred has at last found a tongue, those wrongs have at last found an expositor, that class has at last found an apologist, and one so ardent that it is almost impossible not to believe that he has himself come into the same condemnation. Men learn in suffering what they teach in song, and it appeared as if it were 'out of the depths' that this voice cried, so loud and so strident, so wild in its cadences, as hoarse with anger and with pain, it has

stirred the whole of Catholic Europe. The name of the author of 'Le Maudit' was instantly in demand, but that name has been as studiously withheld, neither taunts nor sympathy, neither praise nor blame, having as yet tempted him to reveal it. How long will the mystery last? Literary secrets are seldom well kept. The author of the Waverley novels did not even wait till all his tales were told, before he ceased to be to the public *vox et præterea nihil;* the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell did not long conceal the three daughters of the rector of Haworth; 'Owen Meredith' can hardly be said to be a *nom de plume,* so flimsy is the mask its owner wears; that of 'George Eliot' ceased to be impenetrable when 'Adam Bede' had made another lady-novelist famous; and Junius alone remains, the riddle of our century as of his own. The Abbé * * * can hardly flatter himself that he is to be a second Junius; the singularity of that exception, the narrow limits within which the doubt lies, the very near certainty which was arrived at in that solitary instance, ought not to encourage any satirist to hope that notoriety and secrecy can at once be his portion; and if the system of religious *espionnage* be as perfect in France as the Abbé represents it to be, it is almost incredible that such a book should have been written by a priest still in the exercise of his charge.

That it is not the work of a layman we think we may take on us to aver, for its merits and still more its faults would seem to show that it has not a lay origin. Its enemies themselves found their position untenable when they at first contended that only a secular person could and would have written it, and in the preface to the 'Réligieuse' the 'orders' of the writer are placed beyond a doubt. The next resource was to declare that it was written by a 'Maudit,' and that its doctrines were only less scandalous than the life of the writer; prelates and presbyters darkly hinting as they thus spoke that they could, if they chose, supply the name which the Abbé had left blank. Here the Ultramontane party had the public with them, at least in some degree; and in this country, while we read and wondered, we also applauded, in some measure, the nameless Abbé, settling in our minds that he was indeed some priest under the ban, whose life might have been blameless, but whose opinions and fate corresponded with those of the Abbé Julio. But what are we to think of his distinct denial given to this hypothesis in the preface to 'La Réligieuse;' a hastily written sequel to the first book, in which he declares not only that he is not an interdicted priest, but that no such person has had anything to do with 'Le Maudit?' In what diocese, then,

does he reside this bold, this over-bold Abbé, who has employed his leisure in the composition of such pages—or rather where has he suffered who has so suddenly begun to complain? Who have been his associates? Has he never espoused, in deed as well as word, the cause of those who were ready to perish? Has no hint escaped him till now of the opinions he entertains, of the love he bears to his Church, of the scorn with which he regards the tools, and the pity with which he yearns over the victims, of spiritual tyranny? He must have lived with men and for men to have learned so much, and he is a Jesuit of the Jesuits if no sign of passion or of power has escaped him till now. Is he not an object of suspicion to his superiors? Has he never whispered ere this in the ear of bishops, vicars-general and preaching-friars, '*e pur si muove!*'? Does he preach down the Immaculate Conception and the intercession of the saints, and exalt faith, hope, and charity, sobriety and order, as virtues transcending the macerations and extatic visions of the cloister? Does he confess his penitents as Julio confessed Thérèse? Does he feed his flock as Julio led his at St. Aventin, and is he not thus known to many, at once hated and beloved? In short, if 'Le Maudit' and 'La Réligieuse' are truly the work of a priest as yet unsuspended, it is by something little short of a miracle that he has not been identified long ago. It is almost incredible that he should not have been betrayed by accident or by surprise, or have been discovered by a servant, and denounced by a petty official, a jealous neighbour, a suspicious diocesan, or a watchful spy.

But while he preserves his incognito, his books obtain a daily increasing celebrity, and his crime assumes we may be sure an ever deeper dye in the eyes of an offended hierarchy. The three volumes of 'Le Maudit,' with their unusual bulk, their ill-omened name, and *san-bénito* binding, seemed an insulting satire on the whole spiritual machinery of France. Ultramontanism, monachism, and sacerdotalism, all have been attacked, and the gauntlet thus thrown down was taken up without delay.

While the literary world exhausted itself in conjectures as to the authorship of the book, and it was ascribed, now to M. Renan, now to the Abbé Guetté, and then to M. Louis Ulbach, only to be disclaimed by them all, the Church proceeded to angry and spasmodic action. 'Le Maudit' (become, as its compiler ironically observes, far more obnoxious than Renan's 'Vie de Jésus') was denounced from a thousand pulpits; a bishop threatened to suspend every one of his clergy who read it,

reserving the intellectual feast for his own stronger digestion; and a cardinal archbishop stigmatised it in the French Senate as one of the most fearful scandals of our age. The civil authorities were requested to take cognisance of an outrage upon laws imperial and divine, while the spiritual directors of families strove to banish it from the libraries of the faithful, and absolution was refused in one diocese to all who should open its polluted and polluting pages.

Yet the thunders and anathemas of priests have not diminished the sale of 'Le Maudit;' on the contrary, as in the case of some recent theological works in our own country, a different result has been attained, and for the last ten months the interest excited in France by the sufferings of a freethinking Abbé is scarcely inferior to that which M. Victor Hugo kindled in behalf of his philanthropic felons.

The unknown author assures the public in a pithy preface that he expected such a reception. This tale was not written, he says, *not* to be read; and he adds that though he is aware that a fanatical camarilla will be horrified by his book, which is neither a history, nor yet a political thesis, and which lays no claims to being a work of art, yet he believes that religious and impartial men will have the courage to admit that he serves, rather than injures, that holy cause which is already compromised by too many pens. So true is this assertion, that its truth is the main cause of the present excitement. 'Le Maudit,' unlike M. Eugène Sue's voluminous novel, 'Le Juif Errant,' is not a profane work; on the contrary, its spirit is religious, and its language is always deeply respectful towards the essentials of revealed religion, the true province of faith, and the characters of singleminded and pious persons. But, on the other hand, the writer has spared no class, and favours no denomination. He has traced with an unflinching hand the workings of the whole system. He has not only stigmatised the Jesuits, but he has shown us an inferior clergy illiterate and prejudiced, an unhappy order of men without liberty and without independence of thought; abjectly subject to the civil power whose stipendiaries they are, and unprotected from the tyranny or obsessions of their spiritual chiefs. The higher orders in the Church do not come out of the picture in more favourable colours. Vicars-general are seen intriguing with the Jesuits against their diocesans, bishops swayed between fear and hatred of the Company of Jesus; prelates whose eyes turn to Rome, and who buy the good offices of the Reverend Fathers, as a means of procuring the hat, and the additional 1,600*l.* a year, which is due to a cardinal and an *ex-officio* senator of

France. Add to this the sketch of the preaching friars, as personified by the Père Basile, and the glimpse at the interior of the *Gesù* in 'Le Maudit,' with the more disgusting episode of the Carmelite Confessor, in 'La Réligieuse,' and it is not difficult to realise the effect of these books on the clerical party. The unknown Abbé holds the mirror up to all abuses, and by unmasking hypocrisy has made as many enemies as there are hypocrites in the Church. As they accuse him of having written for a speculation, it is interesting to hear the reasons he gives for having chosen the novel as his vehicle. Had he written a treatise, it might have made an ecclesiastical scandal, though not one of any extent. This reformer wished to popularise his subject, almost to dramatise it, and to make the truth live before the eyes of multitudes. He had another object besides publicity or literary success. In advocating reform he pleads that it is the interest of the laity as much as of the clergy; that Christianity, as distinct from theology, mysticism, or formalism, must leaven the laity, if it is to maintain its hold on society; and he demonstrates that a superstitious, greedy, narrow-minded clergy, by their ignorant teaching and ignoble lives, have done and are doing more harm to the faith, than a whole century of infidelity, be its teachers Voltaire, Comte, Renan, or About.

A new world without religion will, he believes, be the result, if religious liberty is to be long sacrificed to sacerdotal power, and Christianity kept in the swaddling bands of medieval Catholicism, too mystical and unreal to meet the exigencies of an age which must be fed with more living food, if faith is to be preserved in the earth. Religious decline will be inseparable, he shows, from moral and social ruin; and

'With such a prospect before us, others may allow theories the most fatal to humanity and the Church to be propagated in the world, and be unable, through indifference or weariness of spirit, to meet them with one vigorous protest; but I have not this failing of silence. Had I only faith as a grain of mustard seed in humanity and in the Church, two things which I love with the like love (unless indeed it would be better to say at once, with St. Augustine, that they are one and the same thing), that faith, I say, would oblige me again to take my post as an observant sentinel, and again to sound that cry of alarm which has startled so many noble minds.'

Just such a watchman was Julio de la Clavière, the curé of St. Aventin, whose career we must follow from his ordination to his death, for some knowledge of the story is requisite before we can appreciate the argument of this curious book.

The scene is laid in Southern France, in the archiepiscopal

city of T—— (evidently Toulouse), where an elderly lady, Madame de La Clavière, drags out her days, the victim rather than the dupe of the Jesuits, who have persuaded her to bequeath her money and estates to their Society instead of to the Abbé Julio, her nephew, and his sister Louise, her niece and ward. Julio has just taken orders, but he is already suspected by the reverend fathers, as his character is frank and independent, and so impatient of deception in all its shapes, that they have failed in their endeavours to win him to their order. He becomes more and more unpopular, as it appears that he is a man unlikely to allow himself and his sister to be robbed with impunity. His manners are so pleasing, and his talents so remarkable, that he is soon recommended to the notice of his metropolitan; he becomes private secretary to the prelate, and would soon have been one of the leading men of T—— had not a stroke of apoplexy removed a patron whose opinion of the Jesuits coincided with his own. The dying archbishop made Julio the depository not only of his confession of sins, but of his confession of faith, and the young Abbé, by publishing this document and becoming, so to say, its sponsor, ruined himself for ever in the estimation of the Company of Jesus. He refuses to withdraw the book; it is published and has an extraordinary circulation, and the Jesuits can only revenge themselves by banishing the editor from the household of the new archbishop, and by causing him to be appointed to a very unimportant cure. But here Julio shines as a preacher, and dissuades a young heiress from taking the veil, against the wishes of her parents and at the instigation of the priests. Emboldened by this step, he holds conferences and preaches animated sermons, not only against monastic life, but against the celibacy of the clergy; he denounces the vices of a licentious youth, but proclaims that their correctives are not the vows of the cloister, but the claims of women to be loved and respected as the friends, the partners, and the civilisers of man's life. For promulgating such doctrine as this, he is reprimanded, and being translated to a distant living in the Pyrenees, spends some years at St. Aventin. There his troubles soon recommence. The young parish priest has not been long settled in his new charge before an accident makes him privy to a liaison between a neighbouring curate and a beautiful parishioner. Julio's intervention prevents the ruin of Thérèse and the fall of Loubaire; he makes two fast friends for himself, but also lays the foundation of many scandalous reports, and of a disagreeable 'inquiry' which the Jesuits oblige his metropolitan to institute into the circumstances of

Thérèse's flight and appearance at St. Aventin. This first disaster had some tragical elements in it, and we shall see that it exercised a permanent result not only on Julio's life, but upon the religious interests he had at heart.

His next adventure had a comical aspect. A Capuchin friar arrives to preach the month of Mary, and to warm the hearts of the villagers towards the saints, and other intercessors acknowledged by the Church. Julio cannot conceal his amusement at the sermons of the monk, and the père Basile is equally scandalised at the tone of Julio's teaching, which savoured of common sense and of the essential truths of revealed religion. The père Basile, once on the scent, discovers much amiss in the parish, and a devout but ill-natured old lady of the flock has very curious tales to tell him of Julio's life, pursuits, and opinions. To crown all, the friar and the Mère Judas proclaim a miracle, and Julio endeavours from the first to hush up the affair. St. Joseph is supposed to have appeared to a pretty hysterical *protégée* of this overpious pair. Père Basile maintains that St. Aventin is as likely as La Salette to be the scene of such a manifestation. Julio, apprehending that St. Joseph was as unlikely to appear in the one place, as the Madonna in the other, declares that it is a case for exhibiting the mineral tonics, and prescribes quiet for a mind in great danger of becoming permanently diseased. The matter is carried before the higher powers, and Julio's diocesan is worked on by the Jesuits to acknowledge the miracle, and reprimand the incredulous priest.

Meantime Julio has other occupation for his thoughts. His aunt Madame de la Clavière is dead, and he finds, as he had already suspected, that he and Louise are to inherit nothing but a small annuity out of her fortune, M. Tournichon, a notary of the town, being her sole legatee. This man is a creature of the Jesuits, and is to hand over to them a property which could not have been left to them as a religious corporation; thus the worldly goods of the dowager de la Clavière assist in building a new college for the Society in the city of T——.

Julio determines to dispute the will, and his counsel is no less a person than M. Auguste Verdelon, once a seminarist, now a rising barrister, and an attached friend of his family. M. Verdelon had found, before taking orders, that the yoke of the Church was too heavy, both in matters practical and theoretical, and he had slipped the burden from his neck before it was too late. Had he not done so, he would have found his way into the ranks of the '*Maudits*' in far less time than the

Abbé Julio, since he had less faith, less patience, less unselfishness, and more ambition. He is attached to Louise de la Clavière, but, being poor himself, cannot marry her unless she can recover the inheritance due to her from her late aunt. Any reader of novels will understand how exciting is this *cause célèbre;* Julio de la Clavière, for himself and sister, against the Company of Jesus and their stalking horse the legatee Tournichon. The whole town is in a ferment. A friendly manager fans the flames by putting the play of the *Juif Errant* on the boards of his theatre. Rodin, the arch schemer of that piece, is hissed; the robbed and maltreated heroines are applauded—the papers both of T—— and of the provinces are full of the cause, and on the following day the trial opens. Verdelon delivers an able and pointed address; but the Jesuits are too strong for the orphans of la Clavière; they have suborned the old servant Madelette, the most important of the witnesses; the case is lost, and the verdict given against Julio. The père Briffard, confessor to the deceased lady of La Clavière, receives the thanks and congratulations of his Society, and Julio returns to the tears of Louise and the silence of his parsonage. Verdelon soon afterwards marries a richer wife.

Julio determines, however, not to let the matter drop, and he is meditating fresh steps, when his sister is spirited away from St. Aventin by the machinations of a lady devotee. This friend is a tool of the Jesuits, and has been sent by them to convince Louise that it is for her sake alone that Julio ruins himself in body, soul, and estate. Louise, convinced that if her interests were no longer at stake her brother's litigation with the reverend fathers would cease, is weak enough to fall into the trap, and, disappearing from St. Aventin, she leaves Julio no clue to her fate. He pursues her from town to town, from convent to convent; he appeals to the civil power, consults the police, and is angry, anxious, but helpless. At last he hears of her being in Italy, and goes to Rome, seeking her through every hamlet and cloister of the Papal States. His footsteps are dogged by a Jesuit spy, who often succeeds in putting him off the scent, and whom Julio, by some unaccountable stupidity, never suspects. But Louise is at last discovered. Her shrill and sweet soprano is heard rising above the quire of nuns in the convent of Notre Dame de Forcassi, and Julio, maddened with joy, affection, and surprise, rushes at the *grille*, tears it open, and carries off his sister.

It may be imagined that this is the crowning point of his misdeeds. To have violated the sanctuary, to have abducted

a bride of Heaven, to have interfered with her vocation, and to have terrified her companions, are crimes not to be forgiven, least of all in the States of the Church and in the neighbourhood of the *Gesù*. Julio is sent to expiate his offence in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where his adventures are less thrilling than the lovers of the horrible might expect, and he is liberated by the stratagem of a friend and the courage of an obliging bandit. It is one of Julio's misfortunes not only to have his good deeds evil spoken of, but also to get into questionable company, to have more than a fair share of the strange bedfellows of adversity, and to perform acts of justice and mercy under circumstances to which his enemies could, without difficulty, give a very odious colour.

After this his downward career is rapid. He goes to Paris with Louise, takes the low place of a 'diacre de l'office,' for he is not yet suspended, preaches at St. Eustache, again becomes popular, and is again persecuted by the Jesuits. He retaliates by the allusions and disclosures which appear in the 'Catholique libéral,' a paper of which he obtains the direction, and in this way he is able to give a wider notoriety to his religious and polemical opinions. It may be asked how Julio obtained a subsistence during these months of his life. He worked as a journeyman printer in the Pignal printing-house, where interdicted priests earn their bread and receive half the wages of ordinary artisans. His companions are other outlaws of the Church; among them, Loubaire reappears, and there follow in this sacerdotal Bohemia many scenes—strange in themselves, strange in their antecedents, and strange in the tone in which they are set forth. At last Julio is appointed to another cure; but as parish priest of Melles fresh troubles await him. Louise lived with him, but he discovers in some old family papers that she is not his sister. Julio feels their position to have become equivocal, but he conceals his own struggles, and Louise opportunely dies. He next appears before the public as the author of a pamphlet against the temporal power of the popes, and the cup of his iniquity is full. He is interdicted, and denounced by a diocesan Synod in the following terms: —

'Cursed is the priest who from the pulpit of truth has taught scandalous doctrines!

'Cursed is he who attacks the temporal power of the Popes of Rome, without which their spiritual power would not be free!

'Cursed is the proud, the heretic, the innovator, the fabricator of scandalous books, the profane person!

'Cursed is he who shall approve the doctrines of Julio, still curate of Melles in the diocese of T——!'

The interdicted Abbé is now alone in the world, and at last his strength gives way. The constant intellectual effort, the moral anguish, the harassing thoughts and the bitter experience of the last years of his life, exhaust his frame, and 'Le Maudit' dies, breathing less of anger towards his enemies than of gratitude to his Maker, and of aspiration for *that* abiding city, where there is no temple made with hands, but where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Here the story of 'Le Maudit,' properly speaking, ended; but the narrative is now continued through the pages of 'La 'Réligieuse,' where Loubaire and Thérèse succeed to the places which Julio and Louise have left vacant. At the instance of the Jesuits, Christian burial is refused to Julio in the cemetery of Bigorre, and he has to be interred by his two friends, who select a peak of the Pyrenean chain as a resting-place for this pioneer of the Church of the future. Loubaire, softened by Julio's presence and example, is also deeply affected by his death, and when he returns to Paris, his associates are no longer the printers of the priestly Bohemia, but the Bishop Laurent and the Abbé Cambiac. Both these men have experiences of their own which made Julio dear to them. The Bishop had so far allowed this tenderness towards the 'Maudit' to appear that it had cost him his bishopric, and the Abbé Cambiac had left the ranks of the Jesuits because, like Passaglia, his righteous soul was vexed by them day by day. Loubaire is cherished by them for Julio's sake, and they devise together plans for diffusing his principles and vindicating his fame.

It is decided that the Bishop should write a book, and spread it anonymously over the length and breadth of the land. Under cover of the history of 'L'Église Nouvelle' the Abbé * * * gives an account of the publication and reception of 'Le Maudit;' and takes occasion to satirize the insolent bigotry of his own Ultramontane critics.

One of the subjects especially urged by these reformers was the training of women in France. They objected to conventual education as unfitted for forming the minds of intelligent wives and mothers; and to secure a change in this respect the Bishop, the Abbé, and Loubaire open a normal school for governesses. Their co-operator in this work was to be Thérèse.

At the time of Julio's death we saw Thérèse in the garb of a sister of charity, and left her determined to continue in a life of separation from a world she had found too full of snares. She sees an amount of variety in convent life, such as must rarely, we should think, fall to the lot of any postulant, and

her vicissitudes are certainly invented (like the misfortunes of Julio) less with a view of forming an interesting or harmonious narrative, than to show the workings of the system. From having been a sister of charity, Thérèse enters a convent of St. Agnes. Here her life is embittered by the evil reports which have been circulated about her former life and her friendship with Julio. She has so little aptitude either for flattering her abbess or for mystical devotion, that she leaves Bigorre without regret, and goes as a postulant to a Carmelite house, where she hopes to find peace in a life of greater austerity, and oblivion of the past in more complete seclusion. The Carmelite nuns aim at perfection, and endeavour to attain to it by a discipline as severe as that of the sisterhood in the 'Rue Petit Picpus,' which afforded Victor Hugo a theme for his striking interlude on the monastic life. But Thérèse has been accustomed to mountain air, to cleanliness, and to exercise. The monotony of Carmelite rule is maddening, and the enforced filthiness of dress and person so great that her health gives way. Nor are her distresses all of a bodily nature. The Abbess looks on her with an unsympathetic eye, and she falls into disgrace with her confessor, after a series of conversations which are represented as occurring during confession, and which we would fain believe to be over-coloured, if not impossible. A doctor whom she consults advises her to leave without waiting for the expiration of her noviciate; and after quitting this den of moral and physical nastiness, she returns to her father's house to recruit her strength and to watch over his last days. All these details we gather from Thérèse's letters to Loubaire; and they are the great blemish of the book. In both these novels there are passages open to criticism, but none that warrant such condemnation as Therésè's letters. Surely the narrative might have been cast in some other than the epistolary form. The gross incidents, and still grosser innuendoes which Thérèse repeats, should hardly under any provocation have occupied a woman's pen; but is it conceivable that any woman with a particle of delicacy, we had almost said decency, should have written these details to a man who had once been her lover, and with whom her own relations had been so compromising, so dangerous, and so sad? When our author argues, when he pleads, and when he protests he never offends; he can sometimes handle an equivocal relation, and does handle many a delicate subject, with firmness as well as with modesty; but in inventing situations his taste is far more questionable. He has either graduated in the worst class of French novels, or we must suppose that in constantly touching pitch his own mind

has not escaped defilement. The objectionable vulgarity of too many of his pages is a powerful weapon in the hands of his enemies, and it is strange that he does not perceive how it perverts the better tendencies of his book.

In spite of our sympathy for these novels and their author, we feel that he knows nothing of the reserve and sanctity of domestic life; and though the character of Julio is one of angelic purity and spotless virtue, it must be said that those who espoused his cause and opinions fell far short of that standard of moral dignity of which he set so bright an example. Thérèse is not an interesting heroine: she is too dogmatical and too unblushing for our taste, and most alarmingly ready to be a law unto herself. Sometimes, however, she allowed herself to be guided by others. Her father's death left her a wealthy heiress as well as an orphan, and though her first impulse was to go to Paris, and to put her fortune at Loubaire's disposal for pious and polemical purposes, common sense and a friend whisper that she is too young and too beautiful to make such a step reputable or wise. This friend prevails on her to try another religious house where the sisters, instead of living like Trappistes, are devoted to tuition and the care of the poor. The Convent of the Sisters of the Nativity promised well; it was newly established, and was under the care of a parish priest distinguished by the absence of religious extravagance. But extravagance soon made its appearance, and Thérèse found that works of practical piety were less grateful to Marie de Saint Trélody, her superior, than works of supererogation and *neuvaines* of prayers to the Immaculate Virgin and St. Agnes. The offices of the ordinary confessor were at a discount, and a monk of Ultramontane and ascetic tendencies preferred before him. Under his auspices the nuns became daily more quarrelsome, and also less edifying in the eyes of a novice thus deeply read in convent life and manners. Innumerable petty jealousies appeared, and all the intrigues consequent on the election of a superior convinced Thérèse that she must abandon her hope of finding a religious house in which, as a sensible woman, she would not be made ultimately both wretched and ashamed. That these and other evils exist in conventual life no person will deny, but the Abbé * * * cannot expect these details to pass for the whole truth. Women have ere this, and will after this, find it possible to lead active, useful, and comparatively happy lives in religious retreats, and some of the best, if not the wisest, of their sex, have obtained very different results from the experiment which answered so ill in the case of Thérèse. Paris was her next point, and there the triumvirate

of reformers employed her money and her talents in furthering their schemes. Her especial province as a nursing-mother of 'La Nouvelle Église' was to canvass the women of the upper and middle classes, and to engage them to renounce the old plan of a conventual education for their daughters, in favour of the governesses and the normal school to which we have before alluded. Fresh instances come daily under Thérèse's notice of the bad effects of consigning the youth of France almost entirely to the charge of Jesuits and nuns, and she works assiduously in the path which Loubaire had marked out for her. Thus as a bitter opponent of nuns, nunneries, and all their works, ends the career of 'La Réligieuse' in these two volumes, which are in truth only a continuation of 'Le Maudit.' Through all these incidents the Jesuits play their part. Infuriated by the sympathy which the new sect inspires, they writhe under the sense of the intellectual inferiority of their own arguments, and they take counsel together how they may suppress a book which they cannot answer or refute.

The actions and devices of the two parties are woven together, as in the first part of the story, with a slender thread of romance, and the catastrophe is brought about by the murder of Loubaire in a street of the Faubourg St. Germain. His assassin is the Comte de Saint-Hermenegilde, a *roué*, whose madness is partly caused by love for Thérèse, partly by the wish to revenge the Company of Jesus, to which he is devoted, on the man whom he considers to be his and their arch-enemy.

Loubaire is buried beside Julio on the Pyrenean mount, and after life's fitful fever, both sleep well; where the evening sunbeams still linger long after the valley is grey with the shadows of the coming night, and where they again strike in the early morning as heralds of the approaching dawn: —

> 'Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scandala, pax sine pace;
> Pax sine litibus, et sine luctibus, in Syon arce.'

So sang Bernard the Cluniac seven hundred years ago, and as painting their portion in life, and their hope in death, his lines might serve as a device for these two martyrs of the Company of Jesus, slain in the nineteenth century.

To give a rapid and perspicuous *précis* of five large octavo volumes is not an easy task; but we have attempted such a sketch of their contents as might enable our readers to apprehend the plan of these curious books. Their composition has, we believe, been a work of conviction, but it has sometimes been one of temper and of haste; and characters have been sacrificed throughout to situations upon which a demonstration could be made or an argument founded.

Some of the *dramatis personæ*—and here perhaps the Abbé's work resembles real life—are singularly uninteresting. Louise, for example, abuses the privilege of a heroine to be insipid, and the Archbishop of T——, M. Le Crie, is so faintly portrayed that, unless we were carefully told of all his feelings and peculiarities, his identity would hardly be palpable to the reader. Some of the slighter sketches, on the other hand, are very successful. Mademoiselle de Flamarens, upon whom probably very little pains was bestowed, is thoroughly lifelike, and Madame de Saint-Trélody, the Mother Superior of the Ladies of the Nativity, disagreeably so; her narrow-minded, obstinate, cold temper being as oppressive as the bad air of a Carmelite cell. In short, 'Le Maudit' and 'La Réligeuse' are two portfolios of powerful sketches — their enemies say caricatures—of all the possible trials and situations of a typical curate and of a typical novice, whose principles and opinions run counter to the received order of things, and who find little sympathy and much ill will in the sacerdotal class. Agreeing, as we must do in the main, with the author's views as to monachism and the abuse of clerical power, it is also necessary to receive his statements with allowance if not with some measure of distrust. He would have better served the cause he has at heart did he not show so much of a vindictive temper, and thus lay himself open to the charge of exaggeration. Having said this, and having admitted that as these are not mere sensation novels by an author who has had the luck to hit upon fresh fields and pastures which are new, not to say rank, it is only fair that they should stand or fall by other claims, and be judged by other standards than that of literary taste.

The style throughout is very unequal, often nervous and excellent, seldom careful, but never spasmodic. Thus we have to thank the Abbé * * * for sparing us five volumes of periods copied from the fatiguing and melodramatic manner of M. Sue, or inflated with all the bombast of M. Victor Hugo, when French prose 'faisait décadence' in his last epic. The conversational parts are, perhaps, those in which the want of finish is the most felt; they sometimes have great merit, and at others they sink below the level which we could have thought possible in an author of so much power. His matter is so varied and so profound, that no extracts would do it justice, but they may give some notion of his manner: we have selected them without any view to dramatic value, and have rather taken passages which, while they give a fair idea of his opinions, also do justice to his capacity as an author at once satirical and grave.

The day before Julio de la Clavière received his ordination he learnt from his friend Auguste Verdelon the reasons which had determined him not to take orders. Verdelon concluded his argument with these words: —

'"The bare idea of finding myself engaged by solemn ties to a corporation which openly declares itself as the antagonist of all forms of social emancipation is unendurable by me. From the day in which I said to myself, let us leave those honest but blinded men who preach about the light and make the extinguishers under which the light and they are both dying out;—from that day I have been free and happy."

'Julio listened to his friend with the greatest attention. Many a time had he asked himself what was the explanation of this grave problem, of the flagrant contradiction between the social theories of Christianity so wide and so emancipative, and the domineering spirit of the clergy. His nature was a liberal one, but it was as gentle as it was intelligent, and he believed that he had found a solution for the problem, by blaming men only for the ambitious tendencies of the clergy ever since the irruption of the barbarians had made them the only intellectual guides of the western world. Less rigorously logical than the inflexible Verdelon, he had said to himself that there was much good to be done inside the limits of the priesthood, and that he might take its vows on himself without abjuring his warm sympathy for the social progress of mankind. He interrupted Verdelon. "Are you not making a confusion here? Why blame the whole clerical body for the ambition of some men, whom history shows us in all ages as aspiring to theocratic rule? One must look on the Church in its human aspect, and its divine. The first I give over to your anathemas, for *man* defiles everything he touches; but the second is noble, great, and will never perish. . . . It appears to me that it would be better to make haste to enter the priesthood, and to carry back to it much of the spirit it has lost. Our task would be all the greater."

'"My friend, the time for that is not come. Every earnest man who, like you, may wish to effect a reconciliation between modern society and the clergy will break down in the struggle. I love you for your noble aspirations, but I see all the sorrows which they prepare for your future. Your nature is too elevated to allow you to cast in your lot with the violent party which now governs the clergy; and from the day in which you do not join these men in hurling maledictions against the age, and in singing the old anthem of praise of the good old days of the middle ages, you will be looked upon with suspicion and thrust out as a pariah."

'"My dear Verdelon, I deplore as you do the fatal antagonism to their times in which part of the clergy have placed themselves, but I do not believe that this is the case with the whole ecclesiastical body. There is an intelligent minority which, faithful to old teaching, has known how to escape the hurtful animus of which you speak. This minority preserves the sacred spark in the Church,

and constitutes with all faithful men who daily realise with more and more distinctness the grand doctrine of the Gospel, what we may call the *soul* of the Church. . . . I regret that you have not my courage, Verdelon."

'"It is too painful to be a part of the official Church, and to have to condemn at every moment the spirit by which it is directed. I hope that the mildness of your character, your moderation and conciliatory temper, may render a position more easy for you of which it is impossible not to foresee the risks. If you succeed you will be a hero. If you fail you will be a martyr."

'Already the shadows were deepening in the plain, and a beautiful setting sun presented to the two friends one of those spectacles before which few remain impassive, which the inhabitants of countries not too inland can behold in all their magnificence. The vast and serrated chain of the Pyrenees stretched across the south, like a curtain barred with purple and with gold. T—— lay in the middle distance between the spectators and the sun, which lit up the edges of the clouds by which it was half enveloped, the confused mass of the town being crowned by the spires of St. Séverin, and by the high naves of its churches. A whole creation of the fancy might be seen in the fleecy clouds which covered the sky, and the eye might wander for ever over the panorama which nature, so prodigal of her wealth, unrolled at the horizon. . . . As they reached the town the different groups of seminarists drew together, and it would have been imprudent to have continued their conversation.

'After retiring to his cell, Julio turned over again in his mind the discussion he had had with his friend. How often had he said all this to himself! But the young priest had received from his Maker an almost angelic mind, and if he understood the dangers he also had a presentiment of triumph. "What," he would say, "is virtue, if she does not strive? This sacerdotal world upon which I am entering is retrograde and unintelligent. But what then? I may do some good to the poor, the weak, and the neglected of this world. I may be as a Providence for some years to any hamlet in which I am settled. No doubt I shall have troubles, contradictions, and trials, but I shall finish my course on earth—and it seems to promise me a noble future."'

We have said that Julio was sent to just such a humble cure when, after the death of M. de Flamarens, he was appointed to St. Aventin. Thus he carried out his ideal:—

'I have been installed for a month in my little parsonage. It is small and very poor, but I feel already that I shall soon get accustomed to it. I have simple tastes, and shall be always happy, while a good old woman comes every day to prepare my food and put my humble housekeeping in order. These things settled I am free. What a strange fate has transported me, as by the swirl of a hurricane, from the active intelligent life of a large town to the humble existence of a poor highland village! But I shall not find fault with Providence. Has not God got a design in everything He

does? How stupid of us to forget that He knows best by what paths, steep or easy, our pilgrimage is to be accomplished. I bless Thee, oh! my God! . . . Then my mountain home is a very beautiful one! I shall like it—I can follow my tastes for natural science, and very interesting studies I shall make. Before two years are over I shall have a splendid herbal. . . . My first visit has been to the *curé* of Luchon. I found him horribly prejudiced, for in our clerical world it is not enough if victims are stricken, they must also be aspersed. Our archbishop must have been writing to him in his finest style about the tainted sheep over whom he is recommended to keep an eye lest it should infect the rest of the flock. . . . It is evident that my smallest actions are watched, and that I am placed under the surveillance of the high archiepiscopal police. . . . My life as a pastor has its consolations. I found ignorance, superstition, and routine among these poor people, but I feel that I may uproot some of it. I am accustoming my poor highlanders to understand me, and they are grateful for the pains I take to speak to them in the plainest words. I only propound one thing to them at a time, and I present that idea over and over again. I teach these men as one would teach children, and see the advantage of this method. . . . Last Thursday there was an official dinner at Luchon. I was there, and so were the whole of the clergy of the canton, and I observed that I was the object of a general and lively curiosity. These reunions are very gay; the jokes have nothing very commendable in them, but they excite plenty of laughter, all vulgar as they are. The dinner lasted three hours, so did the hilarity of my companions, who ate much, drank much, and made noise enough. As the youngest and latest arrival, I was placed at the bottom of the table near the *curé* of the Valley of the Lys, a little parish like my own. I talked to him, and he struck me as more simple, more true, and less vulgar than the rest of them. Yet, like me, he is a proscribed person. After dinner we met in the garden, and he made me understand that he was the object of an unenviable supervision. We promised to see each other from time to time. . . . In my botanising rambles the distance will not seem inconvenient. Besides, I feel that this solitude is killing me, and I feel that I must have a friend.'

This *curé* of the Valley of the Lys is the Loubaire who afterwards plays so important a part in Julio's history both for evil and for good. Is this picture of the country clergy of southern France overdrawn? We fear that there are some districts of the Welsh and Scotch highlands where a gathering of the local incumbents, or of a presbytery, would exhibit similar peculiarities; and if we consider the position of the inferior clergy in France, we can hardly think that Julio's neighbours at St. Aventin were very unlike what he describes them. Their incomes, or rather their stipends—since a French bishop receives his pay like an admiral, and a French priest receives his like a petty

officer—is slender. The stipends of some incumbents vary from 48*l.* to 62*l.*; while those of the *desservants* range from 36*l.* to 48*l.* These sums are eked out by the parsonage and garden, but they are not likely to tempt any man of birth and education to enter the ministry. It follows, then, that the priesthood must be constantly recruited from the peasant population, and the result upon the moral and intellectual tone of the clergy is what might be expected. It is an object for a peasant proprietor to get his son into the Church. The future *séminariste* is not liable to be drawn for the conscription, and a father who objects to sending his children to be made 'chair à 'poudre' can put him into a profession which is respectable in his eyes, and which ensures him the lifelong possession of a house, a garden, and the 40*l.* a-year which has become proverbial in our country. We said that the calling and status of a *curé* ensured, or rather promised, the lifelong enjoyment of these things; but it is not always so. Not only must the recipient stand well with his spiritual pastors and masters, avoiding the hidden reefs on which Julio and Loubaire struck, besides the more patent rock of offence which laxity of morals throws in his way, but he is answerable for his conduct to the temporal power also. He must stand well with the local police, with the mayors, and with the heads of the gens-d'armerie of the district, and he must make himself in all political questions as subservient and unobtrusive as possible. In short, his life is a negation of everything which a gentleman prizes, and an outrage on many of the feelings which a gentleman possesses. Such is the situation (since the Revolution destroyed the revenues and the Concordat sold the liberties of the Gallican Church) of the humble men who, in Chateaubriand's touching words, have 'to console the 'afflicted, share their mite with the poor, comfort the sick, 'exhort the dying, bury the dead, and pray for France.' It is almost well for them that their antecedents are equally humble, and that their education is of a kind little calculated to turn out a race of Galileos. A lower depth is reached by the friars, and the better are they fitted to act the spy at the bidding of the Jesuits. Thus the preaching friar Don Basile came down to St. Aventin less to edify the parishioners than to report on the young heretic. A scene between Julio and the Capuchin is a good specimen of the Abbé * * *'s satirical vein:—

'Julio showed him the chamber which awaited him, and there the friar deposited a cargo of consecrated articles which he had brought with him; he was then offered some refreshments, but

excused himself by reason of that breakfast at Luchon which he had not yet digested—adding that he should keep his appetite for dinner. . . . After all arrangements for the friar and his errand had been made, Julio drew into the middle of the room the small table at which he worked, and taking his microscope from a drawer, began to examine the specimens he had just brought home, with a view to classifying them.

'"We are very rich here, *mon père*, in mineralogy. The Pyrenees having only risen, like the Apennines, towards the end of the cretaceous period, are found to contain nearly all the rocks of the igneous and sedimentary formations. These mountains, therefore, furnish me with well-nigh the whole history of the successive ages of the earth's crust. I am all the more favourably placed here at St. Aventin, because I am at the centre of the chain. I have only to follow the torrent of l'Arboust, to go up to the lake of Seculejo, and to reach the peak of Espingo, less distant but more dangerous in their ascent than my mountain, although they have no glaciers, and I find myself on the ridge between France and Spain. . . . This explains to you how we have rocks of all kinds; the beautiful granites of which the monumental baths of Luchon have been built, with syenites, porphyries, and marbles of all colours. I will show you the result of to-day's exploration,"—and passing each specimen under his lens he showed them to the monk. "Here is a granite of a very fine grain. . . . Here a piece of eruptive quartz of the greatest purity—it is from a thick seam which traverses one ridge of the mountain in all its length. Remark, *mon père*, by the aid of this glass these little black crystals—this is peroxide of manganese in a crystallised form. I have one bit of red porphyry as fine as that which the Egyptians used for their sepulchral edifices, their sphinxes, and the statues of their gods. . . . The infiltration of springs charged with carbonates of chalk and the appearance of different acids have occasioned stalagmites in thick masses, which are quarried under the name of marbles; they are all the more remarkable because they are of the richest hues, and very transparent: but, I perhaps weary you, *mon père*, with twaddling in this way."

'"Not at all, not at all," replied the Capuchin, in whose ears these words, orthose, quartz, oxyde, carbonates, and stalagmites, sounded like so many words out of the Babylonian inscriptions. Afterwards he muttered to himself, "Well, is it astonishing, after this, that these young people who poke their noses into science should become, as St. Augustine says, beasts of pride, and in their pride wish to reform the Church? Oh! blessed and holy ignorance, thou art a far better thing!"

'But the monk did not wish to be obliged to preserve a silence which might be mistaken for a modest but humiliating avowal that he knew nothing. A Capuchin ought to know everything. He proceeded, therefore, to seek in the remotest lobes of his brain for some faint traces of his studies in Dom Calmet's lectures on the Deluge and the age of the world.

'"Do you then," he said to Julio, "believe in these successive ages, ascribed by modern science to our globe?"

'"Yes," replied Julio, "because I handle and see them."

'"All these are systems, M. le Curé, nothing but systems."

'"Systems I admit, but if founded on facts from henceforth realities in science."

'"But you see all this has been invented by atheists; it is against religion."

'"Not at all, *mon père*, religion is a very different affair, and far beyond all this. What relation is there between religion and the study of all the phenomena which may have arisen during the cooling of the globe, when it passed from its incandescent state to a temperature suited to the existence of plants and living organisms?"

'"But still, why not stick to what Moses says? He ascribes all this to the Divine Power in six days. You don't doubt that God could have created all this in the space of one second?"

'"Most certainly He could—no doubt of that, but that is not the question. The matter in hand is, to discover if God was pleased to organise the world, with its mineral crust, its vegetables, and its living creatures, in a few days, or through several millions of centuries. . . . The order and province of scientific truths is one thing, and the order of revealed Verities is something very distinct from it. The Bible is divine in the matter of revelation, it was not necessary that it should be so in regard to science. . . . Oh! *mon père*, you and I may believe or not believe in the teaching of modern science, as we think best, but we cannot change by one iota the valuable attainments of science, or deprive it of a step that it has gained."'

The curate of St. Aventin could find both labour and amusement in his solitary home, and his days alternated between pastoral labours and such researches as drew upon him the censures of Father Basile. But his mind was too eager, and his necessity for sympathy as well as occupation too great, to make rural life ever truly acceptable to him. For him the life of a great capital, and the intercourse of men of education, was almost a necessity, if his mind was to preserve its sanity and to be saved from preying on itself. Paris was his real home; for the place of preacher at St. Eustache, and the labours of editing his journal, had made life busy and almost hopeful to a priest who desired to labour more abundantly, and to mediate, if possible, between modern society and the sacerdotal party. He wrote thus to a friend, and the letter is characteristic of the Frenchman and of the man:—

'I thought I heard the voice of God bidding me leave the field of religious controversy, where I felt that I had suffered loss in defending His cause. Yet it has cost me much, and how poignant are my regrets! I fancied myself settled for ever in Paris, in the middle of that phalanx of men whose opinions often clashed, but who were all seekers after truth, all honest and loyal-hearted amid

the flux and reflux of human thoughts. They were noble brothers to me. Graciously did they open their ranks to receive the priest who could and would not yield one of his Christian convictions, but whose words were never bitter against any doctrines, not even against those which ran counter to his belief.

'Men bigoted with Catholicism murmured at my adoption into this great world of European publicity. I was a living protest against their system of polemical hatred, and their appetite for anathemas and persecutions. They have been powerful against me. I was humanly speaking the weakest, and between them and me who cared for truth. Now the sacrifice is accomplished. *Consummatum est!* Oh! Paris! Paris! land of liberty and life. Paris! the new Rome, conquering the nations not by armed legions, but by the peaceful phalanxes of thinkers, artists, and men of letters. Paris! receive in this letter, which one friend will read and then give to the winds, the last farewell of one who has loved thee so well, of one who was once obscure and unknown, and whom thou hast received as one of thy men of mark and might. I preserve for thee the imperishable love of a son! In the wild restless motion of our age which carries away men and things, as the tides of ocean roll up the weeds that once lay heaped in her quiet caves, names are soon forgotten. I do not seek for myself any glory which might be won from others who in their search after truth have laboured with as much ardour and as much love; but leave me this illusion, that in the day when this life goes out in solitude, those who once grasped me by the hand, as a pioneer of the future, will sometimes recall my name to the intellectual world which I loved.'

A chapter of the second volume gives a sketch of the ecclesiastical world which Julio did not love:—

'The college of the Jesuits was built on the southern side of the town of T——, where, being a vast and imposing structure, it towered as a citadel above the aristocratic quarters of the old capital of Southern France. Its white mass caught the eye as much as the splendid choir of the Cathedral of St. Etienne, with its high roofs and its numberless buttresses. The reverend fathers had had great success, the gifts and subscriptions had amounted to a large sum, and none of the hoped-for successions had slipped past them. They had had the pleasure of seeing expire (duly and fully prepared by the sacraments of the Church) both M. Cayron, Madame de Vateil, and M. Legros; and so wise were the precautions they had taken, that in all these instances few people in T—— (with the exception of those inquisitive persons who always scent out the most secret transactions), were aware that four or five families had been pillaged, and old relatives in their second childhood robbed, that this luxurious palace might be built for the Jesuits. M. Tournichon had, with equal despatch and method, arranged everything regarding the succession of Madame de la Clavière, and as he had found by experience that religious bodies never err on the side of generosity, he armed himself with his ledger before he presented himself to reckon, as it would be vulgarly called, with the reverend *Père provincial.*

'The porter, well knowing the consideration with which the good fathers regarded the old man, announced him to the *Père provincial* with that smooth obsequious tone of voice which is peculiar to such pious servitors.

'"M. Tournichon, if you please, my reverend father."

'"You are welcome, M. Tournichon. Well! you have had a great success here! All the better—we are very much pleased."

'"Yes, reverend father. She made a very holy ending, did this good Madame de la Clavière. She had all proper honours, and I have even ordered a tomb."

'"Ah! very right. Yes, a tomb . . . it was not very expensive?"

'"I ask your pardon, *mon père*, it was dear; but I made a bargain, and I think I may say that we are out of it for 500 francs.

'"Very good."

'"Then, reverend father, I bring you my little account. As I daresay you do not care to fatigue yourself with all the details of this reckoning, you have the sum total at the end of the columns. I have done as for myself, and as a good administrator for the Church, in the matter of a pious legacy."

'"Oh! the worthy man! We are very grateful to you; what a pity it is that such good Christians as yourself are rare."

'"I do not deny that I have had some trouble. No less than ten years have I been about this business; and for ten years to play a hand at cards with an old lady whose wits were not the cause of her death, and who often played very ill ——

'"—Was not amusing, I grant it; but then how meritorious before God!"

'"So much pains and perseverance could hardly fail. Shortly before her death she all but changed her mind."

'"Indeed!"

'"I was obliged to speak very sharply, and the old thing was frightened. I reminded her of her engagements, and threatened her with the vengeance of God which overtakes those who, having got upon the right path, dare to turn back: and I secured everything at last."

'"What a worthy man! God will assuredly recompense the energy with which you have defended His cause."

'"Well! by the help of time and Monsieur the doctor with his perpetual prescriptions all has come right; but that rogue of a doctor! he has sent in a horrible bill."

'"That bill must be disputed."

'"I have done so. I also made him perceive that if he was so exacting it might bring him into trouble with his supporters, and his long bill of 3,000 francs,"——

'"Three thousand francs! Horrible!

'"—Has been tidily reduced by two-thirds, the third demanded with very many excuses."

'"Admirable! You are really adroit, M. Tournichon!"

'The old man having then unrolled the valuation of the Clavière

succession, pointed meekly and as to a trifle, at the sum of 50,276 francs standing among the expenses, and representing at five per cent. the honorariums, journeys, and other outlays of all sorts of the abovenamed Tournichon, *minus* which the all and whole of the above succession was handed over by him in its integrity, to be disposed of by the reverend *père provincial* at his good pleasure.

'Though this reverend personage had long known how to estimate the disinterestedness of Tournichon, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "50,276 francs! that is rather strong, M. Tournichon."

'"Only five per cent., my reverend father."

'"But we are so poor, my dear M. Tournichon."

'"Five per cent., reverend father."

'"You should do something for our labours of piety, M. Tournichon."

'"I have remembered you in my will, reverend father. I owe too much to the Church and the religious orders not to minister to them after my death with a portion of my modest competency; but, you understand that I have a daughter."

'"Come! come! this must be arranged! We will look at this bill another day, you will then be more accommodating."

'"Reverend father, at my age one ought to put one's affairs into order. I require tranquillity of mind. I have done, believe me, more than I would ever do for any but for the men of God."

'Then pointing out the total again to the Jesuit, he made him read—

'"Accepted and verified by us," adding, "you will have the goodness to accept and sign this now."

'"It is dear, very dear. You will not make it less?"

'"No; it is impossible, reverend father. It is not five per cent.; and then playing cards for ten years with an old woman for nothing!"

'The reverend father took up a pen, hesitated, looked at it, and then signed. Then putting the voluminous memorandum among his papers, he murmured to himself, "that good man has fleeced us."

'"God be with you, reverend father!" answered Tournichon, as, thankful to have had his account settled, he made a profound obeisance to the priest, and departed.'

In this way the Jesuits of T—— secured money and dealt with a usurer. Equally pungent are the paragraphs in which the Abbé * * * describes the Jesuits of the capital, when they wanted a review of 'L'Église Nouvelle,' and hired a journalist named Pantaléon Laboue. The Reverend Father prescribes the matter, the manner, and the price of this critique, which is evidently the counterpart of some of the Ultramontane reviews with which the author and his publisher have been favoured. Characteristic as the passages are, our space does not allow us to copy them, and many others which would seem

to ask for admission. We have given, however, extracts enough to show the style and temper of the Abbé * * *, and of the novels in which he has popularised the subject of clerical life and clerical reform in France. The strife between the two parties, between the Absolutists and those who, by timely reforms, wish to make the Catholic Church free, useful, and respected, is patent to the world. Nor is the French empire the only field on which the same battle is likely to be fought. There are those who think that what is passing in the whole religious world of to-day is but the harbinger of a great approaching change; of the dissolution of that system of medieval theocracy, which has exercised for a thousand years so great a power over the minds and consciences of men and the fate of nations. Many of the most enlightened minds of this age are filled with a presentiment of an approaching storm; and though we are unable at present to foresee the results of a great ecclesiastical revolution (of which the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy would probably be the signal), yet it is impossible for the most sanguine or the most indifferent to ignore that in every European country a strong religious movement is taking place. It occurs in Protestant kingdoms as well as under Catholic rule, and it assumes different shapes according to the complexion of the established faiths, the temper of parties, and the attitude which the hierarchy assumes towards the educated laity. In Italy the impetus is at once religious and political. In Belgium, politics rather than controversies seem to deepen a feeling which is directed less against creeds and dogmas than against measures and men. Not only was the priestly party defeated in the late elections, but it is believed that no Cabinet, formed on an Ultramontane basis, could at this moment command the confidence of the nation. In England the situation is not complicated with any political bias whatever, and the present phase of religious thought appears as a reaction from the two last movements in the Anglican Church against the Evangelical and Tractarian schools. In Scotland the Established Church, placed between the great Seceding party of 1843 and the Scottish Episcopal body, must consider her interests, and is awakening to the necessity of a liturgical reform. In short, the controversy is world-wide, though it is in Italy chiefly that men see the day approaching. Thus it is that the praise or blame of originality in his views cannot be awarded to the author of 'Le Maudit.' If M. Michelet has for years been the terror of the Jesuits, who wince under that fierce and well-applied lash, the anti-papal movement in Italy has assumed great proportions, and the

names of Passaglia and of Liverani are as unwelcome to ecclesiastical ears as the author of the 'Maudit' could ever wish to become. In that mass of Italian reactionary literature, priestly pens are mostly employed. Mongini is in orders, Monsignore Tiboni pleads for the secularisation of the Bible, Reali is a canon, and the disclosures as well as the sentiments of these men are all inimical to priestcraft, if not actually to the priests. This Free Church party has its newspapers, the 'Colonna di Fuoco,' edited by Don L. Zuccaro, which might vie with the imaginary journal of Julio, and they have their cheaper publications, which, in the shape of pamphlets and almanacs, command an enormous sale. The 'Almanacco Popu-'lare' is most vigorous against the Jesuits, and, though it is a contraband article in pious families, 80,000 copies of this book alone were sold in the year 1862.

Having thrown in his lot with the thinkers and politicians of this school, the Abbé * * * has the satisfaction of feeling that in his work of reformation in the Gallican Church he is not without examples or without sympathisers. While an angry camarilla classes him with Renan, men of cool judgment see that his place is with Cavour and with Azeglio, with Passaglia, if not with the earlier reformers. But, as the Free Church of Italy has refused to sympathise with the Waldensian communities, so the Abbé * * * shows no leaning to any Protestant Church, and, indeed, he seems inclined to do Protestantism less than justice where he says:—'The Refor-'mation has been barren of religious results. By it old 'Catholicism was overthrown, but it has not made one Chris-'tian the more; and, in the Reformed churches, quite as much 'as in the lands of prelates and monks, life is dying out in 'that state of atonic scepticism which has become the com-'plaint of souls disgusted with the old forms in which the 'Gospel was wrapped during the middle ages.' A better acquaintance with the shape which religious controversy has assumed in our country would, we think, induce the Abbé * * * to alter this sentence, which, however much or little it may apply to the Protestant schools of Germany, is wholly inappropriate to the freedom of inquiry and earnestness of thought which will make this epoch memorable in our own Church. There is no doubt but that the long-existing antagonism between the Church of Rome and the Reformed bodies, as well as the narrow peculiarities which sectarians exhibit in every country, have indisposed men like this unknown Abbé to claim religious kinship with Protestants, however much they may be satisfied with the intellectual results of our Reformation.

A review of the books before us would be incomplete unless we gave our readers a precise account of the direction which this movement has taken in France, and of the hopes and dreams of its directors. We give the author's own words, where he describes his ideal Church of the future, prepared for no separation and no schism, but desiring the work to be begun and carried out by every hearth, as loyally and as effectually as in the temples and by the altar. He has spoken of the contradictions and sufferings experienced by enlightened Catholics, of Lacordaire, of M. de Lammenais, of the brothers Allignol, of the curate Dagomer, and of others who have combated the Ultramontane and perverse tyranny of the day (contradictions which are not wholly unknown, we may believe, to such men as Count Montalembert, the Prince de Broglie, and Sir John Acton), and yet he encourages Catholics of this calibre to hope:—

'The salvation of the Church must come from this party, which, being moderate and full of faith, wise, and intelligent, knows that it must not follow in the path of folly, theocracy, and mysticism. . . . These are the believers of the Church of the future; they are its embryos. They form the elementary Church, as the grain of mustard seed has in it the life of the tree which is to come from it, complete in roots, trunk, and branches.

'These are the peaceful initiators of a new order.

'But these are the hard conditions of their apostleship:—

'To remain in the visible Church; to belong to her soul, to the best part of her, to her real life. To accept of her worship as it is at present (since worship is transformable in its nature, and may be modified by time, till it returns to the simplicity of primitive ages).

'Never to break with Rome or with episcopacy. This is the capital point. Popes and bishops sit in the chair of Peter, as the princes among priests sat in the days of the synagogue in the chair of Moses. They must be loved and respected, for an immense number of these men of the old Church are men of virtue, and it is among them that the new Church must find her apostles.

'To separate ourselves plainly and openly from the fanatical Ultramontane sect; to unmask its dangerous, anti-evangelical spirit; to break formally with these Pharisees of the latter days, who are the curse of Christian society, because they discredit Christianity, and render it odious to simple people who are not hostile, but indifferent to the grand doctrines of the Gospel.

'To stigmatise these hypocrites of the new Law, to show them like their fathers of the old Law, paying their tithe of mint and cumin, and pursuing with implacable hatred the true worshippers of God; whited sepulchres wearing their rosaries to be seen of men, and to pass for saints.

'This is the new work. It is great and bold, but it is lawful.

'We will have no schism; for schism is isolation, and a loss of strength.

'No heresies . . . the one which has to be combated is the substitution of *man* for *God*; when we exaggerate the rights granted by Christ to the head of His Church.

'To remain invincible in the orthodox Catholic faith; there lies our strength, and we will dogmatise in nothing. . . . We must be impassible and patient.

'We must disabuse the minds of women. . . . Let them know that religion is great, but that the systems of the men who direct them are narrow and dangerous. Let them be saved from a mysticism which is their death, from puerile practices which take up their time, and from the servile submission which tortures their conscience. Much harm has been unwittingly done in the Church by women, and they ought to repair it.'

Such is the programme of the Abbé * * *. Is it practicable? and if practicable, what would be its results? Assuredly the influence of such reforms would not be religious only. Were such a transformation to become general, it would make a great political movement again imminent in France. The first effect of such teaching and belief would be to convince every Frenchman and woman that he and she are responsible agents; and the first claim of every responsible being is liberty. The French nation has gone through such singular and repeated changes, and has alternated so between tyranny and license, that it is impossible to say whether, in appreciating this first truth, it would also lay hold of the greater truth by which it is followed, namely, that a sense of collective responsibility is the surest guarantee of order and support of the laws. Our author has observed a more than marked reticence on this head, as if the political liberties of his country were wholly out of his thoughts. He is discreet, but we cannot believe him to be indifferent or ignorant of the civil and social result if his religious hopes should be realised. To what extent he is ever to be gratified is a grave as well as a curious question, and being himself without data, he must be content to wait for the answer. *That* is hid, he says, and 'is the secret of God'—'but *this*,' he adds, 'is no secret—that the human mind will conquer, for it will 'not let itself be taken in the webs of theocracy; and that '*caste* must give way which is now so powerful, and which, 'with a cunning long unperceived by the masses, has inter-'woven its personal interests with those of religion. It must 'perish, but this shall endure, even the truth as revealed in 'the Gospel, which fadeth not away.'

ART. VI.—1. *Man and Nature; or Physical Geography, as modified by Human Action.* By GEORGE P. MARSH. London: 1864.

2. *Climate: an Inquiry into the Causes of its Differences, and into its Influence on Vegetable Life; comprising the Substance of four Lectures delivered before the Natural History Society, Torquay, in February* 1863. By CHARLES DAUBENY, M.D., F.R.S.

OF the two works which we place at the head of this article, the first is of largest pretension both in title and extent, and is that to which we seek chiefly to direct the attention of our readers. The second is a small volume comprising the substance of a course of Lectures on Climate, delivered at Torquay by Dr. Daubeny, the Oxford Professor of Botany. The topic is one having such close connexion with the objects of the larger work of Mr. Marsh, that we willingly bring the volumes together as mutually illustrative. That of Dr. Daubeny, though much more limited in design and details, is characterised by the various learning and industry which are found in the former writings of this zealous naturalist; and we shall have occasion now and then to refer to it in its bearing on the subject before us.

The author of the larger volume is an American gentleman, who has held, and still holds, we believe, a high diplomatic position in the service of the United States; and has further distinguished himself by a valuable work on the 'Origin and 'Early History of the English Language.' We always hail with satisfaction any addition to the science or literature of the world coming from our Transatlantic brethren. Whatever the issue or effects of the bloody struggle now in progress in America — a problem which time alone can fully solve — we shall still stand in closer relationship to this remarkable people than to any other nation of the earth. The terms of 'common 'origin,' 'common language,' and 'common literature,' have become the hacknied phraseology of public meetings and after-dinner speeches; but they nevertheless denote facts which are destined to be of deep interest in the future history of the world. The vast territory and population, united but four years ago under a single Government, can never, we believe, recover the unity they have lost. Had none of the causes of this war existed, we doubt whether the American Constitution, or indeed any Constitution, could have sustained the enormous pressure upon its powers, which twenty years more of growing

population and diverging local interests would have engendered. But whether two nations, or half-a-dozen nations, emerge out of the present crisis, one future event will be the same. The great North American Continent, prolific in all that pertains to the growth of man, will nurture a population large as that of total Europe, educated generally into a higher grade of civil and religious liberty, speaking one language, and perpetuating through this language the many glories of our early and later literature. The Federals of the present day will not look to this futurity for America save through the restoration of the Union. We, on the other hand, strongly incline to see it in a division of territorial governments on that great continent. We believe that time, with its many accidents, and especially the feebleness of the central Government, would inevitably bring about future disruption, even were it not to occur as the result of the present war, of which the Slavery question has been the motive with many, with some the pretext. That which is inevitable (and thus many wise Americans both of the present and past generation have regarded it) is often best encountered before time has so entangled the question as to render any safe solution impossible.

This topic may seem alien to the volume before us, and yet it is not so. In treating of 'Physical Geography as modified 'by Human Action,' Mr. Marsh derives numerous illustrations from the continent of his own birth; and reasonably as well as naturally so, since North America is that portion of the globe where the most rapid changes have been effected by human prowess, and where Man still finds the largest scope for the growth of population and power. We may perhaps think that a slower progress would have been more salutary; but human impulses ride over all theories and maxims, and Europe has hurried forth to people the prairies, and glut the rising cities, with races having very slight kindred with the primitive settlers of the country. This mixed people, however, has its destiny in the future history of the world. Without looking for those Utopian commonwealths which have never existed but in the brains of philosophers and philanthropists, we see enough, even in the sad experience of this war, to show how great is the energy and expansive activity of the race; how much they are certain yet to accomplish in moulding Nature to their purposes, and changing the aspects of the great continent they inhabit. America and Australia are the two fields in which the intelligence and inventions of our own age find their widest application. The ordinary growth of centuries is here compressed into two or three generations; and the surface

of the earth submitted to changes which have no parallel in the earlier history of nations.

In looking at the subject of Mr. Marsh's volume, as expounded by its title, we find something like an antithesis to the scheme of that larger work of Mr. Buckle, which was brought to an end by his premature death. In two former articles of this Review, we dealt fully, and we believe fairly, with the theory propounded and the arguments proffered in this remarkable work. Seeking to maintain his thesis that history may be raised, approximately at least, to the character of one of the exact sciences, Mr. Buckle founded his main argument on the assumption that Man is a mere agent, pliant if not passive, under the physical laws and external influences which surround him on earth. He brought to the illustration of this doctrine a vast array of learning, familiar or unfamiliar, exact or inexact—a task easy in some respects, since amidst the enormous number of events and relations crowded into the circle of human life on the globe, there may readily be found such as will serve to vindicate any paradox whatsoever. That propounded by Mr. Buckle has been adopted, in terms even less qualified, by writers of later date. The government of the world has been described as accomplished by immutable laws; and the social conditions, changes, and progress of Man represented as not less controlled by these laws than his bodily conformation and growth. In the articles just referred to, we showed the various errors as to fact which have been used in support of this theory, and the one-sided character of the argument throughout. We have reason to believe that Mr. Buckle himself, in the progress of his work, grew distrustful of his own earlier views, and saw that in seeking to make a science out of the history of mankind, he had no solid foundation or materials for so vast a superstructure. The building tottered under his hands, while he was yet at work upon it.

The tendency of Mr. Buckle's work was to assert the supremacy of the material conditions of existence over human history and the mind of man; that of Mr. Marsh is to assert the supremacy of the mind of man over the material elements of the globe. The theme taken up by him, while regarding the relations of Man to the natural world from an opposite point of view, is more limited in its pretensions and descriptive rather than theoretical in kind. It has further the merit of being well-defined in its general objects. The questions put before us are for the most part simple and precise. What has Man done, what may Man still do, with purpose or without purpose, to change for better or worse the physical conditions of the

earth upon which his lot has been cast? But while thus giving our own definition of the subject, it is fair to let Mr. Marsh himself speak of the design he has had in view:—

'The object of the present volume is: to indicate the character and, approximately, the extent of the changes produced by human action in the physical conditions of the globe we inhabit;—to point out the dangers of imprudence and the necessity of caution in all operations which, on a large scale, interfere with the spontaneous arrangements of the organic or the inorganic world;—to suggest the possibility and the importance of the restoration of disturbed harmonies and the material improvement of waste and exhausted regions;—and incidentally to illustrate the doctrine that Man is, both in kind and degree, a power of a higher order than any other of the forms of animated life, which, like him, are nourished at the table of bounteous Nature.'

The scheme, thus indicated, will be seen to embrace within itself a vast variety of particular objects, and many questions not yet settled by experience. It is connected in every part with the physical sciences, as well as with the intellectual and social conditions of Man; and has for its business to expound the reciprocities of action between the two. Some of the questions it involves are those which press closely upon our very existence; while others concern those higher grades of civilisation which have so marvellously subjected the forces of Nature to the higher energies of Man.

The design, then, of Mr. Marsh's work, though it might have been more happily expressed, is one of practical interest and value. We would willingly speak favourably of its fulfilment; but this cannot be done without some qualification. We have no fault to find with his style, which is generally clear and sometimes eloquent. We have much also to commend of zeal and industry in the collection of facts, and of entire honesty in his manner of using them—a high merit, whatever be the matter under discussion. But what we find reason to regret is, that having appropriated a worthy subject, and one of comparative novelty, he should have deprived his work of much of its value by the inartistic way in which he has put his materials together, rendering it thereby equally difficult to read and to remember them. There is what we may best describe as a want of *back-bone* to the volume. Some part of this default may probably be due to the detached and fragmentary manner in which his information has been collected—something also to the fact that Mr. Marsh has obviously an imperfect knowledge of the physical sciences, and is wanting therefore in that exactness of method and strictness of induction,

which are now required on all subjects coming into association with them. His proofs are often trivial from their limited locality, and not always duly balanced as to authority and value; and he frequently omits such as might well have superseded those upon which he dwells for the support of his argument.

We have further to complain of deficiency as regards the mere technicalities of book-making. The volume is prefaced by a copious list of works consulted by our author, attesting in this his zeal and industry; but we find no Table of Contents, nor any sufficient indication of the scheme followed in the body of the work. The want of these usual aids is a serious impediment to the reader, and may have contributed in part to that fragmentary character of the work, to which we have alluded. The heading of the chapters is copious; but these are broken again into numerous short paragraphs, with a separate heading to each—a plan leading to frequent repetition and a want of continuity in the whole.

We can hardly note it as a fault, but it is a peculiarity in Mr. Marsh's work, that he has thrown fully half of its substance into the form of notes. Many of these notes are references to authorities; but many others are reflections of the author himself, and often of such value as to merit more diligent perusal than the text which suggests them. Numerous illustrations, as we have already stated, are drawn from the American continent, the largest exponent of the growing dominion of Man on the surface of the globe. Mr. Marsh shows himself a keen commentator on the habits and peculiarities of his countrymen, and very candid in his avowal of what he thinks might be amended. In one passage, with a note annexed to it (p. 328), he speaks strongly of the *instability* of American life, and closes his comments with something very like an aspiration after change in the American method of conveying land by inheritance.

'All human institutions, associate arrangements, and modes of life, have their characteristic imperfections. The natural, perhaps the necessary defect of ours, is their instability, their want of fixedness, not in form only, but even in spirit. The face of physical nature in the United States shares this incessant fluctuation, and the landscape is as variable as the habits of the population. It is time for some abatement in the restless love of change which characterises us, and makes us rather a nomade than a sedentary people. . . . It is rare that a middle-aged American dies in the house where he was born, or an old man even in that which he has built; and this is scarcely less true of the rural districts, where every man owns his habitation, than of the city, where the majority live in hired houses.

This life of incessant flitting is unfavourable for the execution of permanent improvements of every sort; and especially of those which, like the forest, are slow in repaying the capital expended on them. It requires a very generous spirit in a landholder to plant a wood or a farm he expects to sell, or which he knows will pass out of the hands of his descendants at his death.'

The general comments we have made on Mr. Marsh's work will show that it is one difficult to analyse in detail. We may better serve our readers by bringing before them our own more succinct view of the great questions it touches upon, and the conclusions which have been reached, or are yet before us for attainment. To superficial inquirers, it may seem a matter of simple and easy evidence to denote the changes and conditions of the earth's surface which are due to human agency. But this is far from being the case. Many collateral questions and issues enter into the problem, and the objects of inquiry are so many and so complex, that it is often exceedingly difficult to disengage the truth. If any preliminary proof of this were needed, it might be found in the consideration that Man has a double faculty allotted to him on the earth:—he creates and he destroys. We have to deal with what he *does*, and what he *undoes*, in the world of nature around him. And the modes of action in each case are often so indirect, and so little guided by reason or intention,—so closely blended, moreover, with the operations of Nature herself—that our conclusions are constantly at fault, even on points of greatest practical interest. The judgments of one generation are contradicted by the more matured and larger experiences of the next.

In the summary view we are about to offer, the form of history must be almost wholly discarded. We can give no initial date to the inquiry;—we know not at what time, chronologically speaking, Man first appeared on the earth. We are ignorant, or only scantily informed, as to the state of the earth when human existence first dawned upon it. The Ἀρχή, that mysterious term, translateable into every language because common to all human thought, is in this particular case, as in so many others, far beyond the scope of human research. We have heard and read much lately on this question of the antiquity of Man on the globe. Putting aside that theory of our own time, which solves it by assuming his gradual derivation from Mammalia lower in the scale of animal life, we yet have not facts sufficient to furnish any more certain answer, as far as time is concerned. The recent discoveries of human implements and bones in caverns and elsewhere, associated with the remains of animal species now extinct, have disclosed

a comparative antiquity of Man (possibly also a lower grade of humanity) far greater than we derive from any written record of his history. But we can bring no numbers with which to specify this earlier date; and while facts are every day multiplying upon us, much is yet needed for that thorough confirmation which science requires. The whole inquiry, though it has gained a sort of specialty for the moment, merges in that larger subject, which has received the cumbrous name of Palæontology—a part of knowledge, we must add, however it be named, which forms one of the most wonderful exploits of human intelligence as directed to the natural history of the globe.

Nor can we do much more than vaguely speculate on the state of the earth's surface when Man appeared upon it. Geology is the only school to which we can go for information here. This science, aided by zoology and botany, has made the marvellous disclosures, to which we have just alluded, of those successive stages through which, during ages beyond all estimate, the visible crust of our globe has passed before assuming its present state and aspect. We have successive Faunas and Floras thus opened out to our inspection, numerous almost as those of the actual world—detached in parts by time and intervening catastrophes, yet linked together as a whole in the manifest scheme of creation. Whether the changes in them from one period to another belong to separate acts of creative power, or to evolutions and transmutations of species ever going on but hidden from us in certain steps of their progress, is the question which has started into active litigation among the naturalists of our day. We are not concerned with it here, otherwise than as regards a fact recognised under any view, viz. that there has been a general progress, as time went on, towards higher organisation and capacities of existence. Taking the animal kingdom as our example, we find the series variously broken, and the inferior and simpler forms of earlier date continuing to coexist with the later and higher. But the *tendency* in the series is ever upwards; bringing its higher members, as regards bodily structure, into close contact with Man, the highest in the scale. His earliest existence is contemporaneous with some animal species now extinct, but which had near affinity to species still present on the earth. Others have become extinct even within the time of human record. Nevertheless, for our argument it may fairly be assumed that the aspect of animal life, coeval with the first appearance of Man, did not greatly differ, in forms at least, from that we now see around us.

Of the numbers, however, and distribution of these animal forms over the then existing lands and waters of the globe, we are less able to speak with assurance. It may be considered probable that the animals since domesticated for human purposes, were proportionally less numerous during the infancy of Man, than those which are either useless to him, or with which it is his lot to struggle under the ruder conditions of life. But any conjecture beyond this would be bald speculation, unsupported by facts. The remark applies equally to the vegetable covering of the earth at the period in question. The discoveries made in fossil botany have led to its classification into four or five successive floras, corresponding in some sort with the kindred series of animal life; but more distinctly marked by the characters which changes of climate have impressed upon these wonderful records of ages gone by. The peculiar and profuse vegetation, the gigantic ferns and lycopodiaceæ of the coal formation, belong to a climate hotter than that to which their products now so abundantly minister light and heat. In the fossil flora of the tertiary strata we find ourselves more closely approaching to that of our own time, in the proportions as well as in the families and species of the vegetable world. Though forced to admit a long interval of time and change, including the so-called glacial period, between the newest of the Pleiocene strata and the human epoch, we have reason to believe that this approach to existing vegetation still went on; and that the earliest of our race found the earth clothed with trees and herbs not greatly differing in kind from those which now cover its surface. It is probable, from various considerations, that the forests of this period were very widely extended, and that the Coniferæ especially formed a large proportion of this forest growth. We may remark, as worthy of note here, that in the peat-mosses of Denmark (which show in succession downwards the vestiges of the Iron, Bronze, and Stone Ages of human implements, and thence inferentially the succession of different races of men) the lower or Stone stratum abounds in trunks of the pine and fir only; while those of oak are largely found in the Bronze period, and of the beech (now the predominant tree of the country) in that of Iron.

While speculating on the climate and conditions of the earth's surface at the time most nearly coeval with the advent of Man, we are bound to admit the difficulty of the problem which the glacial period brings before us. Our eminent geologist, Sir C. Lyell, has bestowed all his ability and zeal in seeking to decypher the probable causes of this great catastrophe — the interposition, between two periods of higher temperature, of a

long period of such cold as to cover much of our northern hemisphere (and proofs to the same effect have lately come to us from the southern) with glaciers, the magnitude of which is very feebly pictured by those we now look upon in the Alps and Greenland seas. He has sought to connect this inquiry with his larger researches into changes of climate as affected by altered proportions of land and sea in different geological eras. But the line of discovery here has not yet fairly touched the ground. The astronomical relations of our planet give no aid towards a solution. Its internal condition, as a molten mass crusted over, and losing heat, as we presume it to have been lost through prior ages by radiation into space, while plausibly explaining some phenomena, leaves others in the same darkness as before. The total question, including its relation to the human race, is one that science has not hitherto solved; but to which many avenues are open, and a crowd of naturalists pressing forwards upon them.

We have thus far been but upon the threshold of the subject which forms the material of Mr. Marsh's volume. Yet these preliminary views are necessary to the completeness of the picture, and to a right comprehension of the influences which this new element of human life has had on the physical conditions of the earth's surface. To the animal instincts which before had rule in the world we now find added the higher faculty of intelligent design—of mental superinduced on bodily force. This is the subject with which we are here more directly concerned. We are called upon to indicate the extent, or what may better perhaps be termed the limits, of Man's power over the conditions of the natural world around him; and then to show what he has already done, or may attain hereafter, in effect of this power. We desire the more to mark clearly the several points of the argument, since the want of such method is the defect which will be most felt by the readers of the volume before us.

First then, what is the extent, and what are the limits, of human power, over the earth we inhabit? The simplest division of this large question is that which regards the influence of Man, severally, upon the *inorganic elements* around him, and upon matter *organised* into animal and vegetable life. There is close inter-relation between these objects, as will at once be obvious; but for the sake of clearness, they may better be regarded separately; and in such division the relation of Man to inorganic existence, whether of matter or force, is that which comes first into view. His influence, as the head of the living

creation, on other forms and attributes of life, will be best considered in sequel to the former.

The atmosphere, the waters, and the superficial crust of the earth, are the portions of the material inorganic world with which we are connected by reciprocal relations essential to our very existence. No illustrations are needed in proof of this general fact. But beyond it lies another, equally certain though more obscure to our conception, viz. the existence of certain forces, or active powers of nature—light, heat, electricity, gravitation, &c.—which we cannot define as material, though they are known to us only in connexion with matter, and through their several actions upon it. These so-called forces, for we have at present no fitter name for them, while governing and constraining in various ways the power and action of Man, are in other and endless ways submitted to his intelligence, and become the instruments with which he works in the material world. The relations of matter to force, as well as the correlation of different forms of force, and the connexion of all with organisation and vitality, are the problems most strenuously pursued by the philosophers of our own day. Experimental truths and metaphysical uncertainties come here into close contact, and too often engender shallow devices of language to shelter imperfect knowledge. But the search after truth by experiment and strict induction is now the rule of all science; and words are used by wise men but as counters, to be put aside or changed when they have fulfilled their temporary purposes.

We are carrying this general view far beyond the horizon which our author has been content to take as his boundary. But we feel that by thus enlarging its scope, we give to the subject a higher purpose as a part of the history of mankind; and bring it into such connexion with the physical sciences as to increase the likelihood of practical usefulness hereafter. We may remark further, that many of the physical relations just adverted to, complex though they are, may be reduced to simpler and more familiar terms for the objects of our argument. The single word of Climate, for instance, expresses one of the most important relations of Man to the natural world around him—a relation which concerns human existence in its every part. But this word, Climate, taken in its largest sense, comprehends within itself all those elements and attributes of matter and force, the mutual influences and actions of which produce the phenomena so familiar to us under this single expression. Earth, water, and air—as they are acted upon by heat and light, and more obscurely by electricity, the chemical

and cohesive forces, gravitation and the axial rotation of the globe—furnish the material for all those complex conditions of seasons, land and ocean winds, tides, currents, rains, thunderstorms and hurricanes, snow and ice, amidst which we live, and which we are ever seeking (civilised and savage man alike) to mould into what may best conduce to the well-being of life. Even seen through its more homely details of habitation, clothing, and food, there is something great in this unceasing toil and struggle with the elements around. But the contest becomes of higher kind, when Man takes these very elements into his service, and gains fresh dominion over the earth through their aid. Seeing how various and vast are the forces acting, and the materials acted upon—the latter diffused over the globe; the former not limited to our narrow sphere, but, some of them at least, energetic throughout all sidereal space—we may well find much of grandeur in this appropriation to human purposes of powers above human comprehension. The instincts of inferior animals act through these powers, but without consciousness of them, and with no ability to control or direct them by intelligence.

We must not, however, carry too far this assumption of superiority. We are seeking now to define what Man can do in modifying the physical conditions of the earth; and Climate comes in among the first points in question. Its intimate relation to all other objects of physical science has just been noticed; and the term Meteorology expresses that independent branch of science designed to embrace these relations. The name is one inherited from antiquity—partially and ignorantly applied in its origin; now, like many other cognate terms, amplified in its meaning, to satisfy the exigencies of growing knowledge and a higher philosophy. But meteorology is yet far from taking rank among the exact sciences. Notwithstanding all that has been done of late years, and the better definition of the objects sought for, it is still in comparative infancy as a branch of human knowledge. We can but partially and doubtfully explain the events it records. The power of predicting them is limited to certain periodical phenomena; and to those more local sequences and averages which we are wont to note without being able to interpret them. As respects, indeed, the climate of particular countries and places, all common notions are singularly vague, and common phraseology still more so. Tables of observation are perpetually correcting the errors of ignorance, and of that *fashion* in belief which mixes itself, more or less, in all matters of worldly concernment.

Professor Dove, of Berlin, justly described by Dr. Daubeny

as the highest authority in meteorology, has collected many most valuable results in reference to the phenomena of Climate; and has well indicated by his own methods the manner of research best fitted to extend the science and render it more exact. That much will yet be done in fulfilment of these objects, we regard as certain. The very complexity of the physical relations concerned in the inquiry, while greatly enhancing its difficulties, does at the same time give more various access to the truths sought for.

Meanwhile, the admission we are obliged to make of our imperfect understanding of these phenomena, so vast in scale and so complex in action, is virtually an admission that Man can do but little to control them by any exercise of his own powers. Such at least is the case as regards all the greater elements concerned. He cannot alter the course, or arrest the energy, of those great atmospheric and ocean currents which sweep around the globe;—beneficent, or even necessary, in their general influence, destructive only in their excess. He cannot change the total amount of light and heat derived from the sun, though he can vary in different ways its local distribution. He has no power, save indirectly and in limited localities, over that great and never-ceasing circuit of the waters of the globe, which is carried on by evaporation and by rains. Though he has subjected the wonderful element of electricity to wonderful uses, yet has he little or no control over it in the wide compass of those atmospheric and other changes, in which it bears a part so large, yet even now so little understood. The same remark applies to the magnetic force as a mode of electric action; pervading, we have reason to believe, the whole solar system, and concerned probably in many more terrestrial phenomena than have yet been assigned to this cause. Over gravitation, a force chiefly strong in its concentration and by its fixed and unceasing action over all matter, Man may seem to have acquired more control; but it is in every case gained by the expenditure of some other energy, mechanical or chemical, brought into momentary conflict with this great motive power of the universe.

Such, briefly expressed, are the limits to human power, in its relation to the elements, which in their combination form the various climates of the earth. It would require a volume, and one more ample and complete than that now before us, to denote the ways through which, directly or indirectly, Man has sought to extend these limits, and to gain a higher mastery over the inorganic as well as the living world. Matter and force being ever the same in absolute amount (a modern doctrine

repeating more explicitly one of ancient date), his ability consists in setting in action those changes and translations of which matter and forces are susceptible, to fulfil purposes necessary or beneficial to his own existence. The *μίξις καὶ διαλλάξις μιγέντων* expresses briefly what is his dealing with a large class of objects in the natural world. We shall touch upon some of these points hereafter; but meanwhile must speak somewhat further of the influence he has found means to exercise over local climate — a matter of deep concernment to the existence and well-being of mankind.

We say *local climate*, because it is only in special localities, and not generally over the globe, that this influence can be brought into action. And it is well worthy of note, that the great agent in any such change belongs to the living world, and to the domain of vegetable life;—one that Man can mould to his uses both by propagation and destruction, yet hitherto only with vague knowledge in what these uses consist. It is the Forest which thus actively ministers to the climatic conditions of the earth; which extirpated by the axe, or restored by planting, changes both the face of nature and the distribution and destinies of human life. This simple name of Forest will hardly bring to the casual reader a conception of all that it implies;—of the vast extent of the earth's surface thus covered in every zone, to the very confines of the Arctic circle; of the various aspects and qualities of this great forest mantle; and of its relation to all the moving elements of the natural world. It is impossible to estimate, even by loose approximation, the actual extent of surface so occupied. We have given reasons for believing that the earth was largely covered with wood at the time when Man first became its denizen. And though in our own day we find in tropical countries vast regions almost treeless, the balance is fully struck on other continents by those wide tracts of close and continuous forests into which no lumberer's axe has ever penetrated. Even in Europe, where intelligence and industry have been most active in seeking fresh space for human existence, we may affirm that one half the total area is covered with woods, either widely continuous, as in Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Poland; or broken into detached forests, as in Germany, Turkey, and France; or into smaller patches of timber, as in our own island.

A considerable part of Mr. Marsh's volume is occupied with this topic — one most natural and reasonable to an American writer. On the North American Continent, the vast regions east of the Mississippi, stretching northwards through Canada into the boundless solitudes of the Hudson's Bay territory, are still

covered with forests which set at defiance all common measurements of space. The devastation of a pine forest by fire will often give to the traveller a more vived perception of extent than whole days of passage through them. We ourselves have seen, in the wide regions of the Upper Ottowa, an area of nearly sixty miles in length and ten or fifteen miles in width, which had been thus devastated by a single fire, carried by an impetuous wind over this long line of destruction. Such wilderness of gaunt perpendicular trunks, naked of all branches and blackly charred, shows the depth and density of a forest under an aspect never to be forgotten.

America, in fact, is the country of the world where the most vigorous struggle has existed—and, despite war, is still going on—between a new and energetic people and the native covering of the soil. The forest here must be extirpated or thinned, to make room for a more profitable vegetation; and a striking feature in American landscape, even in the older States, is the crop of corn growing luxuriantly amidst the stumps of ancient trees. But while this destruction of the native woods of the country is yet in active progress, some prospective alarm has arisen, lest it should be carried too far. And as this question involves very directly the influences which forests have upon the climate and physical conditions of a country, we will quote part of a long passage from Mr. Marsh, who is himself a strenuous supporter of forest claims over the globe, and in more than one place presses strongly his complaints against mankind at large, as the habitual destroyers of what Nature has done to enrich and beautify its surface: —

'With the disappearance of the forest, all is changed. At one season the earth parts with its warmth by radiation to an open sky; and receives at another an immoderate heat from the unobstructed rays of the sun. Hence the climate becomes excessive, and the soil is alternately parched by the fervors of summer and seared by the rigors of winter. Bleak winds sweep unresisted over its surface, drift away the snow that sheltered it from the frost, and dry up its scanty moisture. The precipitation becomes as irregular as the temperature; the melting snows and vernal rains, no longer absorbed by a loose and bibulous vegetable mould, rush over the frozen surface, and pour down the valleys seawards, instead of filling a retentive bed of absorbent earth, and storing up moisture to feed perennial springs. The soil is bared of its covering of leaves, deprived of the fibrous rootlets which held it together, dried and pulverised by sun and wind, and at last exhausted by new combinations. . . . The rivulets, wanting their former regularity of supply, and deprived of the protecting shade of woods, are heated, evaporated, and reduced in their summer currents, but swollen to raging torrents in

autumn and spring. . . . . The washing of the soil from the mountains leaves bare ridges of sterile rock; and the rich organic mould which covered them, now swept down into the damp low grounds, promotes a luxuriance of aquatic vegetables that breeds fever and more insidious forms of mortal disease by its decay.'*

Such, somewhat abridged, is the theme of our American Evelyn; in style rather florid and ambitious, yet doubtless containing much that is true and of practical value. He recurs to this topic in every part of the volume, and fortifies his position by various authorities, ancient and modern.† Here, nevertheless, we must bring in the old claim of *audi alteram partem,* as essential to truth. Mr. Marsh bestows his zeal on one side of the case, and generalises too much upon it, without duly regarding those many exceptions which Nature is ever suggesting or forcing upon us. He seems to forget in his large conclusions, that to preserve the native forest is in many countries to narrow the space allotted by Providence to the growth and maintenance of mankind. Finding 'tongues in trees,' he allows them to speak somewhat too loudly on their own behalf, and to suppress the claims of those cereal crops and pastures which the industry of man is seeking in so many places to substitute for them.

In truth, this relation of forests to climates and other conditions of the earth in which human interests are involved, is a matter hardly to be reached by general maxims. To gain anything like fair practical results, it must be made a question of countries and localities—of the extent and relative proportion of surface thus occupied—of the character of the forests themselves—of the character of the country at large, whether mountainous or level, near to the sea or distant from it—of the nature of the rocks and soil on its surface—and of those various incidents of local climate, which belong to other natural causes. The practical question is one widely different as applied to the

* To these various effects of forest vegetation, our author might perhaps have added its influence on the electrical relations of the atmosphere and earth—an influence greater, we believe, than is usually supposed. But though certain as fact, the particular conditions it involves are still so little known that their omission may reasonably be justified.

† One of the most recent and valuable works on this subject seems to be that of Hohenstein (1860), entitled 'Der Wald.' Our old English writer, Harrison, has a curiously quaint chapter on the Woods and Marshes of England, complaining much of the decay of the former; and other ancient English authorities might be quoted to the same effect.

forests of Scandinavia, and to those woods of the Apennines in Southern Italy, the extirpation of which has doubtless contributed, with other causes, to defertilise and depopulate the valleys of that region;—very different, also, as applied to the interminable forests of Upper Canada or New Brunswick, and to the residual masses of wood in New York and Pennsylvania. We may add, as further example, that timber growing on hills or steep acclivities, and that of plains, whether marshy or arid, can never be brought in illustration of any equal or similar influence on the physical conditions of a country. Every region has its particular aptitudes, and a single theory can in no sense be applied to all.

We may, however, fairly join our author in affirming that vegetation, under the form of woods, is necessary, more or less, to the well-being of every country; and that many regions, once fertile, have become otherwise by the loss or curtailment of this magnificent provision of Nature for their covering. And as a practical corollary to these facts, we may speak with assurance of the power Man has of gaining or restoring lands, thus barren from nature or human improvidence, by planting fresh forests where none now exist. With due attention to soil, climate, and other local circumstances, he may rejoice in the conviction that he is thus providing for the good of his posterity, if not for his own: '*Serit arbores, quæ alteri sæculo 'prosint.*' This remark especially applies to the tracts of arid sand, so numerous over the globe, even in close contiguity to high cultivation; as the Landes of France, the Dunes and Steppes of other European countries. A covering of well-selected woods, or even of such plants as the bent-grass, would in time give to these sterile sands a new and happier soil; and this attained, the axe might come in to make over to the agriculturist a part of the surface thus freshly provided for his labours. Experiments to this effect we believe to be now in progress in several countries, and they will doubtless be extended hereafter.*

We have dwelt on this subject at some length, from the prominence Mr. Marsh has given to it in his volume. We now

* At the recent meeting of the British Association, we understand that a communication has been made regarding an extensive region in the Orange River territory of South Africa, bearing marks of having been formerly well wooded, but now utterly treeless and barren. The progress of colonisation northwards may make it expedient to remedy this by fresh planting; and such we believe to be the suggestion of the gentleman, Mr. Fox Wilson, who has presented this memoir.

come to other points illustrative of the dominion which Man exercises on the earth—illustrations more definite and intelligible than the complex conditions of climate, and the doubtful question how far, and in what way, these are modified by the forest vegetation which Man can create or destroy. Most of these illustrations belong to the age in which we are now living. All need to be brought into relation with it. The last century—the last fifty years more especially—has established a new era of human power; in which, by aid of fresh elements subjected to command, and fresh impulse given to those of older use, more has been done to subjugate the earth and ocean to human purposes, than in the total period forming the prior history of mankind.

We must begin by carrying our readers for a few minutes below the surface—to those wonderful works of mining genius and industry, upon which England, beyond all other countries on the globe, relies for her prosperity and greatness. In mines as they are now worked we have an admirable example of dominion gained over the natural world by the pure force of human intelligence. In the profound depth and extent of many of them, in the magnitude and perfection of the machinery employed, and in the methods by which air is given to the mine and water removed from it, we find every element of grandeur and successful energy. It is not possible here to go into details; and yet, seeing how little these things are known or estimated, we cannot forbear saying a few words about the mines of England more especially, as those which exemplify on the largest scale all others of the world besides. Our pecuniary interests are deeply involved in this branch of industry, scientific education has fairly advanced among us, and travelling is almost superfluously easy from one end of the island to the other. Yet how few have knowledge of, or care to inspect, these great subterranean and submarine workings, which bring the hidden wealth of our country to the surface to vivify us with light and heat, to furnish material and machinery for our manufactures, and motive power for every part of the globe! When we say that this indifference is strange, we use the lightest term that can well be applied to it.

According to our present knowledge, Great Britain contains within its scanty area a greater variety and abundance of minerals serving to the uses of man, than any other equal space in the world. We do not profess to number the metals we now possess, since modern science, by disclosing the metallic bases of the earths and alkalis, and making known four new metals through the wonderful medium of the Spectrum

analysis, has swelled the list of these bodies—elementary as we still must call them—to a formidable length. But of those metals and minerals which are worked by mines on a scale commensurate with their value to mankind—iron, copper, lead, tin, zinc, coal, rock-salt, &c., we possess an abundance really marvellous in its concentration on this small island! We do not mention gold or silver; though it may perhaps surprise many of our readers to learn that gold has been found in more than thirty counties of Great Britain and Ireland; and that by improved metallurgical processes, more than 600,000 ounces of silver are annually obtained from the working of our numerous lead mines.*

We must speak but cursorily, and in round numbers, of the economical value of our greater mines. The official return of their total value, as derived from those of every kind in working last year, gives no less a sum than 36,000,000*l.*,—a cogent proof, drawn from a single small island, of the mastery Man has obtained over the mineral world that lies below his feet. Coal, that astonishing product of an ancient vegetable creation, comes at the head of the estimate. From an area of about 6,000 square miles of coal-fields in Great Britain, and from mines not fewer than 3,000 in number, we at this time draw nearly 90 millions of tons annually, for our own uses and those of the world at large—a consumption increasing every year, as men multiply, and steam and other appliances of heat become more necessary to do their service on land and sea. The question has of late been often and urgently asked, how long can our English coal-fields suffice for this vast and augmenting drain upon them? Calculation has been actively applied to answer it, but not quite satisfactorily, inasmuch as the estimates have varied from 400 or 500 to nearly 1,000 years.† We the more willingly accept the latter number, as it comes to us justified by the very recent invention of a machine for cutting coal in the mine, which not only executes its work more speedily and savingly than the human arm, but, what is of far greater moment, gives working access to some of those beds of coal, less than three feet in thickness, which have

* The quartz lodes now worked for gold near Dolgelly, in Wales, have produced in some years as much as 5,000 oz. of this metal. Certain veins here have yielded 12 or 14 oz. from a ton of ore.

† We may refer here to a valuable Memoir by Mr. Edward Hull on the Coal Resources of Great Britain, published in the 'Quarterly 'Journal of Science' for January last. Mr. Hull adopts the larger estimate noted above, and justifies it by the statistics of each separate coal-field.

hitherto been put out of calculation as incapable of yielding any profit. As these thinner beds generally occupy areas commensurate with the thicker, the great practical value of such inventions will be readily understood.* Concurrently with new methods for economising heat, and possibly with the power of working at still greater depths under the magnesian limestone, they promise to retard greatly the arrival of that time—certain, however, in the end to come—when the coal-beds of England will be known only as a part of its past history. It is as useless to speculate on the effects of this destitution, as on the general condition of mankind at the time when it shall arrive.

Still holding to England for illustration, we pass by a natural step from Coal to Iron—that wonderful metal, found now as an element in the photosphere of the sun, if not in other more distant stars; and on our own earth subserving to the purposes and power of Man more largely than any other. The chief function of gold and silver is to represent the value of human commodities in exchange. The great function of iron is as an instrument to create these commodities, and to facilitate and perfect their use. But it would be mere declamation to expatiate here on the value of this metal to mankind. Our business is only to state briefly what England has done, and is yet doing, in raising iron ores from beneath her soil, and giving them by her furnaces and forges those several forms of commercial value, which are every day becoming more various and more perfect in adaptation. A short statement, given in round numbers, will best show the progress of this great branch of national industry. In 1740, about 17,000 tons of iron were produced in England, from 60 furnaces. In 1808, about 200,000 tons. In 1820, about 400,000; in 1827, 690,000 tons from 284 furnaces. In 1848, nearly two millions of tons, of which more than a quarter were derived from South Wales. The increase has continued, with only transient interruptions, to the present time, when we believe we may safely rate the amount at more than four and a half million tons of annual produce, to supply our own and the

* These coal-cutting machines, with some variations of form, have now, we believe, been profitably applied in two collieries for more than a year. Either steam or condensed air may be used for the engine. In the former case especially, it is coal working directly for its own destruction.

We have not spoken above of the three great North American coal-fields, rivalling European kingdoms in extent, as these vast deposits have yet been only very partially broken in upon by the hand of man.

demands of the world,—an amount, translated into money, of from ten to twelve millions sterling. Had we space for statistics, we might speak of the great extent of the older iron-fields in South Wales, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, and Scotland; and of the several recent discoveries of iron ore in Lincolnshire, Somersetshire, Northamptonshire, &c., which enlarge the area of future labours. Or we might dwell upon those happy inventions of the hot blast, the Bessemer process, the artifices for economising heat (four-fifths of which were wasted in the old processes), and the various methods now used for giving higher value and stability to the qualities of this metal for the service of mankind.

We must touch still more shortly on the other metallic treasures of England — the mines of copper, lead, tin, &c., — important though they all are to our national welfare. The last of these three, however, merits a few words of separate notice. Tin is a body comparatively rare on the globe; and in Europe is found in working quantity only in Cornwall, Saxony, and Bohemia; our English county being far the richest in its produce. The annual average of the metal obtained here approaches 8,000 tons; or about 1,200,000*l.* of marketable value; a quantity that does not seem likely to be increased. The history of tin has a certain mystery about it, connected as it is with the story of the Phœnician voyages to these remote coasts; and with the large use of bronze, of which tin is an ingredient, not merely in the arts of Greece and Rome, but also in the implements of races of an earlier and ruder time, to whom we can give no name or date, save through these implements of their use. Whence or how did these rude denizens of the Bronze Age, whether in the Cimbric peninsula, in the lacustrine villages of Switzerland, or elsewhere, obtain this metal, so rare and valuable even in our own time? We know that it was transported in certain quantity from Britain to Italy, across Gaul, by horse-carriage; but there is no memorial left of these earlier people to show that they had the means either to work mines, or to transport to such distances the material gained. The best solution is that afforded by the analogy of tin to gold. The former metal, like gold, is found not only in veins with a quartz matrix, but also as a surface deposit under the form known as *stream-tin*, the outward interpreter of the wealth below. This probably furnished the metal to earlier ages; existing then in larger quantity than now and easily obtained; but, like gold, exhaustible in the end as a superficial deposit. As in the case of gold too, it is uncertain to what depth the tin-ores may be found, even in

the primitive veins, which give earliest date to this valuable metal.*

Of our copper and lead mines we do not further speak than by stating that they produce an aggregate revenue approaching to 2,500,000*l.* annually. Our rock-salt mines deserve some notice, not from their beauty, in which they are far inferior to the mines of Wielitzka and Salzburg, but from their large annual produce, in different forms, of nearly a million tons of salt; and, further, because we have here an illustration of that human activity which is ever discovering fresh material for human uses. Rock-salt has hitherto been explored and worked in Cheshire only. Within the last year a very deep boring for other purposes has disclosed a bed of this most valuable substance in Northumberland, affirmed on good authority to be more than 100 feet in thickness. This mineral treasure will not long be suffered to lie dormant. Depth is no obstacle; for the mining genius of our own day has struggled and succeeded wherever the object was worthy of the effort.

We might here, had we room for it, say much more of these wonderful penetrations into the earth, for the acquisition of that which is so valuable underneath. It would probably be far below the truth to affirm that the increased power and perfection of machines, and notably of the steam-engine, have quadrupled the mining power of England since the beginning of the century. In the Hartz Mountains and Tyrol two or three particular copper mines had been already carried to a depth exceeding 2,000 feet; but the workings, carried on chiefly by water-power, were found to be unproductive, even with government aid. Our machinery, involving an amount of steam-power unknown before, has since distanced all other competition in this branch of industry. The mines of this country, freed from the ingress of water by the constant labour of these vast engines, so perfect as to be almost noiseless in their workings, have now reached nearly the same great depth; and even in some cases been carried far underneath the sea, giving access to veins of ore wholly inapproachable but for these powerful aids to human hands. The case is the same with the great coal mines of England. Not merely are the workings more perfect in every part of their economy, but by virtue of the machinery in present use, they have been carried to greater depths than heretofore; following now in many places

* The ancient mining implements found in Cornwall add to the probability that the old workings for tin there were chiefly superficial.

the beds of coal as they dip under the magnesian limestone, and in some instances rivalling the Cornish mines in their extension under the sea.

The working of the English coal mines is wonderful, not only in the depths reached, but in the vast extent of many of them, and the admirable provisions made for their ventilation. In some of the Northumberland collieries—these being earliest in date, as well as most extensive—the ventilating blast of air forced down one shaft is made to circulate through thirty or forty miles of subterranean workings before emerging again at another. Well might we wish that a better security could thus, or otherwise, be given against those explosions of fire-damp, which every year, from casualty or carelessness, offer such fearful records of calamity!

The deepest coal mine worked in Great Britain is that of Duckinfield in Cheshire, reaching 2,050 feet, or more than a third of a mile, in its perpendicular depth.* But possibly the nearest approach to the centre of the earth—if we may thus speak of a fractional part hardly exceeding $\frac{1}{12000}$ of the actual distance—is that of a coal mine close to the sea at Wearmouth, descending, we believe, about 1,800 feet below the sea-level. This depth is recorded not only by the great barometric pressure, but by the increasing temperature in coming nearer the central heat of the globe. Here indeed we must note one of the most serious obstacles to further penetration downwards. It is now well known, from observations in mines and artesian wells, that the increase of heat below what may be called the stationary line of temperature, is at the rate of 1° of Fahrenheit for every 60 or 65 feet of increasing depth. In several deep copper and coal mines the average heat of the lowest workings reaches 80° to 85°; and one instance, in the Poldice Mine, is noted by Mr. Fox, an eminent authority on this subject, where the thermometer rose to nearly 100°; a temperature incompatible with any form of profitable or even possible human labour.

It may seem a small matter to speculate upon, and yet when speaking of changes effected on the earth by human action, we cannot discard the effects of 40 or 50 million tons of coal burnt every year upon the English soil on which we are living. It is the translation, from *within* the earth to *without*, of this enormous amount of carbonaceous matter, with its

* This extraordinary shaft, 12½ feet in diameter, was completed in 1858, after a labour of ten years. It reaches a bed of excellent coal, nearly five feet in thickness.

various chemical adjuncts. Though not well able to say how all this is disposed of in its various later combinations, we may at least affirm that a substance like carbon, so large a constituent of life in all its forms, and having such endless relations to other chemical elements, cannot be wholly inert in the addition it thus makes to the surface without. This is one of the cases, where eventual effects may differ from, and go beyond, those more directly obvious to the eye.

Such is a mere outline of the changes, taking our own country as the example, which Man, as a miner, is bringing about on the earth. A still stronger impress of genius and power is that which is presented by the great railways which now so largely traverse its surface; and by the tunnels, embankments, viaducts and bridges, which contribute to this vast scheme of human intercommunication. Though a generation has scarcely past by since these works were begun, they are already so familiar to us, that we lose the full sense of their grandeur, and of all they denote of progress in the condition of mankind. Yet how strange the alteration, even to the eye, in the aspect of a country traversed and intersected by these lines of iron-road;—vacant and still at one moment, a minute afterwards giving passage to a train, rushing along at the rate of thirty, forty, or fifty miles in the hour, laden with human beings and the commodities of the world. We know no spectacle more striking—appalling we might almost call it—than that of an express train thus sweeping by in its course. Accustomed as we are to see traction performed by animal labour, there is a peculiar strangeness in witnessing this wonderful work done without any agent obvious to the eye. We know that the power is in the locomotive, but the *mode* of action is unseen, and to most people unknown.

It would be needless to dwell on those statistical facts as to railroads, in England and elsewhere, which are every year pressed upon us in larger figures and more ample details;—the amount of capital invested, the length of roads made, the number of miles run, the number of passengers and tonnage of goods conveyed, and the gross and net profits of the whole. But we may well look for a moment at some of those astonishing works to which we have alluded, as created by this change in the locomotion of the world;—works in which Man has attained a higher mastery over nature than even the boldest imagination ever before suggested. Take bridges as an example. In our own boyhood, we were shown the iron arch over the Wear at Sunderland as one of the wonders of England;—a structure which the modern tourist would hardly halt

to look upon. The Suspension Bridge over the Menai came next; a bold and beautiful work, but adapted only to the old system of mail-coach roads. With the invention of the railway, and steam locomotion, came the Tubular Bridge over the same strait, a work of less beauty, but more wonderful in its dimensions, and in the new and singular principle of construction due to Mr. Fairbairn, of which it was the first example. Its success emboldened Mr. Stephenson to undertake that far greater work, the Tubular Bridge of Montreal, little less than two miles in length, and stretching across the wide waters of the St. Lawrence, hardly yet calmed from their rush down the rapids of Lachine. As a monument of grand engineering this bridge is not likely to be surpassed;—the less likely as its benefit to the shareholders is far from being commensurate to the cost. Another triumph of human power on the same river is the Suspension railway bridge of Niagara, scarcely two miles below the Great Falls; where the St. Lawrence, rushing impetuously, rather than flowing, through a deep ravine, is spanned over in mid air by this bridge, uniting the dominions of Canada and the United States. In another and distant region of England's power, the East Indian railways show some works of this kind (as the great bridge across the Jumna), almost rivalling those of the Western World.

Look further at those admirable constructions, both in Europe and America, by which the railroad is carried across mountain chains, climbing tortuously their steep acclivities, or forced by tunnels through the rock. In the Copiapo Railway of Chili, the locomotive carries its train 4,070 feet above the sea. In the several railroads which cross the Alleghany Mountains, the summit levels are from 2,000 to 3,000 feet. The new Empire of Brazil boasts a work of similar kind, just completed. In the section, now open, of the St. Ander railroad in Spain, an elevation is reached of 2,524 feet. The Sömmering Pass, between Vienna and Gratz, carries the traveller 3,000 feet above the sea. Tunnels from two to three miles in length are familiar to us in England and elsewhere. That which is now in progress under Mount Cenis has for its object and ambition to win a passage into Italy without crossing the Alps. To the modern engineer the phrase of the poet—

'Opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque'—

comes as an incentive rather than an admonition. It is probable that this object will eventually be accomplished. But is it worth the accomplishment? We, as old Italian travellers, think not. We can hardly desire, indeed, to fall back upon

the time when carriages were taken to pieces for a passage over these mountains. But, on the other hand, we do not desire to exchange the grandeur of a great Alpine pass, and those glories of the first view of Italy which gave exultation to Hannibal and his army, for the sullen darkness of a tunnel, distinguishable in nothing but its wearisome length from those of our English midland counties. The engineer gains a lasting fame from his work. The traveller gains a few hours of time upon his journey, and emerges into Italy through a hole in a rock!

It may seem ungracious, as well as irrational, to throw even a shade of doubt on the advantages which railways have rendered to mankind. The magnitude of the benefits derived from this great conquest over time and space in the natural world, is too obvious to be seriously impugned. Commerce, manufacture, and agriculture gain universally by the change effected; and the social relations of mankind are enlarged at least, and perhaps improved. But we must admit some few qualifications to this high estimate. Even the traveller does not gain his good without alloy. We quit our homes to see and learn—to gain fresh health and enjoyment—often, it must be owned, to follow fashion or relieve *ennui*. For all these objects the railway affords facilities before unknown, but almost too great for the worthiest purposes of travel. European tourists, now in number *legion*, are hurried from place to place with unwholesome and unprofitable speed—the slaves of trains and time-tables, and imbued with more vivid recollections of stations and crowded hotels than of countries traversed and cities past through. In many persons, it must be added, a habit of restless hurry and love of change is thus engendered, injurious in other ways to the well-being of life. These, however, we admit to be exceptional evils, and name them only as such. We are bound to be thankful for inventions of human genius, which can carry us in a short day from metropolitan streets and offices to mountains, lakes, and waterfalls; which bring Mont Blanc and Rome within a month's holiday; and enable the scientific traveller to reach the scene of his labours, with less exhaustion of the various appliances of research.

The Electric Telegraph, that close associate and guardian of the railway, has not made such marked changes on the outer face of the earth; but may, nevertheless, be mentioned here, as the most marvellous example of the dominion Man has gained over one of the great elements of nature — an element, moreover, scarcely known as such one hundred and fifty years ago. The power we exercise over heat and light,

over chemical and mechanical forces, is limited in space. The electric current—or what, in default of better knowledge, we denominate such—is made to career, with speed hardly translateable into numbers, over continents and underneath seas, performing the behests of man in social life, in commerce, in peace, and in war. It is the very element of lightning—the *vis flammea cœli*—converted into a messenger, or even, by more recent inventions, into a *disciplined writer* of human thought and language. We might bring in some qualifications here also, as to the utility of this new agent of human intercourse; but our space prevents us saying more of what must, doubtless, be counted the most wonderful discovery of our own time.

Canals, though of high antiquity as an invention for transport, have been in great measure superseded by railways. Yet there are two works of this kind—one in contemplation, the other partially effected—which derive interest from their magnitude, and from their connexion with the new dominion which Steam has given to man over the oceans of the globe. If the Atlantic be ever united to the Pacific, and the Mediterranean to the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, by ship canals, all will be done that can be done, to give speed and certainty to the great circuits of intercourse round the globe. We offer no present opinion on the much-disputed matter of the Suez Canal. Even if successful as a navigable passage across the Isthmus, there yet remains the question of profitable return,—one embracing too many contingencies to be settled by anticipation. A few years will determine both these points now standing at issue.

We have thus spoken of the influence of Man on earth, as a miner, mechanician, and engineer. But we cannot quit this topic of his relations to the material world, and the forces which rule or reside in it, without speaking of him also as the chemist of the living creation—and this in the largest sense which modern science has given to a word so small in its original meaning. He does not indeed, as such, change the outward aspects of the earth; or govern the natural phenomena to which its surface is subjected. Here, as we have elsewhere explained in speaking of climate, the great chemistry of nature comes into play. Nor has he yet gone far below the surface into the chemistry of life;—that mystery of organisation by which vitality is given, and its acts and instincts are carried on. But though there is yet much beyond his reach, chemistry in the hands of Man is one of the highest labours of the human intellect. It becomes the interpreter of nature and natural

laws;—a science, through the resources of which he not only analyses the endless existing forms of matter; but under the guidance of laws almost as well defined as those which govern the planetary motions, creates numerous new and energetic compounds, which, as far as we know, have no prototype elsewhere in creation. This progress of Man in the great province of scientific chemistry is indeed of very recent date, and we can yet hardly discern all its issues. But enough has already been done to show how much of future power will be gained from this source over the material elements around him. No field of discovery more fruitful in prospect; enlarged as it is by connexions, ever becoming closer, with all other departments of physical science.

We have hitherto, in prosecution of our subject, been chiefly occupied with the outline of what Man has effected by his action on the inanimate world. An outline it may well be called, for how impossible to describe those complex connexions which exist between human life and the forces to which this life is subjected! We have now to speak of the relations of Man to the living world by which he is surrounded. This topic, vast in itself, admits of being treated either as a matter of profound philosophy, or as one of close practical concern to mankind;—in this resembling many other questions which modern science places before us. The speculative part is that which regards the intention of the Creator, in bringing Man into this close conjunction with other forms of life, endless in number, infinite in variety. This question, hardly to be answered by any philosophy, touches us more nearly when limited to the animal creation only. We have already alluded to the controversies now going on, as to the origin of species, or more generally of the different types of animal life; and as to the true nature of that ascending scale in which Man holds the highest place. And connected with these controversies comes in the great problem of animal life existing under forms of wonderful variety, and during periods of time vast beyond all estimate, before human life was blended in the series; and seemingly without any reference to this consummation.

The most general expression of the connexion of which we are speaking, is that drawn from the law common to all parts of the animal creation;—viz., life maintaining itself upon life;—one form of organisation ministering to the existence of another. This is the link that binds together species counted by hundreds of thousands, and individualities of being which no numbers can approach. To this law, by the physical neces-

sities of his nature, Man is equally subjected with the inferior creatures which surround him. While ruling in the animal world, he is at the same time dependent upon it;—not for food and clothing only—for labour and for transport—but in a thousand other ways for the necessities, conveniences, and luxuries of life. It is needless to illustrate by details a matter so familiar, yet seldom perhaps understood to its full extent. Taking singly the objects which are around us in our own homes, we find few that have not been the product of living nature before being fashioned to human purposes. The original organisation is sometimes preserved, often changed by art; but still it is the dependence of Man upon organised existence without. Civilised life is mainly contrasted with savage, in the larger and more skilful appropriation of all that the living world offers to our use.

This large ministration of other parts of the creation to Man gives us no proof whatever that they were created in sole reference to him. It is impossible to regard the multitudinous forms of life—animal and vegetable, fossil or existing—which by no inference can be brought into connexion with the human being, without the conviction that some other great purposes have been intended and fulfilled in this wide and diversified creation. We cannot reach, or even approach, these purposes by our reason; but this inability in no wise impairs the force of the conclusion. Whether the production of life in its various forms and successions has been by operation of more general laws, or by special and repeated acts of creation, equally is there manifest and wonderful design in the whole; and design of which Man cannot be the single object, even if he be the final termination of the series.

The modes through which Man exercises his power over the animal and vegetable life of the earth, we may briefly denote as being—either by culture and augmentation—or by extirpation—or by transference of species from one region to another. Many examples of these modes of action will at once be obvious. But there are others not equally familiar, though very important to the well-being of mankind; and connected with that phenomenon of high interest in the economy of the globe;—viz., the local apportionment of genera and species, and even of certain types of life, to particular portions of its surface. Without speaking of the many curious and inexplicable cases of limitation of species to a single spot, we may cite a few general facts in illustration, such as that of the Cactaceæ being peculiar to the New World, the heaths to the Old;—that no rose has been found in the southern hemisphere,

no oak tree or wild apple in the vast regions of Siberia from the Tobol to the Amour;—that the salmon existing around the globe in certain latitudes of our hemisphere, is nowhere found in the southern, &c. This singular distribution of the forms of life (original we may call it, as far as Man's existence is concerned) has furnished problems of equal and similar interest to the zoologist and botanist, with a further appeal to the geologist in seeking for their solution. But long before speculation had been directed to these local diversities or provinces of life on the earth, practical changes were already in operation, in the transference from one region to another, not merely of the products of animal and vegetable growth, but in many cases of the animals and plants producing them. We shall speedily notice some of the more striking examples of this; saying a few words meanwhile on the other modes in which Man exercises influence on the amount and physical characters of the living world around him.

We have already indeed, following our author's propositions, spoken of this influence as applied to the forests of different continents and countries; and need not recur to this topic, further than by noting how much has been done, and may yet be done, by multiplying particular trees and plants, in special soils and for special objects. The forest trees, on the large scale, are left to shift for themselves; but the mulberry, the olive, the vine, the orange, the cacao, and many others, require and receive more of human culture and selection to aid their increase and ameliorate their produce. The same may be said generally of all fruits and esculent vegetables. We find in Gerard's 'Herbal' (1596) the names of several plants now not seen in our English fields or gardens. Those which remain are multiplied, and their varieties selected for culture in proportion to their value. While of plants that are useless or noxious the extirpation is carried on, as far as nature permits it; and most largely in countries well peopled and advanced in civilisation.

As with the vegetable, so with the animal world. Man can rarely extirpate a species, though natural causes sometimes do so; and on a vast scale, if we take prior ages and fossil species into account. But he can often succeed in greatly reducing the number, or removing altogether from a particular region those which are injurious to him. Bears, wolves, and wild boars have all been extirpated in England by direct destruction. The bear ranged our forests in the time of the first Norman kings. The wolf and the wild boar were known in Great Britain at a much later date. The crane, the bustard,

the bittern have disappeared from our eastern counties, but more in effect of advancing cultivation than of any direct agency of Man. Such changes or extirpations are, of course, less frequent in countries thinly peopled and in the rear of civilisation; yet instances of the kind, and seemingly of recent date, have occurred in New Zealand and other islands of the great Southern Ocean.

The tropical forests, jungles, and plains will probably long retain their Carnivora and Pachydermatous species; which nevertheless, and despite the uses derived from some of them, are diminishing in number, and will probably in the end disappear under the growth of Man, and the more certain and deadly weapons he now employs. Whether species, either animal or vegetable, can ever become extinct by mere lapse of time, and changes producing default in the propagating power, is a deeper question, which cannot be answered upon any knowledge we now possess.

The power of Man to augment the amount of animal life in such species as are necessary or convenient to him, is too familiar to need much illustration. There is, of course, a limit, which nature in every different country imposes on this power, either by climate, soil, or other causes affecting the supply of food. But the history of our domestic breeds, and of agriculture as connected with them, shows how far human influence extends in making one part of nature subservient to another, and all minister to Man's wants or pleasures. The effects of selection, guided by reason and experience, in the breeding of animals, are even more striking than as applied to the vegetable kingdom. We here obtain qualities and aptitudes for use, not only far exceeding, but often very different from, those which belong to the primitive stock. The natural instincts of animals are moulded into new modes of action; and in the case of those most largely endowed with intelligence and moral affections (and, however we may define these faculties, who can doubt their presence in the dog, the elephant, the horse, and many other animals), human intelligence is still more curiously occupied in bringing them into action and adaptation. We may remark, in passing, on the singular anomaly that the animal nearest akin to the human being in structure and faculties, should be amongst those most alien to him in every matter of mutual relation and dependence. Whatever explanation we may give of it, we have the fact before us that the Anthropoid apes, and the Quadrumana generally, are more detached from Man in the conditions of life than many far more remote from him in the scale of being. Remove them

from our menageries and street organs, and these creatures, the strange mimics of humanity, would scarcely be known to the civilised world, save by the narrative of the tropical traveller, and by the place they occupy in the classification of the zoologist. But this place is so defined, as ever to render them objects of deep interest, and of curious, though not pleasant speculation to our reason.

The most remarkable examples of numerical increase in species occur in those new countries to which Man has transported the animals valuable to him for domestic uses. In the vast regions west of the Alleghanies, in the Pampas of South America, and in the new world of Australia, the multiplication of these animals—of the horse, cattle, sheep, and swine—has been on a scale more than commensurate with that of human population. Revelling in their wide and unfenced domains, severally more spacious than European kingdoms, and breeding there with unwonted rapidity, some of these animals have even relapsed into the wild state, and become again the prey of the hunter. Everywhere they not merely aid the growth of population on the spot, but yield large material for export to the very countries from which their own races were derived.

And this leads us to speak of that power, which Man has so extensively used, of making one region of the globe minister to another, not solely through the products of animal and vegetable life, but by local exchange of the animals and plants producing them. This forms an extraordinary chapter in the natural history of the earth, and one that deserves to be more carefully read than it is. We must note, however, in the outset, that this transport and exchange is not due to Man alone; but, in the case of plants more especially, has been brought about by animals far below him in the scale of being; which, unconsciously and sometimes injuriously to themselves, have carried the seeds and germs of life from one region to another. What they have done by the mere instincts or accidents of existence, human intelligence has effected with special interests and larger power. The record of such exchanges would in itself fill a volume. We can notice only a few of the more striking instances.

The most remarkable, doubtless, is that which has taken place between the continents of the Old World and those across the Atlantic; which though peopled before, and by some semi-civilised races, yet came to us as the discovery and conquest of a new world. The balance of exchange here, as might be expected, has been signally in favour of the latter. Even those four articles—cotton, sugar, rice, and coffee—the

export of which from America forms so large a part of the commerce of the globe, are all derived from plants originally carried thither by Europeans; and readily propagated, where such diversity and extent of virgin land was offered to their growth. To these more tropical plants must be added the different varieties of cereal grain, hemp, flax, clover, and other herbage, now as thoroughly acclimatised in America as in Europe. We have to set down something, however, to the other side of the account. Of vegetable products, America has given to the Old World the potato, tobacco, and maize; besides several others of lesser value. Looking singly to that remarkable root, the potato, how great has been its influence, as an article of food, in multiplying largely in certain countries the amount of human life! Ireland is now paying back to America, under the form of emigrants, some part of that excess of population due to the exuberant culture of the potato on Irish soil. Tobacco, that strange herb, which, unknown to all former ages, has now become so general a luxury or almost necessity to mankind, may perhaps be deemed a more doubtful benefit. Mr. Marsh, somewhat unexpectedly in an American writer, utters as vehement a *counter-blast* against it as did our own King James.

'I wish I could believe with some, that America is not alone responsible for the introduction of that filthy weed, tobacco, the use of which is the most vulgar and pernicious habit engrafted by the semi-barbarians of modern civilisation upon the less multifarious sensualism of ancient life. But the alleged occurrence of pipe-like objects in Sclavonic and, it has been said, in Hungarian sepulchres, is hardly sufficient evidence to convict those races of complicity in this grave offence against the temperance and refinement of modern society.'

Though it is not our business to argue the matter here, we may remark that this angry invective is justified in relation to *excess* only. The question is really one of use or abuse; as in regard to every article of ordinary diet, and very especially in relation to wine and other alcoholic liquors. Any allowance granted to a temperate use of these may at least as fairly and safely be conceded to tobacco, and even with some specialties in favour of the latter.

We have given largely also to America of our vegetables of culinary use. For most of these, indeed, as improved from their original wild state, England is itself indebted to the European continent. Until the reign of Elizabeth, our gardens were very scantily provided, and with varieties far inferior to those we owe to a more select and careful culture. Exchanges

of this kind must have gone on in all the old countries from unrecorded times. Europe is indebted to Asia for some of her finest fruits—the orange, the peach, &c.; all advanced in perfection as well as variety, when becoming the objects of profitable or luxurious cultivation. In some instances, but not often, we can go back to the wild original stocks, upon which Man has grafted by degrees the various perfections of his modern orchards and gardens, as well as the larger cereal products of his fields.

Not less remarkable than these exchanges in the vegetable world are those of animal life, similarly effected. Recurring to America as an example, we find this new continent indebted to the old one for all the Mammalia most valuable to mankind —the horse, the cow, the sheep, the ass, the pig, the goat;— some of these, as already mentioned, multiplying on their new soil almost beyond human control. As an illustration the fact is worthy of notice, that at the time of the discovery of America, the milk of animals was unknown there as an article of human food. It is no injurious satire upon the European, as the chief emigrant to the New World, to ask what would have been the present condition of America had these animals not accompanied him thither? We may fairly assert that a century would hardly have sufficed to represent the actual progress of any ten years of the intervening time. Some more ambiguous gifts, it is true—as the rat, the mouse, the Hessian fly, &c.—have been carried in man's train, unconsciously to himself; while to repay these inflictions, America has recently bestowed upon us a water-weed, which chokes many of our canals and smaller streams by its rapid and irrepressible growth.

Though with less present magnitude of results, all we have said of human agency in the peopling of America with new animals and plants, is still more strikingly exemplified in the yet newer continent of Australia. This insulated region, before it began under the auspices of England its rapid career towards southern empire, presented to the naturalist anomalies so strange and perplexing as well to justify the expression of Cuvier, that it seemed like 'a portion struck off from some 'other planet.' With slender affinity even in the types of animal and vegetable life, all particular species, with scarcely an exception, differed from those of the older world; and not a single animal existed there capable of being usefully domesticated. During the seventy-six years which have elapsed since English enterprise first directed itself to Australia, the face of the colonised part of this country has undergone a change marvellous in kind and degree. English trees, fruits, cereals,

and grasses, despite the inversion of seasons in the transit, have flourished and propagated abundantly in their new abode; while the variety of climate in this great southern land has allowed the introduction of several tropical plants, promising much to its future prosperity. Mr. Marsh asserts, in one passage of his book, that the wild plant is much hardier than the domesticated vegetable. This statement we believe, requires a good deal of qualification. If we are rightly informed, it is contradicted by various facts derived from those southern colonies of which we are now speaking. The native wild grasses of New Zealand are said to have been extruded, when brought into contact with the artificial grasses imported from Europe; and analogies may be drawn from the animal kingdom to show that culture and selection are capable of giving increase of vigour, as well as those other qualities to which they are often more especially directed.

All the domestic animals we have named as given to America from the Old World, with many others—birds as well as quadrupeds—have been brought into these great colonies; and the sheep-farming in Australia is becoming, if not so already, the largest in the world. The silkworm, the salmon, and the sparrow are to be considered, we believe, as the most recent attempted acquisitions to their Fauna; the latter in its valuable capacity as an insectivorous bird. As regards the silkworm, and its needful appendage the mulberry-tree, we consider their successful introduction into Queensland, and other colonies, to be almost certain. The effort to bring the salmon into the Australian rivers is yet of uncertain result, but the object has been assiduously and skilfully pursued; and success is well deserved, whether obtained or not. The Acclimatisation Societies of England and France are working actively at this time in promoting these exchanges of animal life over the globe.

As we have so often had occasion to cite England in illustration of the various subjects of this article, we are tempted to conclude it by some slight sketch of the contrast this island presents in its actual state, with its condition as we have it pictured to us at different periods since the Conquest. For a mere outline the materials must be taken thus generally; but it would well repay a special labour, to fill up the picture as far as possible for particular intervening periods, bringing them severally into this comparison.

Sir Francis Palgrave, in the concluding volume of his Norman History, has described the condition of England under the last of her Saxon Kings with something of that ingenuity

and power which shine so conspicuously in Lord Macaulay's celebrated chapter on the state of the country in the seventeenth century. At the time of the Conquest, and during the reigns of the early Norman kings, little less than one-third of England was covered with woods, and a still larger part showed a surface only of heath, mountain-moors, marshes, and sea-fens. The small part left for arable uses and pasture sufficed nevertheless for the scanty population of the country, which at that period was probably less than three millions for the whole island. The old English forests are numerously perpetuated by name, even where they no longer exist as such. They were at that time, as we have stated, tenanted by the wild boar, by bears and wolves. The tribute paid to the king in wolves' heads did not prevent the ravages of this animal even near to London, and in remoter parts, many centuries later. The beaver then built his habitation in many of our streams, as is testified by local names and other records;—a more skilful architect probably than the human builders on their banks. The barren heaths, of which portions are still left, then circled widely around the metropolis, dangerous to the traveller, even within a century of our own day. Sea-marshes and fens spread to great length upon the eastern coast, and far into the interior of the country. A part of the scanty rental of these fenny districts was paid in eels. They abounded in cranes, bitterns, &c., which disappeared but a short time before the present generation. When that freespoken monarch, Henry VIII., described Lincolnshire as 'the most 'brute and beastly shire of all my realm,' he probably pictured fairly enough for his day, what is now one of the most prosperous and fertile of our English counties. Even the outline of this eastern coast was once very different from the present—an estuary of the sea running up to Norwich, and a wide channel separating Thanet from the mainland of Kent.

It is difficult to draw any comparison as to climate, where we possess no instrumental records of temperature, rains, winds, and other atmospheric states. From various incidental notices Sir F. Palgrave has drawn the conclusion that, at the era of the Conquest, it more resembled the climate of Canada in its extremes of heat and cold. The vineyards of Somersetshire, and the notices of perpetual snow on the summit of the higher hills, afford some evidence to this effect; while the large proportion of forest covering the island gives plausible reason for its being so.

The outward aspect of all that belongs to social life and habitation was in these early centuries rudely simple. The

baronial mansions or castles frowned over the miserable villages or huts which lay around them. The grades in society were then few; and the passage an abrupt one from the feudal lord to the mere serf of the soil. Yet we must note here one strange anomaly of this period;—viz. the earliest erections of those wonderful cathedrals, which still excite the admiration, if not the envy, of the architectural science of our own day. There is something of mystery, as well as anomaly, in this matter, which has not hitherto been adequately explained. History, revelling in its record of battles and sieges, is well-nigh silent as to these better and more lasting triumphs of human power.

The country at large was nearly destitute of any other than rude lanes and little less rude highways, on which, but two centuries ago, a four-horse carriage could hardly accomplish in a day the distance which a railway carriage now sweeps over in a single hour. The provision for travelling on horseback was of better kind; and we have the records of many extraordinary journeys thus performed; such as the night's ride of Henry II. from London to Dover, with the incident of an eclipse of the moon on his way—the sixty hours' ride of Sir Robert Carey from London to Edinburgh, to announce to James the death of Elizabeth—and the still more rapid communication by horse-messengers, between Charles I., when at York in 1642, and the Parliament in London. The general state of travelling through England at the time of his history is excellently described by Lord Macaulay; and to his third chapter we would willingly refer our readers for all that further concerns the physical and social condition of the country at this period, and for a very striking picture of the contrast it presents with the England of our own day. Such contrast is the stronger of course, when made with those earlier times of our history of which we have spoken.

We the rather make this reference, as no sufficient space is left to us here to dwell upon the present aspect of England in comparison with the past. In the preceding parts of this article we have indeed said much to illustrate it, and to suggest those modes of viewing the subject which may enable our readers to fill up the picture for themselves. It is in truth a wonderful picture of human progress—of progress continuous, yet so marvellously quickened during the last fifty years, that the dullest observer of the world around him feels that he is living in a new age; and the most cautious philosopher scarcely ventures to set a limit to what may hereafter be attained. While the instincts and acts of other animals have remained stationary from the earliest recorded time, human intelligence, working

with, and in part controlling, the great forces of nature, has covered the globe with monuments of its activity and power. The whole may be received as evidence of the high destiny which God has given to Man on the earth;—a destiny mingled at present with much that is obscure to reason and painful to feeling, but capable of and intended, as we believe, for some higher and nobler development in the time yet to come.

Here then we bring to a close the summary view of a subject which might worthily occupy a much larger space. While adopting the suggestion of Mr. Marsh's title, we have in no way followed him in the method or details of his work. We think the outline we have given better fitted to convey to the reader a just idea of the nature and interest of the subject, and to suggest a more scientific and useful manner of pursuing it. A right method, important in every case, is especially needful where the details are thus endless in number, yet very different in import and value. If in any future edition of his work, Mr. Marsh should be led to re-arrange as well as enlarge the materials in his hands, it will be satisfactory to us to believe that we may have contributed in part to this good result.

ART. VII.—*Moritz Gráf von Sachsen, Marschall von Frankreich.* Nach archivalischen Quellen von Dr. KARL VON WEBER, Ministerialrath, Director des Haupt-Staatarchivs zu Dresden, Mit Portrait. Leipzig: 1863.

FEW names are more generally known than that of Marshal Saxe. It is familiarly associated in men's minds with warlike renown and romantic adventure. He is the hero of a hundred tales of ambition, courage, gallantry, and intrigue, amatory or political, and his memory inspires an interest widely different from what we feel in many renowned warriors whose military fame may haply stand higher and rest on a sounder basis than his. This is doubtless owing in great measure to the social position, career, and character of the man; but large allowance must be made for our imperfect knowledge of several curious events of his life, as well as for the artificial colouring with which French writers, regarding him as their peculiar property, have invested it. Not content with elevating all his campaigns as commander-in-chief under Louis XV. into masterpieces, they have given him credit for sundry minor exploits which fortunately are not needed for his reputation, since they are clearly not susceptible of proof.

As matters stood, Dr. Karl von Weber's was just the kind of publication required to put some future biographer in full possession of the facts; for we cannot compliment him on having supplied the striking narrative and graphic portrait for which, thanks to his acuteness and diligence, the materials are complete. He has obviously no talent for historic scene-painting, no power of animated description, small sense of the imaginative or picturesque, no enthusiasm to kindle, and no eloquence to lead astray. His pride is to be an exact chronicler, to make a conscientious use of the treasures in the State Archives of Dresden of which he is the official keeper, and to show the superiority of the knowledge derived from original documents to that acquired from more popular and accessible sources of information. He has certainly succeeded to this extent, and we will endeavour to give our readers the benefit of his labours by as complete a summary as our limits will allow of the amended and improved narrative for which we are indebted to him.*

That mental and physical qualities are inherited, is a common belief, and there are physiologists who maintain, with Savage, that superior organisation is the natural and probable concomitant of illegitimate birth. Marshal Saxe may be confidently cited in support of either theory. His father was Frederic Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, equally famous for corporal strength and moral weakness, for skill as an athlete and incapacity as a politician, for princely splendour and dissolute extravagance. To the court of this sovereign at Dresden, towards the end of 1694, came the beautiful Countess Aurora von Königsmark, like a distressed damsel in the days of chivalry to demand the protection of a knight. She was the sister of that Count Philip von Königsmark whose tragical death at Hanover is still

* The principal works on the same subject, to which frequent reference will be made, are *Lettres et Mémoires choisies parmi les Papiers Originaux du Maréchal de Saxe.* Paris, 1794. 5 volumes. *Éloge de Maurice Comte de Saxe,* &c. &c. Par M. Thomas, Professeur, &c. Paris, 1759. *Histoire de Maurice Comte de Saxe,* &c. &c. 2 volumes. Dresden, 1760. *Mes Rêveries, par Maurice Comte de Saxe,* &c. 2 volumes. Paris, 1757. *Histoire de Maurice Comte de Saxe.* Par M. le Baron d'Espagnac, &c. 2 volumes. Paris, 1775. *Biographie et Maximes de Maurice de Saxe.* Par De la Barre Duparcq. Paris, 1851. A series of articles, based on Dr. von Weber's work, from the able pen of M. Saint-René Taillandier, has recently appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

involved in mystery*; and her object was to procure justice against his supposed murderers and the restitution of his property to the family. The Elector (who was not King of Poland till 1697) received her as he was wont to receive handsome women, and she listened to him as fair and frail petitioners are apt to listen to wooers who can bestow or promise as well as ask favours. The public opinion of the time was more than lenient to irregularities when the chief transgressor was of royal or quasi-royal dignity; the daughter of a noble house, far from forfeiting her place amongst her equals by becoming the mistress of a king, frequently found herself the marked object of their envy and obsequious flattery, whilst the offspring of the intrigue took rank only just below the legitimate scions of royalty. Ducal titles with corresponding appanages and privileges were granted to them in the leading European monarchies; the high-spirited Maria Theresa condescended to conciliate Madame de Pompadour by addressing her in an autograph letter as *Chère Sœur;* and the low-born Du Barry held a court attended by the ambassadors, at which all strangers of distinction were presented to her. It does not appear that the Countess Aurora felt at all degraded by giving birth to a son, the avowed fruit of an illicit intercourse; and although she chose the obscure village of Goslar for her confinement, no real secrecy was observed. She lost no time in procuring the paternal recognition of her offspring, and from his birth to her dying day grasped every opportunity of preferring his claims to the distinctions and establishment befitting royal blood.

He was born on the 15th or 19th October, 1696, and a gossiping letter-writer of the period states that 'the young 'adventurer has begun his adventures at fifteen days old by 'going in a cradle with his nurse by coach from Goslar to 'Hamburg;' adding, 'it is said that he is about to commence 'his romance by putting an end to that of his mother, who is 'not his nurse.' It seems that her romance was already terminated: the Elector's fickleness was proverbial, and in this instance an inopportune illness of the lady had accelerated the ordinary result. She knew him too well to attempt the recovery of his affection, if that be not too strong a term for a passing fancy, but she made a gallant and sustained effort to gain and keep the sort of influence which Queen Caroline exercised over the coarse mind of George II., by abandoning all feminine rivalry and appealing by turns to his understanding or his self-

* See 'Edin. Rev.,' vol. cxvi. p. 196.

love. On this ground, however, she was encountered by an able and unscrupulous minister, Count Flemming, who had made a careful study of his master's character, and has bequeathed to future premiers, similarly situated, the fruits of his observations and reflections on the best course to be pursued in such emergencies:—

'The King is fond of women, it is true, and who would not be fond of them! But the King loves them to lighten the burthen of affairs, and by no means with a romantic passion: yet, by reason of the fine and obliging manners of His Majesty, the ladies to whom he has been attached have conceived the idea of becoming absolutely mistresses of his will, even to the point of becoming mistresses of his affairs; the evil has been that, amongst the ministers, some have been found complaisant enough to comply from court policy with the wishes of these favourites, which I on my part have constantly refused, offering at the same time to do so, but only by the master's orders, and never having had such orders, I have not been able in any manner to gratify them. This is why these ladies have attributed so much authority to me.'

The King showed no disinclination at any time to provide handsomely for his illegitimate children, and Flemming readily concurred in a fair and reasonable provision for most of them. Moritz, or Maurice, who from his earliest infancy is designated as Count, appears to have enjoyed every advantage of nurture and education that money and powerful patronage could bestow. In 1703 we hear of him at Breslau, near which his mother had purchased an estate, and shortly afterwards at Leipzig, under the care of a governor and sub-governor. In 1704 the King sent him under the same charge to Holland, with an allowance of 3,000 thalers per annum, and in January 1706, after an intervening visit to Saxony, his tutor, an officer named Von Stötteroggen, writes to Flemming from the Hague:—

'The dear little Count Maurice is in perfect health, and makes great progress in all he is learning. He is admired here by all the great, and he is invited everywhere on account of his amiability. He often visits the Princess of West Frise, who is here with the Princess of Radzivil, her sister. We are acquainted with many public ministers, as M. de Gersdorff, M. de Schwettau, and M. de Bothmar. They come to see us and we go to dine occasionally with them. I hope he will one day perfectly support the rank which his high birth has given him. Neither will His Majesty have misplaced his benefits, and you, sir, will have the goodness to procure us the continuation of them. According to the "Gazette," His Majesty has instituted a new order of chivalry. It would be a token of his remembrance if the young Count could be honoured by it; a lord (*seigneur*) like him should never be without such a distinction.'

The tutor's report may be safely accepted as an authority for the degree of consideration in which his pupil, then in his tenth year, was held amongst the great people of the Hague, as well as for his pleasing manners and attractive deportment; but his progress in learning is a wholly different matter, which the worthy man had an obvious interest in placing in the most favourable light. The truth seems to be that Maurice's case in this respect supplied an exact parallel to the well-known one of the Duc de Richelieu, who quarrelled with grammar in boyhood and never made up the difference. In writing French, then as now the language of courts and polite society throughout Europe, he was entirely guided by his ear, and his syntax was frequently on a par with his orthography. No specimen of his German letters (if he wrote any) has fallen under our notice; but he confessedly found the difficulties presented by the elements of ordinary education insurmountable. Amongst the papers discovered by Dr. von Weber in the Archives is a memoir of his early days by Maurice himself, preserved through the treachery of an amanuensis, who surreptitiously supplied Flemming with a copy. It is the commencement of a meditated autobiography, begun in 1727 as a pastime, and apparently laid aside when it had served the immediate purpose of occupying some idle hours. Speaking of his pupillage, he says:—

'I was so inattentive, that it was impossible to teach me anything. It was believed that if the climate and my mode of life were changed, my turn of mind would change too, and I was sent with a governor and under-governor to Holland, attended by a valet, the sight of whom was enough to give one a fit. At the Hague every effort was made to instruct me. *I remember that my teachers themselves proposed to have an iron machine put on me to compress my skull, asserting that it was half open.* I learnt much quickly, as the military exercise and mathematics: they were obliged to give up reading; for when I studied in a book and I was asked where I was, and what I had read, I did not know a syllable; it was no better with arithmetic if I was required to do sums on paper, but when I was allowed to calculate in my head, there were no sums which I had not worked sooner than others could work them with pen and ink. I was exactly like the devil, who does what he is not asked to do; and I learnt perfect Dutch in less than six months without a teacher. My governor made a report of my progress, and remarked that he had given up teaching me anything, because there was in me a mixture of stupidity and recklessness with which he could not contend.'

A fresh tutor, afterwards a professor at Leipzig, was called in, and attempted to teach him Latin, history, &c., like a

parrot; but the task was given up as hopeless after the third lesson. He was brought back to Dresden at the end of 1708, and on the 5th January, 1709, General von Schulenburg unexpectedly entered his apartment with the welcome announcement that the King intended to make a soldier of him at once; that he was to return thanks in person; that he was to start the next morning; that his equipage was ready; and that he need only take his valet along with him. Schulenburg was an officer of high distinction, who conducted the retreat of the Saxons across the Oder, when pursued by the Swedes, in so masterly a manner as to elicit the involuntary praise of Charles XII. 'This time Schulenburg has conquered us.' 'It is the 'same Schulenburg' (adds Voltaire) 'who was afterwards 'General of the Venetians, and to whom the republic has 'erected a statue in Corfu for defending this rampart of Italy 'against the Turks. It is only republics that confer such 'honours; kings give nothing beyond rewards.' The amount of paternal interest felt for Maurice is sufficiently shown by the appointment of such a man to be his military godfather and instructor:—

'I was beside myself with joy'—proceeds the Memoir—'that I should never more have a governor. Schulenburg had ordered me a uniform; I put it on, and decked myself with a broad sword-belt and a long sword. Gaiters *à la Saxonne* completed my military array, in which I was conducted to the King to kiss his hand. I supped with him, and I was made to drink hard to his health. The upshot of the examination was that I was tolerably well up in geometry, drew well, and was ready in the preparation of plans. The King told Schulenburg he expected that all plans sent to him should be designed by my hand. "I desire," he continued, "that you will give the lad a good shaking up, which he requires, and without any reserve: that will harden him. Make him begin by marching to Flanders on foot." This direction was not to my taste, but I dared not oppose it. Schulenburg answered for me (in very appropriate words certainly, which were far from expressing my thoughts) that my only wish was that my strength might be equal to my zeal, and so forth. The going on foot pleased me least of all: I had much rather have found myself in the cavalry, and I intimated as much, but was roughly silenced. The King told Schulenburg, "I will on no account have him relieved from carrying his arms on the march—his shoulders are broad enough; and, above all, do not allow him to miss his turn of guard, unless he is ill, and seriously ill." I pricked up my ears, and thought that the King, whom I had always found so kind, was now speaking like an Arab; but as I reflected at the same time that I was quit of governors, I forgot everything else, and esteemed myself the happiest of mortals. The rest of the day was spent in leavetaking, and the next morning I left Dresden in the carriage of my general.'

At Leipzig, where they stopped eight days, he received the promised equipment, consisting of four small riding horses, with trappings complete, a berlin and twelve mules, a corresponding number of servants, and a head groom; but, greatly to his discomfiture, there was also a governor, under the deceptive title of 'gentleman.' On the 15th January, 1709, the corps was reviewed at Lützen, he was placed in the first battalion, a musquet was given him, and he was formally pledged to the standard:—

'Schulenburg, leaning upon the stone which marked the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell, embraced me after I had taken the military oath, and said: "I hope this place may be of as good augury to you as I draw from it: may the spirit of the great man who died here descend upon you; may his gentleness, his firmness, and his rectitude of purpose accompany you in all your dealings. Be as obedient to orders as strict in command; be never indulgent out of friendship or personal consideration, even in regard to small offences. Remain blameless in morals, and you will rule men: this is the keystone of our vocation; the other qualities which exalt it are gifts of nature and fruits of experience." I answered that I accepted the favourable omen, and that I should take care to profit by his doctrines. He embraced me a second time, and I went back to the front.'

We need hardly add that never was moral lesson more utterly thrown away, and that, if the virtues of Gustavus Adolphus had been indispensable in a commander, Schulenburg's pupil would never have risen from the ranks. The gentlemen who persist in misunderstanding the object of a test examination for the British army, may also back an unsound argument by his example; for he would most assuredly have got no marks in grammar, spelling, or cyphering.

He was presented the same evening to the officers of the corps, to whom he gave a supper of one hundred covers. On the 16th January the march towards Flanders began. He was always on foot; his colonel, a man in advanced years, with some other officers, walked with him out of deference; a piper, with soldiers singing, led and lightened the way. Thus animated and encouraged, he held on manfully for some days, till his shoulders were bruised black and blue by the heavy musquet, and his feet too sore to proceed. He then rode, but the soldiers laughed at him, and he speedily resumed the march on foot. In this manner he reached Hanover, and at this point, unfortunately, all that was ever known to exist of the autobiography breaks off. It contains, however, portraits of the Polish-Saxon king and court, including a far from flattering one of Flemming, and some details of the Swedish campaign

of 1706. His account of the celebrated visit paid by Charles XII. to Augustus Frederic whom he had sworn to dethrone, is remarkable, as resting doubtless on the best information and differing materially from Voltaire's.

It may be observed in passing, that this memoir, so opportunely brought to light by Dr. von Weber, puts an extinguisher upon the story adopted by the French biographers, of Maurice having followed his father on foot to the Netherlands in 1708, suddenly appeared before Lille, and forthwith given signal proofs of bravery. He was first under fire in the trenches before Tournay in July 1709, the place to which, thirty-six years later, he laid siege at the head of a French army; but here again Dr. von Weber sees traces of French exaggeration in the accounts of his manner of exposing himself and the risks he ran. They go on to say that when the allies, with the view of beleaguering Mons, sent a detachment of cavalry with a foot-soldier behind each horseman, Maurice was one of the first to swim a river thus encumbered, and would have been taken in the ensuing skirmish, had he not unhorsed his assailant by a pistol-shot. After the battle of Malplaquet again (11th September, 1709), he is said to have manifested his satisfaction at the part he took in it by the exclamation, 'Je suis content de ma journée;' which, though reported to do him honour, would have a precisely opposite effect if it were true, since Schulenburg left him behind on the advance and (as is proved by an extant letter from her) was thanked by his mother for so doing.

Some months afterwards, we find him still in leading-strings under his old governor, Stötteroggen; a project for placing him in the Jesuits' College at Brussels having been laid aside, principally in compliance with the entreaties of his mother, who was afraid of his abandoning the Protestant Confession in which he had been brought up. The regulations laid down by royal authority for the employment of his day sound strange, when it is remembered that he had already endured all the hardships of a campaign like a formed soldier. He was to rise at six; to dress in half an hour; then prayers; then breakfast, consisting of a single cup of tea; the morning hours till one were devoted to study, including genealogy and an hour for drawing. At one came dancing and fencing lessons; in the evening, two hours for arithmetic and orthography. One of the directions is that all sedentary work should be done with an hour-glass on the table, that the time might not be wasted. Another is, 'The Count having learned in this campaign many 'fine moral sentences, Latin and French—having even on

'many occasions applied them with discernment—he shall re-'peat them every day, and augment the number by at least 'three or four per week.' Before going to bed, prayer again, and reading of the Bible. He was also to keep an exact account of his expenses to send to his mother; but lessons in accounts were as much wasted on him as lessons in orthography. The proper relation between income and expenditure is what he never could be brought to understand. The balance at this very time was against him; and his tutor endeavoured to show, as a justifiable cause for his having exceeded his allowance, that it was settled on an erroneous footing, which he had outgrown:—'The young Count, by reason 'of his stout legs, wears man's stockings; the stockings com-'monly supplied for lads of fifteen or sixteen being all too 'small.' The soundness of this argument was practically admitted by a royal rescript of January 1710, raising the allowance from three to four thousand dollars.

This renewed schooling was speedily exchanged for active service; it being then the custom for boys to do duty in the field as well as hold commissions. Amongst the list of killed at Dettingen was a Comte de Boufflers, aged ten and a half, whose leg was broken by a cannon-ball: he looked on and held it whilst it was amputated, and died with perfect calmness. Maurice was with the allied army in Flanders during the campaign of 1710, and was present at the sieges of Douay, Bethune, and Aixe. In the trenches before Bethune, his governor received a severe wound, and it is related, but still on French authority, that he exposed himself in a manner to provoke a reproof from Prince Eugene: 'Young man, learn not to con-'found temerity with valour.' When, in 1711, he returned to Dresden, his reputation for bravery had preceded him, and his mother profited by the advance thus made in the royal favour to provide for his immediate pecuniary wants and procure him a liberal establishment. The Königsmark property was embarrassed, and her claims on it were disputed or postponed, so that she was driven by her son's necessities to part with her plate and jewels. But she shrank from no sacrifice, and never rested till she had persuaded or driven the King to give him an estate worth 55,000 dollars, in addition to the 4,000 dollars a year.

This donation was in December 1711. In June 1713, the young Count obtained the darling wish of his heart, by being named colonel of a regiment of cuirassiers; his pension was increased to 6,000 dollars, and towards the end of the same year a marriage was arranged for him with the

wealthiest heiress in Saxony. This affair is curious and instructive in many respects, and reflects little credit either on the King's use of his prerogative, or the general administration of the law in his dominions. The chosen bride, whose destiny may recall that of the heiress of the Percys—the innocent cause of the murder of Thynne by Königsmark—was Johanna Victoria von Löben. When she was only eight years old, her parents entered into a contract for her betrothal to Count von Friesen, provided he obtained her affection and retained it till she was grown up, and provided also a named lordship was settled on him by his aunt. A few days after the signature of this agreement, her father died; and her mother, on the expiration of the regular mourning, took to herself a second husband, an officer named von Gersdorff, who, eager to secure the property for his own family, persuaded his wife to pledge her daughter's hand to his nephew, Lieutenant von Gersdorff. She was accordingly betrothed to him in 1707, being still only nine; and with the view of superseding or evading the prior claim of Count von Friesen, he went through the farce of running off with her without her parents' knowledge, bribed a priest to marry them in the prescribed form, and then presented her to her mother as his bride. The affair was brought to the notice of the authorities by Count von Friesen, who easily succeeded in superseding Gersdorff, but only to encounter a more formidable rival. The King, whether at the Countess of Königsmark's suggestion, or from his own paternal foresight, at once resolved to secure her for Maurice, and the preliminary steps were adopted without scruple or delay. The Consistorial Court found the betrothal and marriage void, and declared the heiress free from any binding engagement. The King, assuming the guardianship justly forfeited by the mother, ordered the girl to be delivered over to the custody of a court lady, who was to be answerable for her breeding and education till she was of marriageable years. The younger Gersdorff was told to interfere at his peril; Count Friesen was bought off with a round sum of money, and before she was thirteen she was the affianced bride of the Count of Saxe.

Two of the French biographers assert that he had little inclination for the match, and was less influenced by the fortune than the name, Victoria, thinking it a good omen to be the spouse of Victory. She was delighted at her new prospects, and Dr. von Weber has printed a letter from her to her affianced lord, dated the 30th July, 1711, in which she promises to be eternally true to him, humbly begs that he will

reserve a little kindness ('ein bischen Gutheit') for her in return, and ends with six lines of French verse, in which the sentiment is more commendable than the syntax or the rhythm:—

'Que notre sort est déplorable,
Et que nous souffrons de tourment
Pour nous aimer trop constamment;
Mais c'est en vain qu'on nous accable—
Malgré nos cruels ennemis,
Nos cœur (*sic*) seront toujours unis.'

They were married on the 12th March, 1714, having been first declared by royal rescript of consenting age; the regular termination of the minority being anticipated 'by reason of 'the well-known-to-Us good bringing-up of both.' The settlements were highly favourable to Maurice, who, in case of his wife's death without children, was to have two-thirds of her landed property, besides his marital right to the personalties; and in the case of her leaving children, one-third. Her pin-money was fixed at 2,000 dollars.

Their wedded life began auspiciously enough. In the course of the following autumn she announced her pregnancy, and petitioned the King, who was setting out for Poland with her husband, not to separate them on the eve of her confinement. This took place on the 25th January, 1715, when she was brought to bed of a son, who died in infancy. The birth was notified to the King by a special messenger, a gentleman who, by way of honorary recompence, was presented with His Majesty's portrait set in diamonds, with permission to wear it instead of a decoration on his breast. On the very day of the event, the happy father nearly lost his life by a foolish act of bravado. He had undertaken to drive a sledge across the Elbe after the commencement of the thaw, his companions being Count Henry of Reuss and a friend. They had just reached the middle of the river when the ice broke, and the sledge and horse disappeared under it. Maurice and the friend managed to clamber to a firm part, but they had the greatest difficulty in rescuing Count Henry, whose prolonged immersion made him a sadder and wiser man for the remainder of his days. The lesson was lost on the ringleader of the frolic, who had already commenced a round of dissipation, fatal to domestic happiness as well as ruinous to his newly-acquired fortune. His wife's money vanished so rapidly, that in less than five years we find his mother again appealing to the King. 'Unable,' (she writes) 'to live except by borrowing, indigence 'daily exposes him to things unworthy of him, which must

'end in despair. As for Madame la Comtesse, it is already 'nearly four months since she took refuge with me in the 'Abbey (of Quedlinbourg) for the same reasons, all her re-'venues being for the creditors. I owe her too much not to 'share with her the little I have.'

This is a melancholy position for an heiress married to an embryo hero; and it is not the worst side of the picture, for his repeated infidelities were notorious, and the young Countess, on her side, unless she is much maligned, was not scrupulous as to the method of consoling or revenging herself. She is charged, on strong and multiplied evidence, with light conduct in Dresden and in the Abbey of Quedlinbourg, whilst residing there as the guest of the Abbess, her mother-in-law, who, with or without reason, ended by taking a decided part against her. Besides accusing her of supping with bolted doors in suspicious company, the Countess Aurora complained to the King that her own and her son's lives were in danger from the machinations of her daughter-in-law. The story ran that she had formed a close friendship with a young lady named Rosenacker, and after obtaining her confidence by pretending to help her in an intrigue, produced two white powders, and directed her to mix one in Maurice's coffee, 'not tea, in which it 'would not be strong enough.' He would sicken and die in four months; his mother would be thrown into despair, and if the second powder was then administered to her, the world would believe that she had died of grief. Miss Rosenacker hesitated, saying that the intended victims had never offended her, and having quarrelled with her patroness, betrayed the plot.

In a subsequent letter, which, though anonymous, is confidently attributed by Dr. Weber to the Countess Aurora, the young Countess is accused of travelling with a runaway page of her husband's, and of living with him for six weeks together on one of her estates, to the scandal of the neighbourhood. Despairing, we presume, of reclaiming a woman so lost to all sense of propriety, the exasperated mother went the unpardonable length of advising her son 'de lâcher entièrement 'la bride à la Comtesse, qui se perdroit infailliblement.' This counsel justifies a doubt whether the young Countess had been really guilty of anything worse than imprudence. In a frank and apparently unguarded communication with Flemming, she assured him that she had not compromised her honour. She also complained that her husband had treated her like a little girl, threatening to give her a governess to teach her how to live, had reduced her from wealth to poverty, and driven her

to reside in a house more like a desert than a habitable spot. We are favoured with only two sentences of the answer:—'Votre lettre ne mérite pas la réponse que je Vous fais,' &c. 'Un homme comme moi ne se lesse pas treter aussi eindigne-'maus que Vous le fete.'

Without palliating the wife's indiscretion, all must admit that the husband was principally to blame. There is no denying that he wasted her fortune by extravagance, and exposed her to temptation by neglect. He himself was evidently conscious that he owed her some compensation, for at the beginning of 1720 he caused a memorial, setting forth all his grievances, to be presented to her, with an offer 'to conceal 'her misconduct from the public, and take all the blame upon 'himself, if she would desist with a good grace.' She complied, and a most improbable account of the ensuing steps taken by him, as well as of the proceedings to which they gave rise, is sanctioned by several writers of respectability. They affirm that he contrived to be seen in flagrant transgression by six servants posted for the purpose; that he was thereupon dragged to trial and condemned to death; that the King pardoned him on the evening of the same day, or, according to another version, caused the formal pardon to be placed under his napkin at dinner the day after; and that the sentence of divorce followed immediately. All this is pure invention. Although the real documents found in the Archives clearly indicate collusion, the prescribed forms were observed. The Countess applied to the Consistorial Court for a divorce, alleging infidelity with a single person, but stating that she had additional cases in reserve. The Count appeared, and said he could not deny the allegation; and on the Court's suggesting that haply the affair might have arisen from a misunderstanding or animosity, he replied that the terms on which he and his wife had stood were indeed not friendly, but that he could not deny the fact with which he was charged. Sentence of divorce was accordingly pronounced, and was notified to the King by Maurice in terms of contemptuous indifference:—

'I was yesterday before the Consistory, that is, in the house of M. Leibziger, and after the president had pronounced with all the politeness in the world a judgment which ordinarily is not polite, the superintendent wished to regale me with a dish of his own cooking—for the priests are always eager to meddle with everything. But I abridged the harangue, saying, "Sir, I know very well what you are going to say: we are all great sinners, that is true, the proof is complete." I made my bow, and left what is called the Supreme Consistory in meditation on the grand truth I had just announced to them.'

The lady, notwithstanding the dilapidation of her fortune, and the passing slur upon her fair name, soon found a second husband, had a large family of children by him, and lived happily and respectably. The Count, far from meditating a second marriage, dismissed the whole matter so completely from his thoughts, as to have almost forgotten that he had ever been married at all. Madame de Pompadour writes soon after his death: 'Apropos of poor Saxe, he had sometimes strange 'ideas. I asked him one day why he had never been married. '"Madame," he replied, "as the world goes at present, there '"are few men of whom I should wish to be the father, and few '"women of whom I should wish to be the husband." This 'answer was not remarkable for gallantry; however, it has 'some appearance of reason. He added that a wife was not a 'convenient article of furniture for a soldier.' An epigram in verse, in the same spirit, was generally attributed to him in Paris:—

'Malgré Rome et ses adhérents,
Ne comptons que six sacrements;
Vouloir qu'il en soit davantage
N'est pas avoir le sens commun,
Car chacun sait que mariage
Et pénitence ne sont qu'un.'

His married life lasted rather more than seven years, in the course of which he managed to get rid of 200,000 dollars of his wife's property, and the whole of his own, besides taxing the royal bounty to the uttermost. The truth is, he could not exist without stirring occupation or excitement of some sort: and when wearied by domestic life, he was in the habit of betting high at cards and billiards. In a match at billiards with Count Castilli, for a large sum, he exclaimed at the end of every game, 'I believe that the other is a better player 'than I:' yet he went on; and on another occasion he was too drunk to know what he was about, and was disagreeably surprised at being told that he had lost 1,040 ducats, for which he was induced to sign a bill. Being subsequently convinced that he had been cheated, he repudiated the debt under circumstances in which a man of nice sense of honour would have regretted to be placed. It incidentally appears, that during many years he was paying twelve per cent. interest to creditors of name and position, who had assisted him by loans. To do him justice, his state of idleness was none of his choosing: for he never missed an opportunity of active and honourable employment. Thus, in 1716, he was in the field and before Stralsund with his regiment, and an

adventure befell him in which his courage and readiness of resource in danger were conspicuously displayed.

He wished to go to Sendomir, where Saxon troops were stationed, and a false report that a truce had been concluded between the Saxons and the Confederated Poles induced him to undertake the journey in the company of five officers and twelve servants, without further escort. Towards midday he arrived at a village, and took up his quarters in the house of a Jew. He had scarcely seated himself at table, when an attendant rushed into the room with the news that a numerous body of Poles was entering the village. Some say 800 cavalry, including 200 dragoons, but the Countess Königsmark puts them at from 400 to 500. The Count's plan was formed on the instant. It being impossible for him with his small troop to defend the court, he suffered the enemy to occupy it, and confined himself to the defence of the house. They forced their way into the ground floor, but the stairs were removed, holes were bored in the floor of the second story, through which shots were fired and lances thrust at those below; and the repeated attacks of the assailants were successfully repulsed, although some of the little garrison were killed and several wounded, their gallant leader having received a shot in the thigh. Night put an end to the conflict, which had lasted five hours, and the Poles set a watch round the house; but Maurice, taking advantage of the darkness, made a sally with the eleven men (some wounded) which he had left, cut down the sentinels, seized the required number of horses, and effected a safe retreat into the neighbouring forest. This exploit will certainly not lose by comparison with the foolhardy and useless attempt of Charles XII. at Bender to defend his house against the Turks.

Maurice's first visit to France, the destined scene of his glory, was in the spring of 1720, and the object, in addition to the collective desire of his well-wishers to keep him employed, may be gathered from a letter written by the King's desire to Flemming, in which the writer says: 'The King has directed me to consult your Excellence whether you would approve Count Maurice de Saxe's engaging in the service of France, where he might learn the trade of war; whilst in this country, where we neither have nor wish to have war, he would never learn anything.' The answer was that the King's thought was good and just, 'provided he (the Count) be 'diligent, for as there are ample means in France of learning 'something, so are there likewise of forgetting what one has 'learnt.'

He was precisely the kind of adventurer to make his way in

France under the Regency — handsome, gallant, dissolute, pleasure-seeking, with a made reputation for reckless bravery and a rising one for military skill. He was at once named *maréchal de camp*, with an allowance of 10,000 livres, and encouraged to purchase an infantry regiment—a step not approved by his father, who wished him to wait till one was given him. Authorities vary as to the price; one naming 35,000 thalers, another 130,000 écus de France. Flemming writes:—'It is apparently from the King's purse that the 'Count de Saxe reckons on paying for his regiment. Agreed, 'if the *écu* is reckoned at three livres de France, but if they 'are to be our good crowns, I must say that at this price we 'might have got him made Lieutenant-General, and bought 'him two regiments.' The money was obtained with some difficulty, and the new Colonel immediately proceeded to turn his purchase to good account. Besides paying the strictest attention to the discipline of his regiment, he taught it a new exercise of his own invention, which is highly commended by the Chevalier Folard in 'Commentaries on Polybius.' At the same time he assiduously studied mathematics, mechanics, and fortification, and busied himself with the construction of a machine, also of his own invention, for propelling vessels against the stream. He afterwards took out a patent for it, and induced a capitalist to join with him in introducing it into general use. It failed as a speculation, and is stated to have consisted merely in turning two wheels by a horse. But if these were paddle-wheels, his discovery, differing only as regards the motive power from propulsion by steam, was an important step in the right direction.

His mother was so pleased with his improved mode of life, that she wrote to the King to express her joy that he had not forgotten for a moment the orders of His Majesty, having neither gambled nor played the *petit maître*. 'As Paris' (she added) 'is a sufficiently great trial for a young man, I hope 'your Majesty will be satisfied with his conduct, and will 'henceforth vouchsafe him your good graces.' The assurances contained in this letter were somewhat overstrained by maternal partiality, for if he had not indulged in what is regularly termed play, he (to use Dr. von Weber's expression) had burnt his fingers in Law's project, which was the all-absorbing topic about this time, and he was the reputed hero of a love affair, which created much scandal, and narrowly missed being followed by the most fatal consequences. As reported by Hoym, the Saxon minister at the French Court, the story ran that the Prince de Conti, taking umbrage at Maurice's marked attentions to his

handsome wife, and hoping to surprise them together, suddenly burst into her apartment armed with sword and pistol, and was contemptuously told by the Princess, on being made aware of his object, that if he had really expected to find a man with her, he would have taken good care not to make his entrance in that fashion. All over Paris it was believed that Maurice was there, and had been killed or severely wounded by the Prince. By an odd coincidence, he had sprained his foot the day before, and was confined to his room. This of course tended to confirm the prevalent rumours; nor is it quite clear even now that the sprain was not a pretence; for the Princess in the interview in question coolly told her husband that she had seven modes of deceiving him, six of which she particularised, concluding with the agreeable information, 'As 'for the seventh I shall not tell it you, for it is precisely 'the one which I am employing at present.'

Maurice returned to high play in 1723, and lost at a single sitting 3,000 dollars to a French general, after mentioning which, Hoym reports that there was no hope of his reform.

In May 1724, he made an excursion to England, professedly only to buy horses, and intending to preserve a strict incognito, but Coq, the Saxon agent, told him that he must be presented to the King (George I.), with whom he had a long conversation in the royal closet. He was afterwards frequently invited to the Court and the hunting parties at Windsor. He also visited Kensington and Hampton Court, and attended the races at Newmarket, where he found an opportunity of exhibiting his personal strength at the expense of a scavenger who provoked a quarrel with him; he threw the man, to the great delight of the bystanders, into his own mud-cart, in which he was nearly stifled.

The whole of Maurice's life teems with odd or striking incidents, but we now pass on to a passage of it which directly connects him with history, and caused the attention of all Europe to be fixed upon him. Early in the eighteenth century it became evident that the hereditary line of von Kettlers, Dukes of Courland, was on the point of dying out, and in 1725 it survived only in the person of the reigning Duke, a childless and widowed man of seventy. The Duchy having been held since 1561 as a fief of the republic of Poland, the Poles looked forward to its speedy annexation or incorporation; but this did not suit Russia or Prussia, and was especially disliked by the Courlanders. They therefore looked anxiously about for a person who might be the founder of a new dynasty, and after long hesitating amongst a multitude of candidates, they made choice of the Count of Saxe.

He was principally indebted for the preference to female influence; an essential part of the scheme for his elevation being his marriage with a Russian Princess, either Anna, a daughter of Peter the Great, the young and handsome widow of a deceased Duke of Courland, or her younger sister, Elizabeth. Both of these ladies, captivated by the Count's reputation for gallantry and good looks, emulously favoured him. He, on his side, adroitly kept them in suspense as to his intentions, although at first he inclined towards Elizabeth, a girl of sixteen; the Dowager Duchess being some years older and more attractive from the fullness than the freshness of her charms. Her conduct had not been irreproachable—she would have formed a marked exception to the females of her family if it had been—and the Saxon agent, who sent Maurice a highly attractive portrait of Elizabeth, adds: 'Certain 'malicieux disoit un jour qu'elle n'auroit jamais le cœur de 'se poignarder, si elle donnoit par occasion un coup de canif 'au parchemin conjugal.' It was thought that the Empress Elizabeth, her mother, would sanction the alliance, and the young Princess, who, although she had never seen Maurice, had heard much of him, was speedily led on by an adroit confidante, a friend of his, to set her heart upon it. She is reported saying to this friend: 'I do not wish to imitate 'princesses who are ordinarily victims of State policy; I wish 'to marry according to my taste, and have the man I like 'for my husband.' On which the friend replied: 'I know 'one that you love with all your heart.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I 'know whom you are going to mention. I believe it, like you; 'but I have not yet seen him: tell me what sort of man he is.' 'Suffice it to say,' rejoined the friend, 'that he is worthy of a 'crown.'

The King's personal wishes were naturally on his side, but his minister, Flemming, and the Republic of Poland were adverse; and just as he was on the point of starting for Courland and Petersburg under the pretence of forwarding his mother's claim to the Königsmark estates in Esthland, the Count de Manteuffel brought him an order from the King not to go. The minister found him booted and spurred for the journey, and on being asked whether the order was positive, replied in the affirmative; upon which the Count left the room suddenly, after saying that he was anxious to obey the King in all things, but that if he did not set out, all would be lost for him, and that he would consider what he had to do. He told some ladies that whoever overtook him must travel very fast, and before the King, who had retired to rest, was apprised

of his intention, he had started with a small band of followers. At Mittau he fell in with the Princess Anna, on whom he made the most favourable impression, and without absolutely committing himself, he induced her to regard his and her interest as identical; for he wrote to his mother:—'She 'shows me every encouragement, and has herself written to 'the Czarina with the view of becoming through me Duchess 'of Courland a second time.' He also wrote to Manteuffel, to beg that, having learnt that the title of Count shocked the Duchess of Courland, he would contrive that in a letter, which he prayed the King to address to Prince Menschikow, he might be named simply, 'Mon fils légitime Maurice de Saxe.' He probably meant *légitimé.* The King so far complied with the request as to drop the title of Count in the letter, and it was thenceforth dropped by Maurice.

His cause was warmly espoused by many other women of rank or celebrity, who stopped at no sacrifice to forward it. The famous Adrienne Lecouvreur sold all her ornaments and sent him the proceeds, amounting to 40,000 livres. Of a Polish woman of rank, the Countess Vielinska, a contemporary letter states: 'She has lent her silver plate and even the 'person of her admirer, M. d'Astel, to look a little after the 'Count de Saxe.' Flemming writes of his chief supporter amongst the magnates of Courland, Grand-Marshal Count Pocietz: 'He has engaged in this affair, like Adam in the 'original sin, led astray by his wife;' and Le Fort declared that his opponents must hold themselves prepared for 'une 'guerre de quenouilles.' The important day at length drew on, and despite of a peremptory prohibition to the Landtag to meet for the purpose, the deputies did meet at Mittau to the number of thirty-two, chose their returning officer, attended a grand banquet given by the Princess Anna in honour of the occasion, and on the 28th June, 1826, unanimously elected Maurice of Saxony their Duke-successor. A regular diploma of his election was delivered to him, and he immediately began taking measures to establish his claim.

At first the aspect of things was smiling enough; he had promises of recognition and even support from Russia, and he had hopes that his father would be willing and able to neutralise the opposition of the Poles; who insisted on calling their monarchy a republic by way of intimating that their first magistrate was more like a president than a king. He began to form plans of government, and announced his determination to nurse the heavily charged revenues of the Duchy as soon as they came under his management, with exemplary care and

economy. After remarking that nothing was so ridiculous as the mock splendour of a petty court, he proceeds: 'Plenty 'of muskets and bayonets in my armoury, and few courtiers 'in my antichambers—at the same time I shall establish some 'public amusements, to attract the nobles to the town, which 'will polish them, make commerce flourish, augment expendi-'ture, and consequently industry.'

He was soon rudely awakened from his dreams of sovereignty. Prince Menschikow, a disappointed competitor, entered Mittau on the 10th July, with a numerous suite, supported by a body of Russian dragoons, and on the 12th a personal interview took place between the rivals. Nothing material came of it, except the worst possible opinion formed by Maurice of the Prince, of whom, writing to Manteuffel, he says:—'It would be 'difficult to express what obstinacy, folly, and ignorance I have 'found in him. The vanity inseparable from these qualities 'exists in him in its highest degree.' . . . 'On his asking me 'how I proposed to sustain myself, I replied that I knew very 'well I was not in a condition so to do, but that the affair was 'sustaining itself.' The Prince, who at the same time seemed not indisposed to be bought off, indulged his arrogance to the extent of threatening to send the electors to Siberia. Some writers have stated that, in dealing with Maurice, he did not confine himself to threats. They say that 800 Russians made a night attack on the house of the Duke Elect, who had only sixty men with him; that he beat them off with the loss of sixteen killed and many wounded; that a damsel who was with him disguised herself in his clothes, and let herself down from the window by a cord, to draw attention on herself and give him an opportunity of escaping; that at length the guard of the Duchess Anna came up, and drove away the Russians. In all this there is not a syllable of truth; although, hearing that an attack was meditated, Maurice made preparations for repelling it, and Menschikow soon afterwards left Mittau, leaving his interests in the care of Prince Dolgoroukow, whose mode of forwarding them is treated with sovereign contempt by Maurice. The Duchess Anna was indefatigable in her endeavours to secure the neutrality, if not the support, of Russia; and it was quite upon the cards that he might have become Czar Consort as well as Duke of Courland through her, had he not wantonly offended her in a manner which it was impossible for a high-spirited woman to forgive.

Mr. Carlyle somewhat broadly indicates the ground of quarrel when, after comparing her cheeks to Westphalia hams, he says that 'the big widow discovered that he did not like

'Westphalia hams in that particular form; that he only pre-'tended to like them.' She had assigned him an apartment in her palace; opposite, on the ground-floor, lodged one of her ladies, with whom he had clandestine interviews. One night, when she was paying him a visit, there was a heavy fall of snow: to spare her tender feet, he took her on his shoulders, and carried her across the court. Unluckily, they encountered an old woman with a lantern, who at the sight of a figure with two heads moving towards her, uttered a shriek of terror. He tried to extinguish the lantern by treading on it, but his foot slipped, and he fell with his fair burthen on the old woman, who now redoubled her shrieks till the watch came up and recognised the actors in the scene, which soon reached the ears of the Duchess. The similarity of this story to one told of Charlemagne's daughter, coupled with the habitual tendency of the biographers of Maurice to engage him in romantic adventures, might well justify a suspicion of its authenticity, were it not in such perfect keeping with his character, as well as warranted by Dr. von Weber, who seldom errs on the side of credulity.

Another piece of ill-luck was the death of the Czarina Catherine, always his personal well-wisher; after which, Russia became undisguisedly hostile to him, and the Poles, no longer kept in check by either of the great Powers, and carrying their titular King along with them whether he would or not, proceeded to the most summary mode of compelling Courland, which they insisted on regarding as a rebellious province, to surrender its independence and its new Duke. On the approach of the Russian and Polish troops, he retired with a chosen band to an island in a lake, where he was beleaguered and in danger of being taken by the Russian commander, who refused to allow him more than two days for reflection, and hinted at 'un pays 'éloigné en perspective,' meaning Siberia. Not wishing to cause a useless effusion of blood, Maurice swam the lake alone on horseback, and escaped to Winden; his little band, twelve officers, thirty-three servants, ninety-eight dragoons, and one hundred and four militia infantry, became prisoners to the Russians; nine cannon and all his baggage also fell into their hands. The original diploma of his election was saved by his faithful valet Beauvais. He and his immediate followers had been already proscribed by the Polish Diet, and a price was put upon his head. But the successful faction dealt lightly with his partisans, and he himself was permitted to reach France, where a fresh mortification was in store for him, which he bore with more equanimity than the disappointment of his ambition.

The moment he arrived in Paris he hurried to his beloved Adrienne, and was immediately shown into her boudoir. On the writing-table lay a letter which he opened without ceremony, and found it to be a love-letter from the Count d'Argental, condoling with her on the dreaded return of Maurice. Scarcely had he mastered its contents, when Adrienne entered and welcomed him with the greatest tenderness. He speedily left her under the pretence of changing his travelling dress, and, hastening to D'Argental, requested him to accompany him to her home. The favoured adorer complied in silence, under the full conviction that a mortal duel was at hand, and was agreeably surprised when he was presented to the lady with these words: 'Here, my little dove; accept this gentleman 'at my hands: the conquered must crown the conqueror.' Adrienne, consummate actress as she was, fell into convulsions, sighed, and talked of killing herself, but thought better of it, and lived on to be poisoned by a jealous rival in 1730.

The actress was refused Christian burial in consequence of her profession, and M. Taillandier censures her former lover for leaving the duty of protesting against the indignity to Voltaire*; but the peculiar termination of their intimacy, combined with his known indifference to religious matters, must be admitted as some palliation for the alleged want of feeling or gratitude in this particular instance. We also have reason to doubt whether M. Lemontey, the author of an 'Eloge' on Adrienne, has not drawn on his own imagination for the picture which he gives of her 'discovering the hero and 'endeavouring to polish the soldier.' 'She brought him ac-'quainted with our language, our literature, and inspired him 'with the taste for music, reading, all the arts, and that passion 'for the theatre which followed him even to the camp. We 'may say of the conqueror of Fontenoy and his beautiful 'instructress, that she taught him everything but war, which he 'knew better than anybody, and orthography, which he never 'knew at all.'†

Some years are yet to elapse before we find our hero at the

* Verses entitled 'La Mort de Mademoiselle Le Couvreur, célèbre 'Actrice.' (Œuvres.)

† 'Œuvres de Lemontey,' 1829. Tome iii. p. 329. M. Alexander Dumas, in the 'Confessions de la Marquise,' says that Adrienne was poisoned at the instigation of the Duchess of Bouillon from jealousy of the *liaison* with Saxe, and died with her hand in *his* and her head on the shoulder of Voltaire! Those who remember Mademoiselle Rachel in the part of her celebrated prototype, have seen a greater actress than Adrienne.

head of armies, and some intervening passages of his life are too important to be passed over, although there seems no necessity for accompanying him in his frequent journeys between Saxony and France. Community of tastes and studies had brought about a close intimacy between him and the Chevalier Folard; and in 1732 he followed the example of his friend by becoming a military author. In the course of that year, he composed the work entitled 'Mes Rêveries.' Two copies of what passes for the original manuscript are preserved in the Royal Library at Dresden, and the concluding words are:—'I have composed this work in thirteen 'nights. I was ill, so it may well show symptoms of fever: 'that ought to be my excuse. As to the regularity and 'arrangement, as well as elegance of style, I have written 'like a soldier, and to dissipate my *ennuis*. Done in this 'month of December 1732.'

The most conflicting judgments have been passed on this book. Whilst some have seen in it the masterpiece of a great tactician, others have treated it as the eccentric production of a powerful but irregular mind, whose strength lay in action or in a kind of intuition under the pressure of emergencies, not in calm analysis or scientific exposition. The book, however, has great merits, and is especially remarkable for the clearness and good sense with which it draws the line between innovation and experience, theory and practice, in the art of war; an art which it had been, perhaps is, the fashion to regard as only capable of being taught (if of being taught at all) empirically. 'All the other sciences,' he exclaims, 'have rules 'and principles: war alone has none.' This is true only in a limited sense,—that it has few, if any, received as axioms; and most of those who have shone preeminent in it have submitted to a steady course of professional instruction. 'Condé,' says Retz, 'is born a captain; which never happened but to 'him, Spinola, and Cæsar.' Yet Condé was an assiduous reader of military books, and Cæsar is surely an ill-chosen example of a born captain. One of the most ardent students of the art of war that ever lived was Napoleon.

We must not forget to state that shortly before the composition of the 'Reveries,' Maurice made the acquaintance of Frederic the Great, then Crown Prince of Prussia, an acquaintance which soon ripened into admiration and esteem on both sides. Each invariably mentions the other as one of the most consummate tacticians of the age. A general worthy to rank not far below them, the Marshal Duke of Berwick, had a similar prescience of Saxe's military capacity whilst still untried on a

fitting arena. On his arrival in the camp before the lines of Ettling, he was received by Berwick with these words: 'I 'was about to send for 3,000 men, but you are as valuable to 'me as such a reinforcement.' He amply justified this commander's confidence. At a critical moment, he put himself at the head of 100 grenadiers, attacked a troop of hussars, and killed their commandant with his own hand, after receiving a sabre-cut on the head, which was fortunately blunted or turned aside by the iron guard of his hat. It was at the end of this campaign, in which he served under the Duc de Noailles, that he wrote to the Minister of War in the proud tone of conscious superiority:—

'Prince Eugene is put to flight, and all yields to the glory of your arms. It is I who have cleared the way for it: it is I who have found means of penetrating into inaccessible places, who have disposed the troops, who have attacked, led, and conquered at the head of your grenadiers, exposing myself to dangers which still make those who were witnesses of them tremble. It is fourteen years since I have had the honour of being in the service of the King as maréchal-de-camp: I am now nearly forty, and I am not of a sort to be subjected to rules or to grow old to reach steps of promotion.'

He was made Lieutenant-General in the French army in August 1734, and on the strength of this promotion declined an offer made through the Prince of Liechtenstein to join the Austrian service and rely for rapid advancement on the friendly offices of Prince Eugene. His patriotism has been called in question for serving against his countrymen, but he never actually fought against Saxony, which alone can be regarded as his native country. There was not even a talk of a fatherland in those days, and adventurers of his stamp—Eugene and Berwick, for example—troubled themselves little under what standard they were arrayed. It must also be remembered that in 1741 he wrote to the Count de Bruhl, then Prime Minister of Saxony, to offer to take the command of the Saxon army in the then probable contingency of its being actively engaged, and received for answer, after six weeks' delay, that the command had been promised to the Duke of Weissenfels. He lay under one marked disadvantage in France, which he might partially have escaped in Germany. The princes of the blood and the great nobles were jealous of him, and he was not made a Marshal, or trusted with the command in chief of an army, until the proved incapacity of those placed over him seriously threatened discomfiture and disgrace. They were constantly depreciating him. Thus the son of the Duc de Luynes writes to his father:—'The Count de Saxe leads the French without precaution or

'detail and *à la Tartare;* yet he is the one above all others 'who aims most at what is great.'

The taking of Prague was an exploit which put detraction to shame and fixed his reputation on a firm footing. It was taken by a night attack planned by him after personal reconnoitring the defences of the place by creeping along the ditch. Near the principal gate was a bastion thirty-five feet high, and opposite to it on the outside a kind of mound, formed of the dirt and rubbish of the town. Whilst the bastion was scaled by the grenadiers, he was to post himself with troops on this mound to attract the fire of the garrison; and the drawbridge was to be simultaneously assailed, over which the dragoons, which constituted the chief part of his force, were to rush as soon as the way was open. The success was complete, although some of the scaling ladders broke from the number of men who crowded on them at once. A company of grenadiers was on the rampart before their approach was discerned, and they were rapidly reinforced. The drawbridge was lowered, and Saxe, galloping in at the head of his cavalry, reached the bridge which divides the town in two. It was barricaded and defended by cannon and infantry; but the officer in command, finding that the Saxons had entered the other part of the city, and that he was about to be placed between two fires, laid down his arms. These particulars are taken from one of Saxe's letters to the Chevalier de Folard, ending thus:—'It (Prague) 'was taken the same day on which my grandfather took it in '1640, and furnishes the first instance of a town being carried 'in the nighttime, and sword-in-hand, by the French without 'being plundered.'

In the course of the following month he signally retrieved the honour of the French arms by rallying a body of infantry and cavalry which had been driven back in confusion by the Austrian rearguard. After this exploit, for which he was publicly thanked by the Duc de Broglie, he repaired to Dresden, where Frederic the Great arrived soon afterwards in the hope of persuading the King (Maurice's half-brother) to a more active co-operation in the war. Frederic Augustus was as fond of pleasure as his father, and Bruhl, who inclined towards Austria and dreaded Prussian aggrandisement, calculated on preventing serious conversation by a grand dinner, opera, and ball. The dangerous topic was introduced in Maurice's presence whilst the royal party were yet at table, when Bruhl announced that the opera had begun. 'Ten kingdoms to conquer,' says Frederic, 'would not have detained the King of Poland a minute longer. 'To the opera they went, and the King (of Prussia) obtained,

'despite of all opponents, a final resolution.'* A Saxon corps was attached to the Prussian army, and was so roughly handled within a month of its junction that Maurice, then with Frederic and doubtless remembering Bruhl's refusal of the command, sent him the following laconic billet by way of despatch:—

'Jigelan (Iglan) le 19 Févr. 1742.
'Vous n'avez plus d'armée.
'MAURICE DE SAXE.'

On his return to the French army he was directed to take the direction of the siege of Egra, which, strong as it was, was surrendered to him without a blow after all his dispositions for an assault were complete. His name sufficed to paralyse the commander and the garrison, and the credit accruing from the exploit was not diminished by their faint-heartedness. The Emperor Charles VII. caused a *Te Deum* to be sung in Frankfort to celebrate the event, and wrote to him: 'Why 'can't you be everywhere?'

Egra was taken on the 19th April, 1742, and on the 1st of May Maurice had abandoned the field of his rapidly culminating reputation, and was on his way to St. Petersburg through Dresden. The ducal crown, which still retained all its pristine attractions for him, had been again trailed across his path. Eager as he was to try his hand at governing, he must have been deeply mortified at finding that he had actually missed two golden opportunities; that either of the two princesses, to whom his vagrant and vacillating addresses had been paid, could and probably would have gratified his highest ambition, had he wooed her as she may well have expected to be wooed, had he paid her the common compliment of a semblance of devotion and fidelity. Anna, on her accession to the imperial throne in 1730, had neither scruple nor difficulty in giving Courland to her favourite, the Duc de Biren, by birth a Courland peasant. On her death in 1840, Biren became regent during the minority of her great-nephew, but was displaced by a conspiracy planned and executed by the mother of the infant Czar in November 1741; whose supremacy lasted rather more than a year, during which she caused her brother-in-law, the Duke of Brunswick, to be elected Duke of Courland. On the 6th of December 1741, another conspiracy broke out, resulting in the expulsion of the regent, the dethronement of her son, and the accession of the Princess Elizabeth. The

* 'Œuvres Posthumes,' vol. i. p. 226. Dr. von Weber adds that the opera was *Papirio.*

Duke of Brunswick fell with his patroness, and Courland was once again at the disposal of Russia; Poland not being strong enough to lay hands on it.

Maurice had a powerful friend at the court of the new Czarina in the French Ambassador, the Marquis de la Chetardie, who thought that her youthful preference would revive and plead powerfully for him. La Chetardie was renowned for the splendour of his entertainments, and the very evening of Maurice's arrival he gave a magnificent supper to introduce him to the most considerable persons of the court. The next morning he was presented to the Czarina, who, at a masked ball the same evening, danced the second contredanse with him. The next day but one La Chetardie gave a dinner in his honour, to which she came in her riding habit, and remained a large part of the evening. A series of festivities ensued, some of them strikingly characteristic of the period and the place. On the 18th June, the Chamberlain Woronzow gave a dinner which was prolonged till nine in the evening; then the whole party mounted on horseback to accompany the Czarina, who rode through the illuminated streets in a riding-habit. A terrible rain was pouring down, but no one wore a cloak. Towards midnight the party, wetted to the skin, paid a short visit to the Kremlin, where she showed the Count the coronation ornaments and other state jewels. Then they mounted again to ride to La Chetardie's palace, in front of which was a magnificently illuminated fancy building with two fountains of red and white wine. Here a grand supper was served, and 'it was nearly six 'in the morning,' writes a guest, 'when her Majesty, putting 'the sun to shame by her beauty, retired highly pleased.' Another week was spent in the same manner, and then Maurice got for answer, communicated through the Chancellor, that the Czarina, anxious that the Courlanders should retain their ancient rights, could not interfere in his favour, although she would not act against him.

The sole advantage he gained by his journey was the sense of his value produced by his absence, during which the French army underwent a series of reverses. Soon after his rejoining it, Count Poniatowski writes:—'I have never seen 'an army so badly managed as this: if the Count de Saxe, 'who is obliged to think of everything, were taken from us, I 'do not know what would become of us.' At the conclusion of the campaign, an apartment in Versailles was assigned to him, and the King held long consultations with him in the presence of D'Argenson, the Minister of War. The first time he went to the theatre at Paris he was received with accla-

mations. Yet neither popular nor royal favour could overcome the corrupt influences about the court. After a high command had actually been assigned to him, D'Argenson, trembling for his place, was induced to give it to the Prince de Conti. 'That,' wrote the Saxon minister, 'is the secret 'motive which has actuated M. d'Argenson. Such at present 'is the situation of the Court of France.'

The management of a hazardous enterprise, requiring extraordinary capacity and interfering with no conventional claims, could be confided to him without exciting jealousy. Accordingly he was named to the command of the troops (10,000) which were to accompany Charles Edward in 1744 on his meditated descent in England. A storm interrupted the disembarcation: the wind (as the Count remarked) was decidedly not Jacobite: the English fleet hove in sight, and the expedition was eventually abandoned. The King, warmly pressed by Broglie and Noailles, took advantage of this occasion to confer the long-delayed bâton of Marshal, with the reservation of a privilege or two, not affecting the military grade, on account of his religion, which, it is said, he would willingly have changed could he have done so without the suspicion of an interested motive. In the ensuing campaign he commanded the covering army, whilst the main army, nominally under the King in person, and really under Noailles, undertook the siege of several strong places. The campaign was prosperous, although not marked by any signal success, and Voltaire, referring to the new Marshal's share in it, says:—

'To encamp and decamp *àpropos*, to cover his country, to subsist his army at the expense of the enemy, to advance to their ground when they were on the country to be defended and force them to retrace their steps,—to render strength useless by skill—this is what is regarded as one of the masterpieces of the military art, and this is what Marshal Saxe did from the beginning of August till November (1744).'

When the time approached for opening the campaign of 1745, the campaign of Fontenoy, the national call for Marshal Saxe was as loud and unanimous as that for Sir Charles Napier after the disaster of Cabul, or for Lord Clyde at the breaking out of the Indian mutiny, but his health excited the most lively apprehensions. 'So high an idea,' wrote the Saxon minister, 'is entertained of the capacity and experience of the Marshal, 'that people are generally convinced that the loss of this 'general would be a misfortune for France in the present 'circumstances, as she has scarcely any capable of replacing

'him amongst the quantity of general officers with whom the 'kingdom swarms.' He showed symptoms of dropsy, and when, on his preparing to start for Flanders, Voltaire asked him how he could set out in such a state of weakness, he made the memorable reply: 'Il ne s'agit pas de vivre, mais 'de partir.'* Yet such was his want of self-restraint that an entire coach-load of his seraglio, as usual, formed part of his equipage; and his physician, Senac, was driven to the strange expedient of getting sentinels placed round his quarters, with strict orders to deny admission to all persons of the female sex. He was tapped soon after his arrival in camp, and being too ill to mount on horseback, was obliged to be carried about in a carriage of basket-work, in which, surrounded by his staff, he passed the night preceding the battle of Fontenoy.

Marshal Saxe's campaigns and battles from 1745 to his death form a prominent part of the history of Europe, and have been repeatedly described in detail.† But his share in the glories of Fontenoy has been unduly diminished by the most popular writer of the eighteenth century, and there are still doubts regarding it which require to be cleared up. Voltaire's account is that the English were carrying all before them; that charge after charge had been tried in vain; that the battle was given up for lost; that the Marshal was taking measures to secure the retreat; and that a disorderly council was held in the King's presence, who was adjured, on the part of the Marshal and in the name of France, not to expose himself further. The historian continues in these words:—

'The Duc de Richelieu, Lieutenant-General, and serving as aide-de-camp of the King, came up at this moment. He had just been reconnoitring the English column near Fontenoy. Having thus gone to every side without being wounded, he presents himself out of breath, sword in hand, and covered with dust. "What news do you bring us?" said the Marshal: "What do you advise?" "My news," said the Duc, "is that the battle is gained if you wish; and my advice is that you instantly bring four guns to bear on the front of the column; whilst this artillery is shaking it, the Household (*Maison du Roi*) and the other troops will surround it: we

* This anecdote rests on better authority than the great majority of historic *mots*, being related by Voltaire in his 'Précis du Siècle 'de Louis XV.' cap. 15. But the same reply had been attributed to Pompey; and there is a line in *Berenice* which may also have suggested it—

'Mais il ne s'agit pas de vivre, il faut règner.'

† As to Fontenoy, see Mr. Carlyle's 'History of Frederic the 'Great,' vol. iv. p. 121; and Earl Stanhope's 'History of England 'from the Peace of Utrecht,' vol. iii. p. 293.

must fall upon them *comme des fourageurs.*" The King was the first who assented to this idea. Twenty persons set off. The Duc de Pequigny, afterwards Duc de Chaulnes, goes to direct the pointing of the four guns: they are placed opposite the English column. The Duc de Richelieu gallops on the part of the King to put the household troops in motion. Prince de Soubise gets together his gendarmes; the Duc de Chaulnes his light horse: all form and march,' &c.

According to the same authority, the Duc de Biron took upon himself the responsibility of countermanding the Marshal's order to the right wing to withdraw for the purpose of covering the retreat; and, in fact, if this version (which is substantially adopted by the most eminent writers, including Earl Stanhope and Mr. Carlyle) is to be credited, the Marshal had about as much to do with the movements which decided the day as Marshal Beresford with the victorious advance of the Fusilier Brigade at Albuera. Prose was deemed too weak to pay a fitting tribute to Richelieu: his alleged exploit is embalmed by the same pen in poetry:—

'Je ne veux pas que l'univers
Vous croie un grave personnage
Après ce jour de Fontenoi;
Où, couvert de sang et de poudre,
On vous vit ramener la foudre
Et la victoire à votre roi.'*

After describing the defeat of the column, which he greatly exaggerates, for it retired in order, Voltaire adds:—

'In the middle of this triumph the Marshal had himself carried to the King: he had just strength enough to embrace his knees and to utter these precise words: "Sire, I have lived long enough: I wished to live out this day to see your Majesty victorious. You see on what battles hang." The King raised him and embraced him tenderly. He (the Marshal) told the Duc de Richelieu, "I shall never forget the important service you have done me." He spoke in the same manner to the Duc de Biron. He told the King, "Sire, I must reproach myself with one fault. I should have placed another redoubt between the wood of Barri and Fontenoy; but I did not believe that there were generals bold enough to risk the passage at this point."'

The essential part of the statement rests on a letter from the Marquis d'Argenson to Voltaire the day after the battle:—

'Your friend, M. de Richelieu, is a genuine Bayard: it is he who gave and executed the counsel to attack the infantry *comme*

* In Voltaire's 'Poëme de Fontenoy,' also, the Duc de Richelieu is the hero of the day.

chasseurs ou comme des fourageurs, pell-mell, hand down, the arm shortened, masters, valets, officers, cavalry, infantry, all together. This French vivacity, of which so much is said, nothing resists it: it was the affair of ten minutes to gain the battle by this *botte secrete*.'

Nothing is said of the four guns, and the credit of telling where they were when the Marshal was looking about for artillery, is due to a subaltern.

Now the battle was fought on the 11th of May, and a full official account of it is contained in a despatch from the Marshal himself, dated Camp before Tournay, May 13th, to the Minister of War. From this it appears that all fell out very nearly as he had anticipated; that the victory was the result of a preconceived plan; that he never despaired of the result; and that all the decisive movements were in pursuance of his personal orders adapted to the emergency. The notion that he adopted as a happy hit the alleged suggestion of Richelieu to attack like foragers or sportsmen—that is, without regard to order—is preposterous. His distinct directions to the troops preparatory to the grand effort were to charge together and charge home.

'Seeing our infantry (thus runs the despatch), the household (*Maison du Roi*), the carabiniers, and a great part of the cavalry much discomfited by the different charges they had made uselessly against this English infantry, I went to look for the carabiniers, and told them that they must make a last effort, that the preceding charges had not succeeded because they had advanced with too much vivacity, and had not given time to the different reserves that I had on my left to reach this closely-formed battalion, which gave the English time to repulse one attack after the other, and that it was necessary to make the effort at the same time. Monseigneur the Dauphin asked my permission to charge at the head of the household. Judge, Sir, of the uneasiness such a presence may occasion a general. In short, everything succeeded beyond our hopes.'

The most vivid picture of the charge is given by Espagnac:—

'Marshal Saxe had ordered that the cavalry should touch the English with the breasts of their horses: he was well obeyed. The officers of the chamber charged pell-mell with the guards and the mousquetaires; the King's pages were there sword in hand; there was so exact an equality of time and courage, so unanimous an impression of the checks they had received,—so perfect a concert,—the cavalry sabre in hand, the infantry with bayonets fixed,—that the English column was shattered to pieces and disappeared.'

When it is asked why the prior isolated charges were permitted, Espagnac, who was present and in the Marshal's confidence, is ready with the reply:—

'So long as the enemy had not taken Fontenoy or the redoubt, his successes in the centre were disadvantageous, being without a point of support. The further he advanced, the more he exposed his troops to be taken in flank by the French he left behind. It was then essential to restrain him by repeated charges; too feeble, it is true, to promise a great effect, but gaining time for the disposition of the general attack on which the victory depended.'

Espagnac also states that the Count de Loewendal, who held an important command, rode up to Saxe at the critical moment, and comprehending the plan and situation at a glance, exclaimed: 'This is a grand day for the King, Marshal: 'those fellows there cannot escape him.' The Marshal probably never calculated on the firmness and dogged intrepidity with which the English, denuded of support by the backwardness of the Austrians and Dutch, pushed forward to a position not much unlike that of the light cavalry brigade at Balaclava; and he had just ground for apprehension lest a panic should seize the officers or courtiers about the King; whom for this reason he was most anxious to remove. According to Loss, the Saxon minister, who had his information fresh from the fountain-head, the Duc de Noailles, commander-in-chief in the campaigns of 1743 and 1744, elicited a sharp expression of impatience from Saxe by speaking of the battle as lost; and the Duc de Biron's interference obviously arose from a misunderstanding of the plan. We know, at all events, that a change in the position of some troops led to a murmured exclamation amongst the royal suite: 'The Marshal is ill; his health is 'failing; his brain is getting confused.' Louis went straight to him, and in a loud clear voice addressed him thus: 'Mar-'shal, when I confided to you the command of my army, I 'meant that every one should obey you: I will be the first to 'set the example.' The Marshal, speaking of the King, says in his despatch:—

'He did not disturb my operations by any order opposed to mine, which is what is most to be feared from the presence of a monarch surrounded by a court, which often sees things differently from what they are. In short, the King was present during the whole affair and never wished to retire, although many opinions were for that course during the whole of the action.'

To this may be added the conclusive testimony of the King's private letter to Cardinal Tencin, a copy of which was sent to Dresden by Loss:—

'We owe the victory we have just gained to the good dispositions of the Marshal de Saxe. He has taught us valuable lessons, if we are willing to profit by them, but I fear he will not be our teacher

long, if he remains in his present state. It would be an irreparable loss for us, which I should sustain with regret, above all because I should not be able to reward the great services he has done us.'

He was blamed for not turning the defeat into a rout, and it appears from the despatch already quoted, that, seeing the English cavalry advancing to support their infantry, he halted his troops a hundred paces from his battle-ground. His very words are: 'As we had enough of it, I thought only of restoring 'order amongst the troops engaged in the charge.'

The battle of Fontenoy decided not only the surrender of Tournay, which it was fought to relieve, but that of Ghent, Oudenarde, Bruges, Ostend. Yet this series of successes, although honours and rewards were lavished on him, did not protect him from misrepresentation and slander. He was accused of playing into the hands of Austria by neglecting Germany for the Low Countries; and his old rival, the Prince de Conti, succeeded in getting the appointment of Generalissimo over his head, which induced Saxe to exclaim to Valfons*: 'France 'is the country of falsehood, and gratitude for services per- 'formed does not habitually reside in it.' This nomination, fortunately for France, did not include the command of the army in the field, which was continued to the Marshal; and in the campaign of 1746, he fought and won the battle of Raucourt. The first announcement of his intention to fight and win it was made at his camp theatre the day before; these lines being sung or recited by way of epilogue:—

'Demain bataille, jour de gloire.
Que dans les fastes de l'histoire,
Triomphe encore le nom Français,
Digne d'éternelle mémoire.'

A troop of actors was a regular part of his equipage. Writing to the director Favart, he says:—'Do not believe 'that I regard it as a simple object of amusement; it enters 'into my political views, and into the plan of my military 'operations.' Favart owed his appointment to his wife, a handsome woman who acted, sang, and danced to admiration; and was told his services were no longer wanted when he presumed to join his illustrious employer's suite without her. Following the example of *la belle Gabrielle* in this respect, Madame Favart, for some time at all events, preferred her husband's affection and her reputation to all that a hero and

* *Souvenirs du Marquis de Valfons.* Paris: 1860. Valfons was on his staff and much trusted by him.

conqueror could lay at her feet, and only yielded (if she did yield) to measures of coercion, as indefensible as those which Henry IV. was not ashamed to employ in a similar dilemma. She was arrested at Lunéville, where she had come to meet Favart, and was carried to the Ursuline convent, where she was detained some time, and then exiled to Issoudin. The Marshal threw the blame of these persecutions upon the pious people of the Court; but he alone, as the object of them had good grounds for believing, was the cause.*

Before winning the battle of Raucourt, which was not followed up, he had added Brussels to his other conquests; and it was on his way from this city to Paris that passing through Péronne, his carriage was stopped by the custom-house officers. 'Que faites vous, canaille?' exclaimed their chief; 'Les lauriers sont-ils contrebands?'

Another compliment paid him about this time was an offer of a seat in the Academy, which he had the good sense to refuse.

The third act in the bloody trilogy which immortalises his name (to borrow the expressions of a French biographer) was the battle of Lawfeld, fought on the 2nd of July, 1747, where, as at Fontenoy, the English bore the brunt, and were left unsupported by their allies. The village, held by 10,000

* The true character of this transaction appears from a publication not mentioned by Dr. von Weber, entitled: *Manuscrit Trouvé à La Bastille Concernant deux Lettres-de-Cachet lâchées contre Mademoiselle de Chantilly et M. Favart, par le Maréchal de Saxe.* Paris: 1789. The manuscript is a report addressed to the Marshal by the *exempt* charged with the execution of the *lettres-de-cachet*, dated March 23, 1750, and signed with his name, *Meusnier*. The pamphlet also contains four or five letters from the lady to the Marshal, with his replies, during the period of her detention, November and December 1749. She thanks him for past kindness and liberality, but expresses a fixed determination not to purchase her release by compliances which her conscience and religion condemn. He tells her in words that her persecutors are '*une bande de dévots que l'on n'a pas voulu me nommer;*' but gives her clearly to understand that she herself is the mistress of her destiny. She was eventually set at liberty on his application.

The *exempt's* report contains a description of her which does not confirm the tradition of her charms:—'Elle est âgée de vingt-deux à vingt-trois ans, petite, malfaite, séché, les cheveux bruns, le nez écrasé, les yeux vifs, la peau assez blanche, enjouée par caprice, minaudière, fourbe et dissimulée: elle chante et danse passablement bien.' Her paternal name was Cabaret Durancoray, and it is doubted whether she was married to Favart.

English and Hanoverians, was the key of the position; and when the first attack of the French was repulsed, the Marshal turned to Valfons:—'Well, what do you think of this? We are 'beginning badly; the enemy keeps his ground.' 'Monsieur 'the Marshal,' replied Valfons, who reports the colloquy, 'you 'were dying at Fontenoy, you beat them; convalescent at 'Raucourt, they were beaten again; you are too well to-day 'to fail in crushing them.' The second attack being equally unsuccessful, the Marshal in person rallied his troops for the third, and led them to within twenty paces of the village, where he pointed out to their commander the precise point where they were to break in. 'Both commanders,' says Earl Stanhope, 'showed high personal gallantry in the foremost 'ranks; the Marshal being once nearly taken prisoner, and 'the Duke (of Cumberland) also once mixed up with a 'squadron of French horse.' Valfons also relates that when, towards the end of the battle, Saxe was about to order a charge of cavalry, he found at the head of the first squadron he approached a pale, thin officer, and whispered to Valfons, with a laugh: 'Let us look for another; this one will bring us 'bad luck.' The next was a stout, ruddy-faced man, to whom Saxe immediately gave the order, crying out, 'Ah, this is 'my man!'

As usual, he was blamed for not improving the victory, and with justice, for Valfons says: 'He proved to me that, not 'wishing to finish the war, he ought only to gain battles by 'halves.' In another place he says: 'The Marshal was, like 'all generals, too great in time of war to desire peace and 'secure it by too decisive successes.' The Duke of Marlborough fell under the same suspicion; and the temptations are certainly great. When peace was signed in October 1748, the Marshal dropped from military governor of all the conquered places in the Netherlands with 10,000 louis-d'or a month, and commander-in-chief of a victorious army, into a retired officer on a pension and allowances. It is true that these were on a wholly unexceptionable scale of liberality, enabling him to maintain a princely hospitality and indulge his peculiar fancies to his heart's desire. A single fête which he gave in honour of the Princess de Sens at Chambord cost him 400,000 livres: he built and maintained a hospital and a theatre, and kept two tables, one of eighty and one of sixty covers. But he longed for his occupation gone, for the pomp and circumstance of his glorious trade as well as for its solid perquisites, and he could not refrain from sighing out, 'Peace is 'concluded, and we are about to fall into oblivion: we are

'like cloaks; no one thinks of us unless when it threatens 'rain.'

In this state of restlessness, no project was too wild, provided it offered a fresh field of action on a grand scale. At one time he thought of improving on the design of the Marquis de Langallière, by building a throne for himself in Madagascar; at another, of colonising and ruling one of the Antilles, of which he obtained a grant. It has been confidently stated that he was by turns on the point of contesting Corsica with King Theodore, and of assembling the Jews of Central America with the view of becoming their king. The year before his death he petitioned Louis XV. (seemingly without result) to grant him the appointments, rank, and honours enjoyed by princes of sovereign houses established in the kingdom.

The manner in which his forced leisure was occupied may be inferred from the Marquis d'Argenson's summary of his tastes: 'Il n'aime que la guerre, le mécanisme et les beautés 'faciles.' In reference to the last, Madame de Pompadour wrote to him after the battle of Lawfeld:—'They say, 'Marshal, that in the middle of the operations and fatigues of 'war, you still find time to make love. I am a woman, and 'do not blame you: love creates heroes and makes them '*sages.*' When she was seen walking with him, a bystander called out, 'There goes the King's sword and the sheath.' In whatever sense she meant the word *sages*, her maxim was not applicable to her illustrious friend, whose love (if it deserved the name) impaired both his reputation and his constitution, and caused or accelerated his death. One of his later *liaisons* has become celebrated by its fruit. From his daughter by an opera-singer, descends the far-famed Georges Sand (Madame Dudevant), who records the fact in her 'History of my Life.' He was endowed by nature with the physical advantages of his father, whose feats of strength he was wont to emulate; but Madame de Pompadour says that, 'in the latter years of his life, 'he was an ambulatory corpse (*cadavre ambulant*), of which 'there remained nothing but the name.' He was reduced to this state by excesses; but he died suddenly of a fever, on the 30th November, 1750, his last words, addressed to his physician, Senac, being, 'You see, my friend, the end of a fine dream;' or, as some report, 'Doctor, life is but a dream: mine has 'been fine but short.'

More than one striking tribute to his memory may be found in the writings of Voltaire, who dedicated to him the 'Défense 'du Mondain.' But the most valuable has been paid by a more competent judge of such a man, by Frederic the Great,

who writes in July 1749:—'I have seen the hero of France, 'this Saxon, this Turenne of the Age of Louis XV. I have 'derived instruction from his conversation, not in the French 'language, but in the art of war. This marshal might be the 'professor of all the generals of Europe.' Yet this marshal, far from being a pedant in the art, expressly lays down that, 'in war it is often necessary to act by inspiration; if we were 'always obliged to give a reason for adopting one course rather 'than another, we should be frequently at a loss: circumstances 'are felt better than they are explained, and if war depends 'on inspiration, there is no need of troubling the oracle.' Although he had his inspired moments when rules were disregarded and caution set aside, although he finessed boldly on occasions, he never exposed his army to unnecessary risks, and in the act of advancing always provided for the retreat. Unlike Napoleon, who shrank from no sacrifice to gain his point, or Marlborough, who was accused of exposing his troops with a view to the sale of the vacant commissions, Marshal Saxe was chary of the lives of his men. When an officer of rank proposed an expedition, saying it would cost only eighteen grenadiers, he replied tartly, '*Only* eighteen grenadiers! 'eighteen lieutenant-generals, if you like!' He pointedly remarked:—'I suspect those officers who are continually asking 'for detachments to go against the enemy. They are generally 'like an equestrian statue that has always one foot lifted up to 'march and never moves.'

What was said of Marlborough is equally true of Saxe: he never fought a battle he did not win, nor besieged a place he did not take. If it be asked why, with such qualities and capacity, so displayed and recognised, he does not fill a more prominent place in the military Valhalla, it may be replied, because these were exerted for no elevated object, and produced no very memorable or lasting results. His battles were none of them the decisive battles of the world, and so far as posterity is concerned, the strong places he took might have been so many pieces on a chess-board. He never established or upset a dynasty, won or saved a kingdom, overran a continent, destroyed, vindicated, or restored a nation's liberties. The popular instinct which deifies a Garibaldi and depreciates a Saxe, is not so far wrong upon the whole. Animated by patriotism, by deep sense of duty, by lofty ambition, by religious enthusiasm, or by any great cause in which he felt an absorbing interest for its own sake, a man of his genius, with scope for its expansion, might have changed the face of Europe. But he fought in gilded fetters, without one ennobling or generous

impulse, without a cause, a country, or a creed; he was a soldier of fortune, a superior being of the Dugald Dalgetty species at best; and acting on the condottiere principle of never enabling his employer to become independent of him, he clipped the wings of Victory on its eagle flight towards the loftiest pinnacle of fame.

Marshal Saxe, then, cannot be ranged in the first class of great captains or conquerors, with Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, Frederic, Wellington, and three or four others whose names might provoke controversy. But he is entitled to a high place in the second class, alongside of Spinola, Montecuculi, Wallenstein or Turenne; and his adventurous life, crowded with brilliant episodes, may be advantageously studied as an excellent illustration of the period in which he flourished —of its courts and camps, its statesmen and warriors, its modes of thought and action, its stage of political and intellectual progress, its manners, morals, and society.

ART. VIII.—1. *Robert Browning's Poems.* 3 vols. London: 1863.

2. *Dramatis Personæ.* By ROBERT BROWNING. London: 1864.

IF the shades of Jeffrey and of Gifford were to appear among us and to survey the poetic literature of the present generation, they would feel a stern satisfaction and a self-gratulatory delight at the remembrance of the hard-handed castigations which they had inflicted on the young poets of the commencement of this century. For a style of poetry more at variance with the canons of criticism then recognised than that in which it is now the ambition of most of our poets to express themselves, is hardly conceivable. Even the chief offenders of those days would refuse to recognise their own offspring in many of the most belauded poetic flights of the present time, which frequently unite an affected simplicity with such tortured, artificial, and foppish vagueness of expression and fantastic flimsiness of ideas, that it is generally a labour of infinite pain to extract from them the little meaning they possess. Indeed, the age now appears to be ripe for some 'Theory of the Obscure,' which, like Pope's famous 'Treatise on Bathos or the Art of sinking in Poetry,' might be copiously illustrated from the works of contemporary poets, and afford at least a warning to the young aspirant for the

honours of verse. For such a book Mr. Browning's volumes would form an inexhaustible mine of examples, and the last volume which he has published is, perhaps, richer than any that have preceded it in materials for such a purpose. Yet much as we may lament the great defects of expression which enshroud his thoughts and distort his compositions, it were vain to deny that his steady perseverance in the course which he has chosen has won at length for himself an influence among readers of poetry second only to that of the Laureate, and no one pretending to be at all conversant with the literature of our time can forbear from making acquaintance with and forming some estimate of his labours. Every reader who glances at Mr. Browning's volumes however cursorily, must perceive that he is a man of rare accomplishments, with a singularly original mind capable of sympathising with a multiplicity of tastes and characters very far removed from every-day experience. We may regret that he has omitted to draw from those sources of the sublime, the tender, and the pathetic which will ever be the most potent means of touching and purifying the heart, refining the feelings, and elevating the imagination. We may regret also the habitual neglect of the ordinary canons of taste and judgment which lamentably diminishes the effectiveness of his poetry; but Mr. Browning now lays the work of thirty years before us, and we have but to take it to ourselves and to enjoy it and understand it as well as we can. For it is clear that he has so wedded himself to what is quaint and obscure in his forms of expression and choice of subject, that no change in these is to be hoped for from him; far different in this respect from Mr. Tennyson, whose last volume shows a power of adaptation and a pliability of invention which even his strongest admirers hardly anticipated. His two rustic sketches, 'The 'Grandmother' and 'The Northern Farmer,' have enriched the language with two scenes of homely and rural life scarcely to be surpassed in truthfulness and simplicity of expression; while his two tales, 'Enoch Arden' and 'Aylmer's Field,' although open to some objection as to the character and construction of the stories, are yet rare triumphs of poetic diction, and in their chastened strength form a very striking contrast with the highly-wrought and fastidious execution of 'Locksley Hall' and 'Œnone.' On the other hand, there is hardly a fault with which Mr. Browning has ever been charged which is not, in the 'Dramatis Personæ,' intensified to an extravagant degree. It was said of an eminent lawyer that he wrote his opinions in three different kinds of handwriting—

one which he and his clerk could read, another which only he himself could decypher, and a third which neither he or anybody could make out; and into similar categories we are compelled to parcel out the poems of the 'Dramatis Personæ.'

To form, however, a proper estimate of Mr. Browning as a poet, it would not be fair to dwell exclusively upon this volume, and we shall proceed therefore to pass in review the collected edition of his works as last given to the public. 'Paracelsus,' published in 1835, was the first poem by which Mr. Browning became known to the world; its reception was not unfavourable, and this and one or two of Mr. Browning's tragedies may be regarded as the most perfect of his productions, besides being the most ambitious in conception. There is nothing particularly original in the scheme of 'Paracelsus;' it depends for its interest, like Faust, René, Manfred, Jacopo Ortis, Oberman, *El mundo diablo*, Festus, and a crowd of lesser known productions, on psychological incidents and transformations—works which have their prototypes in the Book of Job and the Confessions of St. Augustine. The hero of the poem is a shadowy transfiguration of the notorious doctor, alchemist, and quack of the sixteenth century, who filled for a time the chair of physic and surgery at the University of Basle, and began his course by publicly burning in the amphitheatre the works of Galen and Avicenna, and informing his auditory that he was henceforth to hold the monarchy of science; one of his proper names was Bombastus, which from the inflated character of his discourse has passed into modern language, with a signification which will render it immortal. The 'Paracelsus' of Mr. Browning is a very different character, however, from the vain and drunken Swiss empiric, as his drunkenness becomes converted into a sentimental attachment to the wine-cup, and his familiar demons, one of whom was said to reside in the handle of his sword, are kept for the most part unobtrusively behind the scenes. In the first division of the poem, Paracelsus, inspired by the conviction that he has been selected by God for a special mission, determines to go forth in search of knowledge,—having set before him *knowing* as the great end of achievement. He departs, contrary to the wishes of his friends, on a lonely pilgrimage to various countries to gather

> 'The sacred knowledge here and there dispersed
> About the world, long lost or never found.'

In reply to the persuasions of his friend Festus to remain with him and to avoid so perilous a career, he answers—

'What should I
Do, kept among you all; your loves, your cares,
Your life—all to be mine? Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns impart!
Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
What full-grown power informs her from the first,
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent boundless regions of the sky!
. . . . 'Tis time
New hopes should animate the world, new light
Should dawn from new revealings to a race
Weighed down so long, forgotten so long; thus shall
The heaven reserved for us, at last receive
Creatures whom no unwonted splendours blind,
But ardent to confront the unclouded blaze
Whose beams not seldom blessed their pilgrimage,
Not seldom glorified their life below.
. . . . 'I seemed to long
At once to trample on, yet save mankind,
To make some unexampled sacrifice
In their behalf, to wring some wondrous good
From heaven or earth for them, to perish, winning
Eternal weal in the act: as who should dare
Pluck out the angry thunder from its cloud,
That, all its gathered flame discharged on him,
No storm might threaten summer's azure sleep:
Yet never to be mixed with men so much
As to have part even in my own work, share
In my own largess. Once the feat achieved,
I would withdraw from their officious praise,
Would gently put aside their profuse thanks.
. . . . 'I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!'

In this sublime self-confidence, with this contempt of his kind and scorn of help from all his forerunners, Paracelsus sets forth in pursuit of knowledge—though what kind of knowledge he seeks is uncertain; apparently it consists of secrets, however, of some kind which are to lift the entire race up to a new heritage of glory. In the course of his travels he comes to Constantinople, and there pauses for awhile, partly wearied, and partly to sum up the results already attained. While at Constantinople, he falls in with Aprile, an

Italian poet, who has failed in the search after love as the end of existence, and dies before Paracelsus of exhaustion and suffering. The seemingly invincible confidence of Paracelsus had already abandoned him before the meeting with Aprile, but a considerable portion of assurance still remains:—

> 'At worst I have performed my share of the task;
> The rest is God's concern; mine, merely thus,
> To know that I have obstinately held
> By my own work. . . . .
> Crush not my mind, dear God, though I be crushed!
> Hold me before the frequence of Thy seraphs
> And say—"I crushed him, lest he should disturb
> My law. Men must not know their strength: behold,
> Weak and alone, how he had raised himself!"'

This superb egotism melts away, however, before the presence of Aprile, whose desire of love has found vent in a passion for art, which is thus described by Mr. Browning in a passage not unworthy of Keats, though it is disfigured here and there by grotesque and extravagant conceits:—

> 'I would love infinitely, and be loved.
> First: I would carve in stone, or cast in brass,
> The forms of earth. No ancient hunter lifted
> Up to the gods by his renown, no nymph
> Supposed the sweet soul of a woodland tree
> Or sapphirine spirit of a twilight star,
> Should be too hard for me; no shepherd-king
> Regal for his white locks; no youth who stands
> Silent and very calm amid the throng,
> The right hand ever hid beneath his robe,
> Until the tyrant pass; no lawgiver,
> No swan-soft woman rubbed with lucid oils,
> Given by a god for love of her—too hard!
> Every passion sprung from man, conceived by man,
> Would I express and clothe it in its right form,
> Or blend with others struggling in one form,
> Or show repressed by an ungainly form. . . .
> And, at the word, I would contrive and paint
> Woods, valleys, rocks and plains, dells, sands and wastes,
> Lakes which, when morn breaks on their quivering bed,
> Blaze like a wyvern flying round the sun,
> And ocean-isles so small, the dog-fish tracking
> A dead whale, who should find them, would swim thrice
> Around them, and fare onward—all to hold
> The offspring of my brain. Nor these alone:
> Bronze labyrinth, palace, pyramid and crypt,
> Baths, galleries, courts, temples and terraces,
> Marts, theatres, and wharfs—all filled with men!

Men everywhere! And this performed in turn,
When those who looked on, pined to hear the hopes
And fears and hates and loves which moved the crowd,
I would throw down the pencil as the chisel,
And I would speak; no thought which ever stirred
A human breast should be untold; all passions,
All soft emotions, from the turbulent stir
Within a heart fed with desires like mine,
To the last comfort shutting the tired lids
Of him who sleeps the sultry noon away
Beneath the tent-tree by the wayside well:
And this in language as the need should be,
Now poured at once forth in a burning flow,
Now piled up in a grand array of words.
This done, to perfect and consummate all,
Even as a luminous haze links star to star,
I would supply all chasms with music, breathing
Mysterious motions of the soul, no way
To be defined save in strange melodies.
Last, having thus revealed all I could love,
Having received all love bestowed on it,
I would die: preserving so throughout my course
God full on me, as I was full on men:
He would approve my prayer, "I have gone through
The loveliness of life; create for me
If not for men, or take me to Thyself,
Eternal, infinite Love!"'

A new truth burst in upon Paracelsus from the ravings of Aprile, and he says:—

'Love me henceforth, Aprile, while I learn
To love; and, merciful God, forgive us both!
We wake at length from weary dreams; but both
Have slept in fairy-land: though dark and drear
Appears the world before us, we no less
Wake with our wrists and ankles jewelled still.
I, too, have sought to KNOW as thou to LOVE—
Excluding love as thou refusedst knowledge.
Still thou hast beauty and I, power. We wake:
What penance canst devise for both of us?'

Aprile, however, dies, but his example left on the mind of Paracelsus an ineffaceable influence:—

'Love's undoing
Taught me the worth of love in man's estate,
And what proportion love should hold with power
In its right constitution; love preceding
Power, and with much power, always much more love;
Love still too straitened in its present means,
And earnest for new power to set it free.'

Paracelsus had yet, however, other lessons to learn, which are the subject of the Third and Fourth Parts of the poem; he had to come to a due appreciation of the value of the praise and dispraise of his fellow-men, of both of which he had sufficient experience in his professorial chair; and the haughtiness of his nature led him of itself to despise men for the one and to hate them for the other, but in the final scene on his deathbed he sees his error:—

'In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathise, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;
Which all touch upon nobleness, despite
Their error, all tend upwardly though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him.
All this I knew not, and I failed.'

He dies in the conviction that men will ultimately recognise his worth:—

'If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.
You understand me? I have said enough?
Fest. Now die, dear Aureole!
Par. Festus, let my hand—
This hand, lie in your own, my own true friend!
Aprile! Hand in hand with you, Aprile!
Fest. And this was Paracelsus!'

We have stayed somewhat long over 'Paracelsus,' as it is, as we observed, the most complete of Mr. Browning's productions, and embodies a vital truth—although it costs an effort to extricate it from the obscurity of the text,—for Mr. Browning's diction, if not so obscure here as elsewhere, is still sufficiently so to render continuous perusal a laborious process. The moral of the fate of Paracelsus is expressed in his own words:—

'Let men
Regard me, and the poet dead long ago
Who loved too rashly; and shape forth a third
And better-tempered spirit, warned by both.'

The prose rendering of which would appear to be that the culture of science must, in order to bear salutary and lasting benefits for humanity, be allied with the culture of beauty,—a truth which the present generation have especial need to lay to heart. We will not separate from this poem without quoting two or three of the beautiful passages which it contains:—

> 'T is only when they spring to heaven that angels
> Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
> Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
> Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep,
> And all at once they leave you and you know them!'

> 'T is in the advance of individual minds
> That the slow crowd should ground their expectation
> Eventually to follow; as the sea
> Waits ages in its bed, 'till some one wave
> Out of the multitudinous mass, extends
> The empire of the whole, some feet perhaps
> Over the strip of sand which could confine
> Its fellows so long time: thenceforth the rest,
> Even to the meanest, hurry in at once,
> And so much is clear gained.'

> 'My heart! they loose my heart! these simple words
> Its darkness pierces which nought else could touch;
> Like some dark snake that force may not expel
> Which glideth out to music sweet and low.'

'Paracelsus' was evidently written with some consideration for the public, and some fear of the critics before his eyes, which is more than be can asserted of Mr. Browning's next work, 'Sordello,' published five years afterwards. This production alone would be amply sufficient to furnish all examples for the 'Theory of the Obscure,' which we suggested at the outset of our article. Singularly enough, too, this appears to be the only piece of the collection by the neglect of which Mr. Browning feels aggrieved. In a dedication to one of his French critics, who appears to have arrived at the singular felicity of understanding 'Sordello,' Mr. Browning says that the poem was written only for a few, but he counted even on these few caring more for the subject than proved to be the case, and he is still sanguine enough to expect a wider public for 'Sordello' than it has yet received.

'Sordello' is, like 'Paracelsus,' a psychological study, the history of the growth of a soul; and the historical decoration is, as Mr. Browning informs us, put in merely by way of background; but, unfortunately, the decorative part is still more hard to comprehend than the crabbed metaphysics

and æsthetics which are wrought up into the 'development of 'the soul.' The psychological revolutions and aims of Sordello's mind are so mixed and matted up with an inexplicable knot of tangled and indistinguishable incidents and personages in one of the darkest periods of Italian history, that nothing short of angelic patience is required to make them out at all, and even when the story of 'Sordello's soul' is unravelled from the weeds which adhere to it, there is little interest or novelty discoverable. Like many other poets, he doubts whether song or action should be his aim in life: in the first part of the poem he is constant to song—in the latter portion he forsakes song, takes to action and dies, it is not clear how, under the burden of it.

A single passage will suffice to show the nature of the narrative and the peculiar character of its obscurity, to which we confess that we are unable to give any meaning whatever:—

> 'Heinrich, on this hand, Otho, Barbaross,
> Carrying the three Imperial crowns across,
> Aix' Iron, Milan's Silver, and Rome's Gold—
> While Alexander, Innocent uphold
> On that, each Papal key—but, link on link,
> Why is it neither chain betrays a chink?
> How coalesce the small and great? Alack,
> For one thrust forward, fifty such fall back!
> Do the popes coupled there help Gregory
> Alone? Hark—from the hermit Peter's cry
> At Claremont, down to the first serf that says
> Friedrich 's no liege of his while he delays
> Getting the Pope's curse off him! The Crusade—
> Or trick of breeding strength by other aid
> Than strength, is safe. Hark—from the wild harangue
> Of Vimmercato, to the carroch's clang
> Yonder! The League—or trick of turning strength
> Against pernicious strength, is safe at length.'

The psychological portions of the poem, in which 'Sordello' exhibits a prophetic intimacy with Kantian metaphysics, are plain reading after such passages as the above, and come as a kind of relief; for though, in truth, equally unintelligible, the reader may be beguiled into thinking he understands them:—

> 'He cast
> Himself quite through mere secondary states
> Of his soul's essence, little loves and hates,
> Into the mid deep yearnings overlaid
> By these; as who should pierce hill, plain, grove, glade,
> And on into the very nucleus probe
> That first determined there exist a globe.

As that were easiest, half the globe dissolved,
So seemed Sordello's closing-truth evolved
By his flesh-half's break up—the sudden swell
Of his expanding soul showed Ill and Well,
Sorrow and Joy, Beauty and Ugliness,
Virtue and Vice, the Larger and the Less,
All qualities, in fine, recorded here,
Might be but modes of Time and this one sphere,
Urgent on these, but not of force to bind
Eternity, as Time—as Matter—Mind,
If Mind, Eternity, should choose assert
Their attributes within a Life.'

On the whole, however, this poem is, in our judgment, from its confused and tortuous style of expression, the most illegible production of any time or country. Every kind of obscurity is to be found in it. Infinitives without their particles—suppression of articles definite and indefinite—confusion and suppression of pronouns relative and personal—adjectives pining for their substantives—verbs in an eternal state of suspense for their subjects —elisions of every kind—sentences prematurely killed off by interjections, or cut short in their career by other sentences—parentheses within parentheses—prepositions sometimes entirely divorced from their nouns—*anacoloutha*, and all kinds of abnormal forms of speech for which grammarians have ever invented names—oblique narrations, instead of direct—and puzzling allusions to obscure persons and facts disinterred from Muratori or Tiraboschi, as though they were perfectly familiar to the reader. Indeed, to be compelled to look at a drama through a pair of horn spectacles would be a cheerful pastime compared with the *ennui* of tracing the course of 'Sordello' through that veil of obscurity which Mr. Browning's style of composition places between us and his conception.

By a comparison of 'Sordello' and 'Paracelsus' it is easy to discover that the bent of Mr. Browning's genius has more of a dramatic than of an epic character. 'Sordello' as a narrative is a signal failure, whereas the merits of 'Paracelsus' had already encouraged its admirers to hope for something from Mr. Browning for the Drama. The stage had not yet become the thing which it now is—tragedies of a high order had not long before obtained distinguished success: Milman's 'Fazio,' Shiel's 'Evadne,' Miss Mitford's 'Rienzi,' Barry Cornwall's 'Mirandola;' the plays of Sheridan Knowles and Talfourd had kept the tone and pathos of real tragic feeling alive in the hearts of the stage-going public. Great then was the expectation of those in the secret when it was known that Mr. Macready had undertaken to bring out at Drury Lane a

play called 'Strafford' by Mr. Browning — an expectation doomed to disappointment; for 'Strafford' was as complete a failure as was the 'Blot in the 'Scutcheon,' also produced some six years later at the same theatre. 'King Victor and 'King Charles,' and 'Colombe's Birthday,' were played subsequently at the Haymarket, but none of them succeeded in interesting the audience. Indeed, the faculty of narration—of easily unfolding the subject and clearly putting the circumstances and incidents of the subject before its hearers—is as necessary to a drama as to an epic, and in this lies Mr. Browning's most remarkable deficiency. Moreover, a stage writer is bound before all things to be pleasing; and this is an end which Mr. Browning never appears to have had in view. His manner of introducing his subject is so involved, fragmentary, and tortuous that it must have been utterly impossible to comprehend the story at a first sitting. Take, for example, the following passage from the 'Return of the Druses,' where the verb is waiting for its subject over two parentheses and several lines of verse:—

'*Khalil.* And did you call—(according to old laws
Which bid us, lest the sacred grow profane,
Assimilate ourselves in outward rites
With strangers fortune makes our lords, and live
As Christian with the Christian, Jew with Jew,
Druse only with the Druses)—did you call
Or no, to stand 'twixt you and Osman's rage,
(Mad to pursue e'en hither thro' the sea
The remnant of your tribe) a race self-vowed
To endless warfare with his hordes and him,
The White-cross Knights of the adjacent Isle?'

It is to be observed that the obscurity here arises not from any depth of thought, not even from terseness or any intricacy of poetic expression, the facts to be told being simple, and the obscurity arising simply from clumsiness of diction. In reading the passage one may overcome the needless difficulty thus manufactured for the reader by looking back and finding out the governing verb. But for a hearer this is impossible. So also the dialogue is rendered unmercifully obscure, partly from carelessness and partly from a seeming impossibility to go straightforward with the work in hand. The personages of the drama have a most uncomfortable way of replying to one question by asking another; of giving entirely a different answer from what one would naturally expect; of breaking each other off in the middle of a sentence; and, above all, alluding to minute circumstances and objects they have been

familar with, as if the audience were equally familiar with them. For this latter purpose, the demonstrative pronouns *that* and *those* are unsparingly employed. Thus Berthold, in 'Colombe's Birthday,' speaks incidentally of having wooed some girl called Priscilla under some convent-wall or other. Both Priscilla and the convent-wall are thrust upon us as old acquaintances, without any introduction: —

> 'And when I wooed Priscilla's rosy mouth
> And failed so, under *that* grey convent-wall,
> Was I more happy than I should be now
> If failing of my Empire?'

Failure in the wooing of a maiden, and failure in obtaining a kingdom, may, we suppose, admit of a comparison; but merely hinted at in this obscure fashion, with the particular image of Priscilla and *that* convent-wall flashed upon us like a momentary scene of a magic lantern, we are simply dazzled and rendered quite unfit for the next sentence. In the following opening of the scene between Ottima and her paramour Sebald, the German music-teacher, in 'Pippa Passes,' every line is a riddle. It is morning, and the two lovers are alone in some building called a 'shrub-house,' closed with shutters apparently. Sebald opens the scene by singing an extremely puzzling song in three jerking lines: —

> '*Sebald.* [*sings.*] Let the watching lids wink!
> Day 's a-blaze with eyes, think—
> Deep into the night, drink!
> '*Ottima.* Night? Such may be your Rhine-land nights, perhaps;
> But this blood-red beam through the shutter's chink,
> —We call such light, the morning's: let us see!
> Mind how you grope your way, though! How these tall
> Naked geraniums straggle! Push the lattice
> Behind that frame!—Nay, do I bid you?—Sebald,
> It shakes the dust down on me! Why, of course
> The slide-bolt catches.—Well, are you content,
> Or must I find you something else to spoil?
> Kiss and be friends, my Sebald! Is it full morning?
> Oh, don't speak then!'

If a critic should ever take it into his head to write a commentary on the above passage, the explanatory *scholia* would require to be three times as long as the original lines. No doubt Mr. Browning imagined the interior of a shrub-house, and the relative position of flowers, frames, and lattices, and the movements of Sebald and Ottima on opening the lattice; but he has kept all these a secret from the reader, and as the whole passage stands, it reads (Sebald's song included) as if some drunken or fraudulent copyist had got hold

of Mr. Browning's MS., left out all the words necessary to the understanding of the piece, and made a jumble of the remainder. It is to be observed that here, too, none of the obscurity consists in the thought, nor is there anything approaching to poetry in a single line, but that the obscurity is solely in the description of the most trivial incidents. 'Pippa 'Passes' was not, however, written for the stage; we turn, therefore, to 'Strafford,' to take a sample of such dialogue as Mr. Browning thinks adapted to stage purposes.

After Lady Carlisle has made a speech to which Strafford has not given the least attention, the latter says: —

Strafford. When could it be? no! Yet . . was it the day
We waited in the anteroom, till Holland
Should leave the presence-chamber?
Lady Carlisle. What?
Strafford. —That I
Described to you my love for Charles?
Lady Car. (Ah, no—
One must not lure him from a love like that!
Oh, let him love the King and die! 'T is past.
I shall not serve him worse for that one brief
And passionate hope, silent for ever now!)
And you are really bound for Scotland, then?
I wish you well: you must be very sure
Of the King's faith, for Pym and all his crew
Will not be idle—setting Vane aside!
Straf. If Pym is busy,—you may write of Pym.
Lady Car. What need, since there 's your King to take your part?
He may endure Vane's counsel; but for Pym—
Think you he 'll suffer Pym to . . .
Straf. Child, your hair
Is glossier than the Queen's!
Lady Car. Is that to ask
A curl of me?
Straf. Scotland——the weary way!
Lady Car. *Stay, let me fasten it.*
—A rival's, Strafford?
Straf. [*showing the George.*] He hung *it* there: twine *yours* around *it*, child!'

Even in the 'Dramatic Lyrics' some of the best-known pieces are utterly spoiled by Mr. Browning's abhorrence of lucidity. The 'Ride to Aix,' for example, labours under this fatal defect. The poem is a spirited one, in spite of its quaintnesses, of which it has its full share. For example, if 'Dirck' is 'he' in the first line, why should he not be 'he' in the second? Then why did not Roland's rider put his riding-gear in good order before starting? and Roland must indeed

have been a steady roadster if his bit could be chained slacker without interfering with his galloping. All these and other singularities do not hinder the poem from being a very spirited one. But what is fatal to its general success is the impossibility of knowing what all the galloping is about. Some one a few years ago, we observed, was so moved by Roland's achievements as to write to 'Notes and Queries' to ask what was the news brought, but the inquiry still remains unanswered.

The incidents and actors represented are not, either in the case of his Tragedies or Dramatic Lyrics, such as to stir deeply the passions or touch the feelings; but are sometimes of an unpleasant character to dwell upon, and sometimes of that super-sublime or fantastic nature which excites no very deep sympathy. In 'King Victor and King Charles,' father and son are scheming against each other for the possession of a crown, but the plot has none of the tragic awe of a great crime like that of Clytemnestra to subdue the natural repugnance produced by seeing son and parent in unnatural relations. In the 'Blot on the 'Scutcheon,' a boy and girl of noble family are living in unchastity before marriage. The circumstances under which the seduction is described as innocently taking place are most improbable; and all sense of proportion of tragic crime and punishment is violated by its termination in a murder and two suicides. In the 'Return of the Druses,' Djabal, the hero, is a mixture of the impostor and fanatic, for whom one has small concern, while the most interesting personage, Loys de Dreux, the Knight Novice—described as one of the noblest and most generous of men—thinks so lightly of the vows of his order and of his Christian faith, that he is quite ready to go off with the Druses and live with them as a renegade in Mount Lebanon.

Luria is the grandest character of all Mr. Browning's plays; but we cannot conceive the existence of such a character out of Mr. Browning's pages; and he certainly would be utterly unintelligible to any English audience. Luria, the Moor of Florence, is a sentimentally magnanimous Othello without his passions and without his Desdemona. He stands at the head of a devoted army—having often achieved a series of victories which has made Florence superior to all her rivals, and because he becomes aware that the ungrateful city is endeavouring, after the manner of Italian republics, to disembarrass herself of a successful general, he, notwithstanding that he has unlimited opportunities of revenge or of making his escape, forestalls her purpose and takes poison. It certainly required an immense deal of ingenuity to invent reasons for this act of self-immo-

lation; Mr. Browning has, however, found some, though we apprehend that none but minds of his own subtle and ingenious turn can possibly appreciate them. Luria, a bold and passionate son of the East, having been converted by his irresistible yearning for European civilisation into a blind and child-like reverence for the beauty and glory of Florence, yielded up himself and his irresistible military genius to be a passive instrument of her aggrandisement. The wrong done to himself he imagined must have been caused by prior wrong committed by himself. And rather than that he should run the risk of injuring the city whose inviolability and existence is the prime article of his faith, either by being estranged from her or by his judicial death, he determines to end his existence. He lives long enough, however, to know that his sacrifice was uncalled-for; since the Florentines, on receiving irrefragable evidence of his probity, had repented of their proceedings, and abandoned the evidence against him. The tragedy, nevertheless, in point of style is the best in the volume; it is true to the manners of Italy in the middle ages, and contains some good characters. Tiburzio, the commander of the Pisans, Puccio, Luria's chief officer, are both noble natures, and Braccio, the Commissary of the Republic of Florence, and Husain, the Moor, the friend of Luria, are truly conceived and developed.

The fantastic piece, however, with the fantastic title, 'Pippa 'Passes,' is perhaps the best known of all Mr. Browning's dramatic efforts, and deservedly so, for it combines all his peculiar excellences at the same time that it omits some of his characteristic defects. The notion of 'Pippa,' the obscure girl of the silk-mills, exercising, unknown to herself, a good influence over the four little dramas of the piece is pretty enough, notwithstanding that the songs she sings seem little calculated to move the actors of each separate intrigue in the way they do. The verses overheard by Jules the sculptor are an ingenious and appropriate introduction to his story, which leaves him married and determined to be happy with his bride; although he had been befooled into espousing a girl he had never seen before. On the other hand, the criminal amour of Ottima and the German Sebald, which contains a description of a love-scene of questionable decency in a forest, has so uncertain an ending that we cannot tell whether simple suicide, or suicide and murder, or double suicide, or anything of the kind, happens—we only know that Luca Gaddi, the old husband, has been made away with, although he does not seem to have interfered with the happiness of the lovers

more than enough to give zest to their illicit intercourse. Luigi goes off on some indefinite errand of assassination, but we are unable to determine whether the strange song which Pippa sings in his hearing had the effect of strengthening or making him waiver in his purpose; and we are quite left in the dark as to what the Monsignore—the most natural character in the piece—means to do after he has circumvented his Intendant and discovers that Pippa is his niece, and the heiress of his brother's property, of which he has arrived to take possession. It is to be regretted, too, that the conception of Pippa's character, which is simple and playful, should be marred by the grotesque rhymes and metaphors which are put into her mouth. Can any one imagine a simple village girl getting out of bed and saying?—

> 'Day!
> Faster and more fast,
> *O'er night's brim, day boils at last;*
> Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
> Where spurting and supprest it lay.'

The idea of a 'boiling day' is not likely to be associated with the cool breath of a New Year's morn in the mind of any one but a writer straining a metaphor. The following playful prattle about the sunbeam is more natural, but the jingle of 'bits' and 'wits' spoils it altogether:—

> 'Aha, you foolhardy sunbeam—caught
> With a single splash from my ewer!
> You that would mock the best pursuer,
> Was my basin over-deep?
> One splash of water ruins you asleep,
> And up, up, fleet your brilliant bits
> Wheeling and counterwheeling,
> Reeling, broken beyond healing—
> Now grow together on the ceiling!
> That will task your wits!'

The strangest puzzle, however, occurs at the close of the day, where we are entirely at a loss to know what the lark is expected to do:—

> 'Oh, Lark, be day's apostle
> To mavis, merle and throstle,
> Bid them their betters jostle
> From day and its delights!
> But at night, brother Howlet, far over the woods,
> Toll the world to thy chantry;
> Sing to the bats' sleek sisterhoods
> Full complines with gallantry:

Then, owls and bats, cowls and twats,
Monks and nuns, in a cloister's moods,
Adjourn to the oak-stump pantry!'

We are led by the concluding line to speak of Mr. Browning's passion for doggerel rhymes, which is one of his most striking peculiarities, and one which no estimate of his poetry can omit to take notice of. In a piece like that called the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,' a tale written expressly for children, and which, though of a quainter fashion than the 'Ingoldsby 'Legends,' is a poem of the same order, we expect to find such rhymes as we meet with in the speech of the rat, the sole survivor of his legion, when describing the peculiar fascination in the tones of the piper's melody, which induced all his brethren to drown themselves in the Weser:—

'At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So, munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'

Here such rhymes may be in their place, but 'The Flight of 'the Duchess,' who goes away so strangely to Gypsy-land—a tale intended to have something of the pathetic about it—has still stranger and much coarser rhymes. The mother of the Duke, the dowager Duchess, who was part of the torment of the young Duchess's life, painted, and the teller of the tale, with some pretence of squeamishness, describes it thus:—

'And were I not, as a man may say, cautious
How I trench, more than needs, on the nauseous,
I could favour you with sundry touches
Of the paint-smutches with which the Duchess
Heightened the mellowness of her cheek's yellowness
(To get on faster) until at last her
Cheek grew to be one master-plaster
Of mucus and fucus from mere use of ceruse:
In short, she grew from scalp to udder
Just the object to make you shudder.'

Progressing from hence, we find doggerel in Mr. Browning's love verses, doggerel in his artistic poems, and even his professedly religious piece, 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day,' is written, for a considerable portion, in Hudibrastic doggerel rhyme. Mr. Browning can apparently never resist the fascination of doggerel when it occurs to him. His most popular lyrics are probably the three 'Cavalier Tunes.' In the first of them the jingle of '*Charles*' and '*carles*' caught his ear, and he thought it so good that he has repeated it twice over in three short verses, united with the further rhymes of *parles* and *snarls* —*Charles, carles, parles, Charles, snarls, carles.* These ballads, however, are among Mr. Browning's best; they are very spirited, and have a certain smack of the times about them, although no one could fancy the Cavaliers singing them. No Cavalier ever called himself a 'great-hearted gentleman,' or talked about the 'hot day brightening to blue from its silver 'gray.' The quaintest specimen, perhaps, of all Mr. Browning's success in doggerel is his description of Nelson:—

> 'Leaning with one shoulder digging,
> Jigging, as it were, and zig-zag-zigging
> Up against the mizen-rigging.'

In fact, there can hardly be brought a single complete poem from these volumes which would not prove that Mr. Browning has an ear and a taste incapable of distinguishing sufficiently the delicacies of rhyme and rhythm to become a lyric poet: his very best passages of rhyme have a creak in them which sets the teeth on edge. One of his best songs, for example, is in 'Pippa Passes;' it is the song sung by Pippa in the hearing of Jules the sculptor; but pretty as the thought is, the rhymes in two instances hardly seem above doggerel; the expression is bad, and the fourth line of the second stanza is, we think, the harshest we ever read:—

> 'Give her but a least excuse to love me!
> When—where—
> How—can this arm establish her above me,
> If fortune fixed her as my lady there,
> There already, to eternally reprove me?
> ("Hist"—said Kate the queen;
> But "Oh"—cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
> "'Tis only a page that carols unseen
> "Crumbling your hounds their messes!")
>
> 'Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her honour,
> My heart!
> Is she poor?—What costs it to be styled a donor?
> *Merely an earth's to cleave, a sea's to part!*

But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!
("Nay, list,"—bade Kate the queen;
And still cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
"'T is only a page that carols unseen
"Fitting your hawks their jesses!")'

Mr. Browning's religious feelings and his daring ingenuity of thought and invention have found congenial application in subjects in which a foreknowledge of the Advent of Christ is introduced, as by David in the very fine poem called 'Saul;' or as dimly known to Karshish, the Arab physician, by hearsay report and by examination of Lazarus; or as just known to 'Cleon,' the Greek poet and philosopher, who is not certain whether Paulus, 'the barbarian Jew,' 'is not one with him;' or as more fully known to John in the 'Death in the Desert.' All these four poems display a different and remarkable power; and it is to be observed that the daring of the poet has increased with each new attempt in handling the awful theme.

It was a bold undertaking to re-sing the song with which David chased away the evil spirit of Saul; to commence with the celebration of the joys of the shepherd and the reaper — to pass onward through the raptures of manhood and of strength— of the hunter and the warrior—through the praise of exaltation and kingly glory of royalty—finally, to describe the ineffable mercy of the coming of Christ; but the poem has fulfilled its promise more completely than any other of the volumes. It has something like real rhythm in it, and possesses a solemn, and at the same time an easy flow, and is, for Mr. Browning, remarkably clear in expression. The description of Saul, and of the effect of the various portions of David's song upon him, is extremely imposing, and remains upon the imagination. Less praise, however, can, in our opinion, be accorded to the 'Epistle 'containing the strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the 'Arab Physician.' The subject is treated with all Mr. Browning's usual subtlety, quaintness, and ingenuity; but it seems to us irreverent in the highest degree to attempt to describe, through Karshish, the demeanour and mode of thought of Lazarus after his three days' experience of the mysterious realms of death. The piece is full of life-like touches—as where the learned leech becomes half ashamed from time to time to dwell much upon the 'case' of a resuscitated man, every quack professing to do as much in these days, and then, while he makes his report to his master in the science, he turns aside to give other more scientific information:—

'Why write of trivial matters, things of price
Calling at every moment for remark?

I noticed on the margin of a pool
Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,
Aboundeth, very nitrous. It is strange!'

But these familiar allusions in the person of the Arab physician present a strange contrast to the supernatural element in the poem. The description of Lazarus, and of his three days' experience of the world beyond the grave, is the reverse of natural, and we trace the far-fetched artifices of Mr. Browning's invention in every line. Much more, however, do we object to see St. John on his death-bed made a medium for a writer to philosophise upon the Gospel in Platonic strains, and to add an apocryphal chapter to the New Testament. This latter poem, however, is so obscurely written, that it would puzzle an inquisition of theologians to find any other heresy in it than that of its conception. 'Cleon,' on the other hand, is kept strictly within the limits of the reverential, and is extremely happy in its invention. It was suggested apparently by the words of St. Paul's address to the Athenians: 'As certain also of your own poets have said,'—indicating that some of these already had had a foretaste of some of the truths of Christianity. Mr. Browning, therefore, exhibits Cleon, the Greek poet and philosopher, writing to his friend Protos 'in 'his tyranny,' discoursing on man, mind and its destination, the necessity of a future life, and the probability of a revelation; all this while St. Paul was preaching close at hand, whose doctrines, however, he refused to hear:—

'I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy,
—To seek which, the joy-hunger forces us:
That, stung by straitness of our life, made strait
On purpose to make sweet the life at large—
Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death
We burst there as the worm into the fly,
Who, while a worm still, wants his wings. But, no!
Zeus has not yet revealed it; and, alas,
He must have done so, were it possible!
'Live long and happy, and in that thought die,
Glad for what was. Farewell. And for the rest,
I cannot tell thy messenger aright
Where to deliver what he bears of thine
To one called Paulus—we have heard his fame
Indeed, if Christus be not one with him—
I know not, nor am troubled much to know.
Thou canst not think a mere barbarian Jew,

As Paulus proves to be, one circumcised,
Hath access to a secret shut from us?
Thou wrongest our philosophy, O king,
In stooping to inquire of such an one,
As if his answer could impose at all.
He writeth, doth he? well, and he may write.
Oh, the Jew findeth scholars! certain slaves
Who touched on this same isle, preached him and Christ;
And (as I gathered from a bystander)
Their doctrines could be held by no sane man.'

The subtle reasoning in the course of the poem on the progressive nature of man's mental faculties is very characteristic of Mr. Browning, although there is of course much to be said against it, and of its applicability in the mouth of Cleon:—

'We of these latter days, with greater mind
Than our forerunners, since more composite,
Look not so great, beside their simple way,
To a judge who only sees one way at once,
One mind-point, and no other at a time,—
Compares the small part of a man of us
With some whole man of the heroic age,
Great in his way—not ours, nor meant for ours;
And ours is greater, had we skill to know.'

'The grapes which dye thy wine, are richer far
Through culture, than the wild wealth of the rock;
The suave plum than the savage-tasted drupe;
The pastured honey-bee drops choicer sweet;
The flowers turn double, and the leaves turn flowers;
That young and tender crescent-moon, thy slave,
Sleeping upon her robe as if on clouds,
Refines upon the women of my youth.
What, and the soul alone deteriorates?
I have not chanted verse like Homer's, no—
Nor swept string like Terpander, no—nor carved
And painted men like Phidias and his friend:
I am not great as they are, point by point:
But I have entered into sympathy
With these four, running these into one soul,
Who, separate, ignored each others' arts.'

An equally characteristic class of poems with the above are those which deal with ancient and little-known artists of music and poetry; such as 'Old Pictures in Florence,' 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' 'A Toccata of Galuppi's,' 'Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha,' and 'Abt Vogler.' The musical pieces, and that of 'Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha' especially, show what an eccentric delight Mr. Browning finds in losing himself utterly in an obscure subject, and how entirely congenial to his own

nature is the strange rhapsody of the organist who remains by himself in the old church with the lights expiring one by one, trying to wring out every crotchet of subtle meaning from the over-wrought *fugue* of Master Hugues, and has to grope his way from the loft to the foot of the 'rotten-runged rat-riddled 'stairs.' The piece called 'Fra Lippo Lippi' is also a very quaint mixture of strange humour, realistic treatment, and artistic theorising. No other writer could have conceived so strange a character as this wine-bibbing licentious monk and painter, dropping out of the convent-window by night, and caught by the watch while reeling back to his convent, to whom, with sundry snatches of song, he unburdens himself about his own life in particular, and art in general. In 'Andrea del Sarto,' Mr. Browning has been less happy, and his piece contrasts unfavourably with the little drama of Alfred de Musset on the same subject—so finely, clearly, and delicately touched, as, indeed, all his pieces are, and full of action and interest. It is, however, in dramatic monologues of this kind that Mr. Browning has achieved the most complete success. He has the faculty of conceiving circumstantially, and sympathising with artist-natures of singular aims and secluded merit. Among such conceptions must also be classed the singular story, the 'Gram-'marian's Funeral,' which, in spite of its extreme oddity of thought and imagination, is a noble elegy of one of the indefatigable seekers after learning such as lived shortly after the revival of learning.

To this curious sympathy with exceptional classes and persons we must attribute the excellence of portraiture of all his monks and ecclesiastics, from the monk of the 'Soli-'loquy of the Spanish Cloister' to the very confidential 'Bishop Blougram:' the Monsignore in 'Pippa Passes' and Ogniben, the Pontifical Legate, in the 'Soul's Tragedy,' are also equally lifelike. For Mr. Browning's taste for human nature being something of the nature of a taste for rare china or odd old-fashioned weapons, he has, by dint of concentrating all the interest into one character and all the action into one incident, produced some very characteristic studies. It is, however, here not so much the poetry, as the very great condensation of a whole life or a drama into a few lines, which excites the reader's interest; and so artificial a production, where the whole of the speaker's life or character is to be derived from his own words, must always retain something of an air of improbability. In Mr. Tennyson's 'St. Simon Stylites,' which, excepting, perhaps, the 'Ulysses' of the same writer, is the only analogous poem in the language, the monologue is

natural from the very situation of the solitary fanatic; but in the piece called 'My Last Duchess,' it is very unnatural that the Duke should betray himself so entirely to the envoy who comes to negotiate a new marriage as to let him have the same opportunity of knowing as we have ourselves that his cold austerity and pride had been the death of his late wife; and in the 'Bishop ordering his Tomb' on his death-bed we never lose the peculiar accents of Mr. Browning's quaintness for a moment. It is, for example, Mr. Browning who is speaking through the Bishop's mouth when he says—

> 'And then how I shall lie through centuries,
> And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
> And see God made and eaten all day long,
> And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
> Good strong thick stupifying incense smoke!'

These lines have a characteristic aptness about them, but no bishop would describe Church ceremonies in this way. Nevertheless, the portrait of the old voluptuous antique-hunting, marble-purloining Roman ecclesiastic is one which cannot fail to strike and to please also to a certain extent; it is a rich example of Mr. Browning's humour in dealing with ecclesiastical subjects, which, however, finds its quaintest expression in the 'Heretic's Tragedy,'—a Middle-Age Interlude, where the grotesque chuckle of triumph, of self-satisfied, undoubting mediæval intolerance, over the burning of the Grand Master of the Templars at Paris, after two centuries have elapsed, is most characteristically but not pleasingly, rendered in the 'Conceit of Master Gysbrecht.'

The last passage we have quoted leads us to speak of Mr. Browning's descriptive power, which is remarkable. His faculty of word-painting, and of seeing quaint resemblances in dissimilar objects, by some happy touch often vividly calls up a scene before the imagination. In his two Italian sketches, the one called 'Up at a Villa—down in the City, as distinguished 'by an Italian person of quality,' and 'The Englishman in Sor-'rento,' Mr. Browning's descriptive faculty has produced some pleasant effects. In the following lines we are transplanted at once into the middle of some provincial Italian capital:—

> 'Ere opening your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin:
> No sooner the bells leave off, than the diligence rattles in:
> You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
> By and by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;
> Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping hot!
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
Above it, behold the archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!
. . . . . .
BANG, *whang, whang* goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still: it 's the greatest pleasure in life.'

The Sorrento poem is also a most vivid picture of Italian autumnal life, and has justly been cited by Mr. Ruskin as a choice example of this kind of painting.

Another peculiar class of poems forms no small portion of Mr. Browning's first volume, and this may be called the Sophistical,—embodying in rhyme the attempt to make the worse appear the better side. One of the most striking of these is the poem called the 'Glove.' Everybody knows Schiller's ballad on the same subject: how the Knight Delorges on being bidden by his lady to bring up her glove which she had wilfully thrown into the lion's den, leapt, brought it back, and threw it in her face. The ballad is not one of Schiller's best, but Schiller and the world in general have thought the knight to have been in the right. Mr. Browning, however, thinks there is something to be said for the lady, and he has written a poem on the subject. The poem is as ingenious as any of Mr. Browning's, but we doubt if the lady's defence of herself will make many converts, and it is suspicious, to say the least of it, that her excuse is pretty nearly as long as Schiller's whole poem. Perhaps the most successful as well as the most striking of all the poems of this class is that styled 'Holy Cross Day,'—the day on which, before the present Pontificate, the Jews were compelled to attend on an annual sermon at Rome. It does not, however, begin very promisingly. A Jew is speaking:—

'Fee, faw, fum! bubble and squeak!
Blessedest Thursday 's the fat of the week.
Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,
Stinking and savoury, smug and gruff,
Take the church-road, for the bell's due chime
Gives us the summons—'t is sermon-time.

Bob, here 's Barnabas! Job, that 's you?
Up stumps Solomon—bustling too?
Shame, man! greedy beyond your years
To handsel the bishop's shaving shears?
Fair play 's a jewel! leave friends in the lurch?
Stand on a line ere you start for the church.'

The sermon is delivered, and its effect on the Jew audience and the rascally converts, the black sheep of the tribe, is told in the same grotesque but graphic fashion; but the most striking portion of the poem is the Rabbi Ben Ezra's song of death which the unconverted sang in church while obliged to sit there after the Bishop's sermon and meditate on the truths he has been endeavouring to enforce upon them.

'Evelyn Hope' is one of the prettiest of Mr. Browning's love pieces, because it is one of the simplest; though we by no means concur in the exaggerated praises which have been heaped upon it. An elderly student, of about fifty years of age, fell in love with Evelyn Hope, who died at sixteen :—

> 'For God's hand beckoned unawares,
> And the sweet white brow was all of her.'

The lover speculates, in Mr. Browning's peculiar fashion, on what was the use of his attachment :—

> 'Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
> What, your soul was pure and true,
> The good stars met in your horoscope,
> Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
> And, just because I was thrice as old
> And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
> Each was nought to each, must I be told?
> We were fellow mortals, nought beside?
>
> 'No, indeed! for God above
> Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
> And creates the love to reward the love:
> I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
> Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
> Though worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
> Much is to learn and much to forget
> Ere the time be come for taking you.'

This, an unjilted lover, consoles himself by placing a leaf in Evelyn Hope's dead hand and persuading himself she will understand all about it when she awakes :—

> 'I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
> My heart seemed full as it could hold—
> There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
> And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
> So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep—
> See, I shut it inside this sweet cold hand.
> There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
> You will wake, and remember, and understand.'

While on the subject of Mr. Browning's love poems, we must not omit to mention that his lovers are prepared to go

lengths in the demonstration of their affection which we hardly like to contemplate. One lover concludes a love poem by exclaiming—

'There you stand
Warm too, and white too; would this wine
Had washed all over that body of yours,
Ere I drunk it, and you down with it thus!'

Another lover, we are informed by the lady, used to kiss her body 'all over till it burned.' Their playfulness is sometimes of an equally strange character. In a 'Lovers' Quarrel,' two lovers are blocked up together for some time in a snow-storm; to wile the time away they devise games out of straws, draw each other's faces in the ashes of the grate, chatter like church daws, look in the 'Times,' an old one we suppose, find there

'A scold
At the Emperor deep and cold.'

Practise table-turning, walk about the room with arms round each other's necks, while the lady teaches the gentleman

'To flirt a fan
As the Spanish ladies can;'

and the gentleman playfully takes the lady and

'Tints her lip
With a burnt stick's tip,
And she turns into such a man!
Just the two spots that span
Half the bill of the male swan.'

In such endearments they pass away the time, until

'A shaft from the Devil's bow
Pierced to their ingle-glow,
And the friends were friend and foe!'

Winter has fled, but the lover now that they are estranged wishes the spring away and November back.

'Could not November come,
Were the noisy birds struck dumb
At the warning slash
Of the driver's lash—
I would laugh like the valiant Thumb
Facing the castle glum
And the giant's fee-faw-fum!'

In fact, he wishes the world to be stripped of all the adornments which make it easier for them to remain apart, then

'The world's hangings ripped,
They were both in a bare-walled crypt!'

'Each in the crypt would cry
"But one freezes here! and why?
When a heart as chill
At my own would thrill
Back to life, and its fires out-fly?
Heart, shall we live or die?
The rest, . . . settle it by and by!"'

The lover having concluded that each of them would cry out thus, in their hypothetical November, declares that it is twelve o'clock, and concludes with a meteorological prediction that a storm will come:—

'In the worst of the storm's uproar,
I shall pull her through the door,
I shall have her for evermore!'

Among, however, Mr. Browning's inexhaustible variety of poems about lovers—jilted lovers, deserted lovers, quarrelling lovers, forgiving lovers, fortunate lovers, unfortunate lovers, and lovers of every denomination, with their infinite perplexities of love, we come occasionally upon touches as delicate as the following in 'The Lost Mistress,' where the lover considers how he shall behave towards the lady in future:—

'Yes! I will say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger;
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer!'

The self-questioning of a deserted mistress has some noticeable touches in spite of the lop-sided metre:—

'Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love began:
I as little understand
Love's decay.'

The peculiar humour of the 'Lovers' Quarrel,' which we have just noticed, leads us to speak of Mr. Browning's humour generally, which is of as singular a character as his poetry—sometimes grim and grotesque as in the 'Heretic's Tragedy,' 'Holy Cross Thursday,' 'Caliban upon Setebos;' sometimes refining, elaborate, like 'Bishop Blougram's Apology,' or 'Mr. Sludge the Medium;' sometimes fantastic and trivial, like 'Nationality in Drinks,' but always partaking of the same queer extravagance, such as we find in the strange

poem called 'Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis.' Here some solitary joker reads an old pedantic volume in his garden:—

> 'In the white of a matin-prime
> Just when the birds sang all together.'

Having read the book through from beginning to end, for what reason, except mere whim, we are unable to divine, he proceeds to take his revenge on the volume by dropping it into the mossy hollow of an old plum-tree, in whose bottom there was a stagnant pool of rain water; he then goes into his home and brings out a loaf, half a cheese, and a bottle of Chablis, lays on the grass and forgets 'the oaf over a jolly chapter of Ra-'belais.' After awhile, when the spider had had time enough to spin his web over the buried volume, 'and *sat in the midst* '*with arms akimbo*,' the ballad-maker took pity for learning's sake, and got a rake and fished up the 'delectable treatise,' dried it and put it back on his book-shelf. The hero then proceeds to make merry over the past sufferings of his victim:—

> 'How did he like it when the live creatures
> Tickled and toused and browsed him all over,
> And worm, slug, elf, with serious features,
> Came in, each one, for his right of trover?
> —When the water-beetle with great blind deaf face
> Made of her eggs the stately deposit,
> And the newt borrowed just so much of the preface
> As tiled in the top of his black wife's closet?'

Cognate with Mr. Browning's strange sense of humour is his introduction of new interjections and combinations of letters into his poetry to express certain sounds. Thus we have *Gr—sh* and a variety of other new interjections, *Hy! Zy! Hine!* to represent the sound of a bell; *Bang-whang-whang* for a drum, *tootle-te-tootle* for a fife, *wheet-wheet* for a mouse, &c. The peculiar names of such personages as Bluphocks, Blougram, Gigadibs, &c., must be ascribed to the same quality.

But, whether in sport or in earnest, Mr. Browning has always chosen to adopt methods of execution, and to remain apart from the beaten track of the ordinary world; and we can imagine him sharing in the feelings of his own 'Pictor Ignotus' who refuses, though he possesses the power of painting 'pictures 'like that youth's you praise so,' to enter into competition with him, and thus expresses his contempt for the vulgar crowd—

> '. . Who summoned those cold faces that begun
> To press on me and judge me? Though I stooped
> Shrinking, as from the soldiery a nun,

They drew me forth, and spite of me . . . enough!
These buy and sell our pictures, take and give,
Count them for garniture and household-stuff,
And where they live our pictures needs must live
And see their faces, listen to their prate,
Partakers of their daily pettiness,
Discussed of—"This I love, or this I hate,
This likes me more, and this affects me less!"
Wherefore I chose my portion.'

So Mr. Browning has chosen his portion, and the popularity which he has despised will in all probability never be thrust upon him.

Having a sincere respect for what we know of Mr. Browning's character, and for his literary industry, we have not sought in the foregoing remarks to disparage or ridicule the efforts of his singular genius; but to enable our readers to form an impartial opinion of his merits or defects from the extracts we have made. Some of them will doubtless think that we have devoted too much of our space to these productions, and will ask, with alarm, whether these are specimens of the latest fashion of English poetry. We confess that it is to ourselves a subject of amazement that poems of so obscure and uninviting a character should find numerous readers, and that successive editions of them should be in demand. Yet this is undoubtedly the case; and far from having reason to complain of neglect, Mr. Browning has a considerable number of admirers in England, and more, we believe, in America. It would seem that in this practical and mechanical age, there is some attraction in wild and extravagant language—some mysterious fascination in obscure half-expressed thoughts. Mr. Browning in truth more nearly resembles the American writers Emerson, Wendell Holmes, and Bigelow, than any poet of our own country. Tried by the standards which have hitherto been supposed to uphold the force and beauty of the English tongue and of English literature, his works are deficient in the qualities we should desire to find them. We do not believe that they will survive, except as a curiosity and a puzzle. But they undoubtedly exercise a certain degree of influence over the taste of the present generation; and on this ground we think they deserve the notice we have bestowed upon them.

ART. IX.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates from May* 1859 *to July* 1864.

THE 228th of the regularly constituted Parliaments of England closed its sixth Session in July last. Although it has not completed the seven ages of modern parliamentary life, it has reached a mature manhood and enjoyed larger opportunities for action than most of its predecessors. It was elected in May 1859 under the auspices of the Derby-Disraeli Administration, in answer to an almost personal appeal made by those Ministers to the country. We say a personal appeal because, as at a former election, the great object of the Conservative Government, as of the Conservative party, appeared to be to clear itself of its antecedents and its character, and, if possible, to divest itself of its identity. Only in 1859, more prudent than in 1852, while breaking with the past, it committed itself to no promises for the future. On the hustings in 1859, the members and supporters of Lord Derby's Government abjured its recent Reform Bill; they professed no financial policy, for scared by the failure of Lord Ellenborough's India Bill, Mr. Disraeli had contented himself with a budget that was confessedly a makeshift. Their foreign policy was avowedly one of peace and of neutrality, but peace had in the south of Europe turned to war, and their neutrality was suspected of Austrian tendencies.

The Parliament returned by the country in answer to the appeal so made, at once, by a majority of 13, pronounced a vote of want of confidence in those who had summoned it, and installed their opponents in power. After a trial of five years, it has, by a majority of 18, ratified the verdict it gave in 1859. Whether the House of Commons has been justified in the support it has so long given to Lord Palmerston's Government, will best appear from a brief survey of the policy it has approved, and of the measures it has sanctioned.

It has been said that the House should not have endured a Government composed of men who would neither allow others to carry a Reform Bill, nor carry one themselves. Those who bring this charge should however remember, that the Bill condemned in the former Parliament by Lord John Russell's resolutions was a Reform Bill in no ordinary sense of the term. It sought, not so much to amend the Representation in accordance with the wants of the people, as to cut and carve it to suit the exigencies of the Conservative party. That Bill disfranchised a large body of the most independent electors in

counties, namely, the forty shilling freeholders voting for property within the limits of parliamentary boroughs. It admitted absentee freeholders to vote for boroughs, and proposed a suspicious revision of their boundaries. The affirmation of Lord John Russell's resolutions needs no further justification than this, that it preserved the integrity of the county constituencies, and saved the boroughs from faggot votes and a 'rectification of their frontiers' dangerous to independence. Lord Derby's successors did not however fail, in accordance with promises given, to introduce in the present Parliament a Bill extending the suffrage both in counties and in towns, and providing for a redistribution of seats. That Bill fell to the ground, but not until the country had virtually released the Government and the House of Commons from their pledges. Neither electors nor non-electors evinced any active interest in the fate of the measure, but rather, as the result of Mr. Bright's Reform campaign in the preceding autumn had indicated, viewed the subject with, at all events, temporary indifference. Now it is an undoubted fact that the Reform Act of 1832, the increasing power of the press, and the diffusion of education, have rendered Parliament more immediately responsive and responsible to the voice of the country. But then it can hardly be a just subject for complaint, if Parliament be found in a corresponding degree sensitive to the silence of the country. More especially is this result to be expected in the case of a reform in the representation. Such a measure necessarily clashes with many local and personal interests, while directly it offers no tangible advantage to the community at large, but only satisfies a sense of right, or indirectly benefits those to whom the power of voting is extended. In other respects the period that has elapsed since the last general election has been by no means barren of results.

Our financial position has been converted from one of embarrassment, not to say distress, into one of high prosperity. A trade has been created with France, Belgium, and Italy, which has almost countervailed the loss of our American commerce. During an era of frenzy in Europe and America, we have, notwithstanding our multiplied relations and intimate connexion with foreign nations, preserved peace with all. We have maintained our treaty rights in the East, developed our commerce with China, and established intercourse with Japan. India, so recently a source of political danger and financial difficulty, is secure and prosperous. Our armaments have, at great cost, been increased in a degree corresponding to, and improved in a degree surpassing, the progress made by other

nations. We have passed through the ordeals of bad harvests and the crisis of Lancashire distress. Taxation has been reduced, the burdens upon trade, upon agricultural and manufacturing industry have been diminished, and England at the present time, in the words lately employed by a Conservative statesman, 'is rich, is prosperous, is contented beyond all 'former example.' Such a condition of things is due in the first instance to the industry and good conduct of the people, and to the enterprise and intelligence of capitalists. But we hold that the present Parliament, by the prudence of its policy and the wisdom of its legislation, has materially facilitated and contributed to the result.

Mr. Disraeli had met the difficulties caused by commercial distress in the autumn of 1857, and the increase in naval expenditure, by doing away with the war sinking fund, and postponing for four years the payment of 2,000,000*l.* of Exchequer Bonds. Not content with thus throwing upon the future his own immediate burdens, he had prepared further embarrassment for his successors by accepting Mr. M. Gibson's resolution in condemnation of the Paper-duty. The newly-elected Parliament found in consequence that it had to meet an estimated expenditure of 69,000,000*l.* with an estimated revenue of only 64,000,000*l.*, while one of the chief sources of that revenue had been rendered untenable. In the following year the position was still more embarrassing. The heavy outlay caused by the revolution in armaments raised the estimated expenditure, notwithstanding the lapse of more than 2,000,000*l.* of long annuities, to the highest point ever reached in time of peace, to upwards of 70,000,000*l.* Later in the Session this enormous amount was increased by nearly 4,000,000*l.*, chiefly to defray the cost of the expedition to China. To crown all, the autumn brought a bad harvest, which directly reduced the produce of the duties upon malt and hops, and, indirectly by the distress created, injuriously affected the revenue derived from other sources, more especially from spirits. The despatch of troops to British North America towards the end of 1861 again gave rise to an extraordinary military expenditure. In this and in the following years the dearth of cotton paralysed the chief branch of manufacturing industry, while a succession of unfavourable seasons reduced the agricultural produce of Ireland by one third.

The country was thus beset with difficulties from abroad and afflicted with calamity at home. Yet what is our financial condition now as compared with 1859? In 1859 the income-tax was 9*d.*, it is now 6*d.* in the pound: the commodities sub-

ject to Customs' duties in 1859 were 419 in number; the Customs' duties are now substantially confined to 14 articles, upon all the most important of which the charges have been largely reduced. Allowing for new duties imposed, the relief given to the public by the abolition or reduction of Customs between 1859 and the close of 1863, amounts in round numbers to 4,500,000*l.* a year; of these, 3,200,000*l.* were, in the last-named year, replaced to the Exchequer through the increased consumption of the few articles remaining subject to duty. Within the same period the excise upon paper and upon hops was abolished, and other changes were effected in duties of Inland Revenue, by which relief was given to the public of, in round numbers, 1,500,000*l.* a year; 1,000,000*l.* additional was imposed upon spirits and upon licenses, but another 1,000,000*l.* has been derived from the enlarged demand for articles under Excise.* Nor is this all; the present year has witnessed further reductions in the duties upon sugar and upon fire insurance, so that the total amount of indirect taxes remitted since 1859 exceeds 8,000,000*l.* a-year, while the income-tax has been reduced by nearly 5,000,000*l.* At the same time, the national debt, funded and unfunded, has been diminished by between 16,000,000*l.* and 17,000,000*l.* Notwithstanding the

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* The net Revenue of Customs in the year 1859 amounted to £24,777,904
in 1863 . £23,445,428
The additions to the Revenue of Customs by duties imposed or augmented, amounted in the interval to . . . . 599,715 per ann.
The remissions of Customs' Revenue by duties repealed or reduced, amounted in the same period to . . . . 5,115,479 per ann.
The gross Revenue of Excise in the year 1859 amounted to 18,480,572
in 1863 . 19,082,990
The additions to the Revenue of Excise by duties imposed or augmented, amounted in the interval to 968,224
The remissions of Excise Revenue by duties repealed or reduced, amounted in the same period to 1,426,000

An increase in the same period of 10 per cent. in the annual value in the assessments of Schedules A. B. D. to the income-tax, affords a test of the advance of wealth in fixed property, in farming, and in trades and professions. It must also be remembered that relief as regards income-tax has been afforded to incomes under 200*l.* a year.*

enormous reductions of the national burdens, Mr. Gladstone, after bringing the income of the country to a level with the expenditure, has been able, for now three years in succession, to meet Parliament with a surplus. On the 7th of April last, after proposing a remission of 2,750,000*l.* within the current year, he could anticipate a revenue of upwards of 67,000,000*l.*, and once more look forward to an excess of receipts over outlay. If Swift's proposition be true, that in the arithmetic of taxation two and two make one, Mr. Gladstone may fairly claim to have proved that subtracting one from three makes four.

It has been given to this Parliament to conclude that commercial treaty with France which cannot fail to unite in closer bonds two countries whose alliance has ever been favourable to the best interests of civilisation. The political consequences of such a connexion are more important than its commercial benefits. The latter, however, are directly perceived, and admit of being arithmetically stated. In four years the value of our imports from France has increased by one half, the value of British and Irish produce exported to France has doubled. During the three years preceding the treaty the average annual value of the commerce between the two countries was 24,000,000*l.*; for the three following years it was 42,000,000*l.* For our woollen manufactures alone a market has been opened which has counterbalanced the loss to our trade in that staple, great as it was, to America. The increase in our exports is not, however, confined to a few articles, or such as might be the result of an accidental demand. It is one which is participated in, almost without exception, by all the commodities we send to France. Similarly, nearly every article we import from France exhibits an increase, and few more so than silk and wine, the consumption of which always affords a good criterion of the prosperity of the country and the improved condition of the people.* The high duties main-

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* Woollens exported to United States in 1859 .	4,502,000
1862 .	2,711,000
Difference . .	1,791,000
Woollens exported to France in 1859 . .	419,000
in 1862 . .	2,176,000
Difference . .	1,757,000
Silk manufactures imported from France in 1859	1,732,928
in 1863	5,214,619
British and Irish silk manufactures exported to France in 1859	44,039
in 1863	121,664

tained throughout the last century on foreign, and more especially on French wines, encouraged adulteration, and vitiated the national taste, to a degree that led Smollett to complain, in 'Humphrey Clinker,' that 'There is no nation that drinks so 'hoggishly as the English. What passes for wine among us 'is not the juice of the grape; it is an adulterous mixture 'brewed up of nauseous ingredients, by dunces, who are bungl-'lers in the art of poison-making; yet we and our forefathers 'are, and have been, poisoned by this cursed drench, without 'taste or flavour.' The Colonial wines, to the consumption of which a premium was given by the legislation of this century, were scarcely an improvement on the liquors thus described. The reduction of duties on foreign wines in consequence of the French treaty, had the immediate effect not only of increasing consumption, but of substituting genuine wine for more pernicious beverages. The importations of French wines have already more than trebled, while the absolute increase in those from Spain, Portugal, and other countries has even exceeded that in wines derived from France. Commercial treaties have also been concluded with Belgium and with Italy, destined, we hope, to yield fruit as rich as that with France.

Incredible as it may seem, although our trade with America has, since Secession, decreased by 28,000,000*l.*, yet the total annual value of the trade of the United Kingdom, which in 1858 was 300,000,000*l.*, rose in 1863 to little short of 450,000,000*l.* By amicable negotiations with Foreign Powers, the abolition of the Stade Dues and of the Scheldt Toll, exactions in an especial degree injurious to British interests, has been secured. The treaty of 1862 between Great Britain and the United States settled the difficulties that had long attended the Right of Search in a manner honourable and satisfactory to both countries, and rendered more effectual the means for the suppression of the Slave Trade. Nor must we omit to mention another treaty presented to this Parliament, that concluded

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Wine imported from France in 1859 . .	597,000 gals.
in 1864 . .	1,965,000 gals.
Wine imported from countries other than France in 1859	5,567,000 gals.
in 1864	8,652,000 gals.
Value of imports of wine from all countries in 1859	£2,781,040
in 1864	£4,497,343

A remarkable proof of increased intercourse with France is afforded by the fact, that the number of letters passing between the United Kingdom and France was 33 per cent. greater in 1863 than in 1859.

with Denmark as a preliminary to the marriage of the heir to the throne. The unanimity with which the House of Commons voted the proposed allowance for the establishment of the Prince and Princess of Wales, marked its approbation of a royal alliance founded, not upon state interests or with political views, but upon the higher and purer considerations of mutual affection and the hope of domestic happiness.

Unfortunately all our relations with foreign countries have not been those of trade and of friendship. The struggle of nationalities against established empires has of late years kept the European Continent in a state of fermentation. England has been more than once divided in feeling between her love of order and respect for treaties, and her sympathy with people striving for freedom and for unity. Parliament has, however, steadily kept in view a policy of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries; and in international disputes, without attempting an impossible isolation, has never forgotten that the blood of England's sons is not to be lightly shed by her rulers for causes in which England's honour and England's interests are not directly engaged. This temperate conduct may not command the same momentary applause as a more high-handed course, but, where its motives are above the possibility of misconstruction, it cannot fail, in the long run, to carry weight and command respect. France gathered laurels in Italy, and enjoyed for a time paramount ascendancy in the Peninsula. Yet the Italian policy of neutral England has prevailed. That which Mr. Disraeli in 1861 termed 'the phantom 'of an United Italy,' has become a reality, instead of that confederacy of states under the Presidency of the Pope, which France recommended; and although France unquestionably rendered the greatest and most direct services to the cause of Italian independence in 1859, it cannot be said that the policy which has prevailed in Italy is a French policy. The treaty recently concluded between the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Italy, to provide for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops in two years, is a measure conceived in the same liberal spirit. It does honour to the French Court; and at the same time the selection of Florence to be the Capital of the Kingdom is a wise expedient, and precisely that which we advocated two years ago in the pages of this journal. The eager adoption by the Hellenes of a sovereign connected with the English dynasty, afforded another instance of the confidence reposed in the straightforward and disinterested policy of Great Britain. The all but unanimous election of a British Prince, and his waiver of the proffered crown of Greece, at once frus-

trated the intrigues and disproved the calumnies of our rivals and detractors in the Levant.

Our space will not allow us to indulge in that criticism of despatches in reference either to Poland or to Denmark which has so much occupied the time of Parliament. We believe that the policy which it sanctioned in regard to both, on the whole, faithfully reflected the feelings, and expressed the judgment, of the country. Few will be found to say that we should have embarked in a war for Poland. Fewer still will assert that we should have looked on without raising a protest in favour of justice and humanity. None but those whom political animosity has blinded will say that, with a fixed determination from the first not to intervene, we should have permitted the Poles to delude themselves with hopes of assistance.

England acted in a similar spirit in the case of Denmark. She laboured to bring about not only that combination of England with France which, as Mr. Disraeli has truly observed, 'renders war difficult,' but that further combination of both with Russia which, according to the same authority, 'renders war impossible.' So long as one or both of those combinations was probable or possible, it would have been treason to peace to proclaim to Germany that in no circumstances would England intervene. On the other hand, as soon as Powers more bound and better able to assist Denmark declined to support her, England was not called upon to undertake single-handed the common task. Had she done so she would have summoned the Germanic Confederation into the field; she must have given the signal for hostilities, not only in the Baltic, but in the Adriatic, on the plains of Italy, and on the banks of the Theiss. She must have incurred the fearful responsibility of extinguishing one war by kindling other and greater wars. Time will amply justify the course pursued in the case of Poland and of Denmark, as it has done in that of Italy. Although we view with the deepest pain the injuries which have been inflicted by Germany on Denmark, and the arbitrary and unjust policy of the Court of Berlin has effectually alienated this country from Prussia, it is not for us to avenge the wrongs of every people on the continent of Europe, or to anticipate the chastisement which Prussia has so recklessly and audaciously provoked.

We believe it was the Emperor of the French who once observed 'that the moral influence of a country always stood in 'direct proportion to the number of bullets she could send 'amongst her enemies.' If this be so, the forbearance of

England cannot, even for a moment, have impaired her moral influence. Nor can it be said by any whose memories carry them back for three short years that England, if the occasion be adequate, has lost her ancient spirit. In the affair of the Trent, at a moment when America justly boasted that her naval and military power was greater than it ever had been, England vindicated the rights of neutrals and asserted the freedom of the seas. At the same time she has shown deference to weaker Powers by the surrender, at once wise and generous, of the Ionian Islands to Greece, and the submission of her disputes with Brazil to arbitration. A great nation never loses aught of her greatness by treating Powers far below herself in strength, and perhaps in civilisation, with the utmost forbearance and moderation. There are no passages in the history of England which we look back upon with more shame and regret, or which are more keenly remembered against us abroad, than those dearly-bought successes which have sometimes been wrung from the abasement or the prostration of a lesser Power. With regard to Brazil, our diplomatic relations have been too long interrupted with a State with which England has certainly no reasonable ground of difference. It is the all but unanimous opinion of those who are most interested in the suppression of the Slave Trade, that the time is come for the repeal of the Brazilian Act of 1845. We are paying the penalty of that unwonted interference with the rights of a foreign nation; but armed with that concession, we have no doubt that a competent British minister, despatched to Rio Janeiro, would speedily restore the relations of the two Empires to their proper footing.

Strict neutrality has been observed towards both the contending parties in North America in novel circumstances which render neutrality singularly difficult. On the one hand, we have resisted solicitations prematurely to recognise the South, and withstood temptations to break the blockade; we have refused to permit this country or Canada to be made a basis for the equipment of hostile expeditions. On the other, we have declined to consider the South as other than belligerents, or to treat their cruisers as pirates and prohibit them from entering our ports. Every month that has elapsed since the commencement of that war has raised delicate questions in the application of international or municipal law. The escape of the Florida and Alabama, the detention of the Alexandra and of the Confederate Rams, are in the recollection of all. The enlistment or kidnapping of men for the ships of the one party and the armies of the other are notorious; but besides these,

questions concerning contraband of war, the destination of cargoes, the treatment of prizes, and numberless other points, all complicated by the changes in the mode and materials of war, have called for the continual exercise of temper and of judgment. That we have hitherto escaped being dragged into hostilities is only due to the firmness and forbearance of Parliament and of the Government which it has supported.

The same reluctance to become entangled in a network of engagements, the same indisposition to take an active part in questions not directly affecting the welfare or the dignity of the kingdom, which has marked our policy towards particular countries, led the Government to decline the recent proposal of the French Emperor for a Congress on the general state of Europe. The same feeling swayed the country when with one voice it approved the refusal thus firmly, although with regret, given to the request of a friendly Power. The plain sense of Englishmen, however, felt that an attempt by a self-constituted tribunal, with no authority but Lynch-law to enforce its decisions, to effect a settlement of the struggle of races, languages, religions, and political creeds, would be premature, and only risked adding further elements of strife to those already agitating the Continent.

It is a trite, but a very just observation that, not only is it the function of Parliament to enact laws and to approve or disapprove the acts of the Government, but also by its discussions to express, and to help to form, public opinion. In regard to foreign affairs at least the House of Commons has adequately discharged this latter portion of its duties. We are disposed to think that, not only will the policy it has hitherto supported be adhered to in present circumstances, but further, that its debates have impressed in some respects a new character upon the conduct of our foreign relations, and one the effects of which will be more fully felt hereafter. Several reasons appear to justify this belief. The rude shocks to order and to liberty, the disregard of public obligations, the nature of the contending elements on the Continent, offer no inducement to England to forego the advantages of her insular position, in order to identify herself with any one of the parties engaged, or of the causes now at issue. The multiplied facilities of communication, the extended freedom of intercourse and of trade, tend to make Europe one vast industrial and commercial association, and, so far, to substitute a community of interests for the old rivalry between States. The growth of popular influence, felt, even where not recognised, by the most despotic Powers, is gradually rendering the relations between

different countries less those of dynasty to dynasty, or of Government to Government, and more those of people to people. Liberal and commercial England in an especial degree feels and appreciates these changes, and the desire and the occasion on her part to intervene in political affairs abroad is proportionately diminished. The British Government has laboured longer and more consistently than any of the other Great Powers of Europe to uphold the faith of treaties and the balance of power, as settled in 1815, not because this country has any peculiar interest in perpetuating those arrangements, several of which we disapprove, but because they were the only tangible basis of public law, and the best security of general peace. It is not the fault of England if the course of events and the policy of other States has shaken these principles, nor is it in her power to enforce engagements which so many of the other contracting parties have shuffled off. In consequence of these transactions, the general object to which our foreign policy was directed for nearly half a century has lost much of its cogency, and the terms by which we were wont to express it have become obsolete. At the present time no positive reliance can be placed on any written territorial engagements, unless they are protected by force; and no close alliance can be said to exist between any of the principal States of Europe. This may be a danger and a misfortune for the world, and the immediate consequence of it is to be traced in the enormous military establishments of the present day. But it does not directly affect the interests of this country. Whenever our own rights are affected, we are strong enough to protect them; but we are not really concerned in many of those questions to which an exaggerated indirect importance has in former times been attached. At any rate, we should lose far more than we are likely to gain by going to war for them. If these principles are sound, they will lead to important changes in our foreign policy. It will follow from them, that this country should enter into no official discussion and no public engagements on affairs remotely concerning herself: that she will reserve her power and influence for British purposes: that she will not pronounce an opinion, unless she is resolved to support it by action; and that she will throw on other States the whole responsibility of acts affecting themselves more directly than they affect us. We believe that these are the views of foreign policy which have now been accepted by Parliament and the majority of the nation, as to our relations with the Continental Powers of Europe. But they do not apply to the same extent to our relations with foreign Powers in other parts of the globe,

where the numerous possessions of the Crown beyond seas, and the vast extent of our commerce with nations of inferior civilisation, compel us to play a more active part. Thus the transactions of England with the great Empires of the East have, within the last five years, assumed a character superior in importance and interest to those with more civilised communities.

In 1859, the Chinese, in violation of the treaty of Tien-tsin, resisted the progress of the British Envoy to Pekin, and inflicted a disastrous repulse upon our forces at the mouth of the Peiho. The complete success that attended the well-equipped and well-organised expedition sent out in the following year is a matter of history. The political and commercial results that have followed fully justify the course then pursued in conjunction with our French allies. Direct relations were established with the seat of empire, the power of the exclusive party was broken, and a more enlightened administration succeeded. England has since professed a policy of strict moderation in China. She has disinterestedly sought to uphold the existing Government as the best, if not the only, safeguard against anarchy. She has, however, as a nation, resisted inducements to give active support to the reigning dynasty, or to adopt proceedings which might before long have reduced the Emperor to the condition of a Mogul or of a Nizam, governed by a British resident, and depending for his nominal sovereignty on a British force. Nor has the defence of the principal commercial ports, and of the districts immediately adjacent, constituted a departure from that policy. The sole object has been to insure the lives and property of Europeans; and the occupation of Ning-po by the rebels, and the danger of Shanghae, prove that the precaution was not unnecessary. It may now be hoped that the recent fall of Nankin and the destruction of the rebel chiefs, who have so long convulsed the Chinese Empire, will be followed by the restoration of general tranquillity, under an improved system of government. It speaks well for the past, and bodes well for the future, that, notwithstanding the devastation of whole provinces by the locust flights of the Taepings, and by the imperial hordes, the value of our trade with China, which in 1858 was under 10,000,000*l.*, has since risen to 17,000,000*l.* The supply to this country, principally from China, of the single article tea, now almost a necessary of English life, increased by nearly 4,000,000*l.* in the space of three years.

To the United States belongs the credit or the blame, according to the view that may be taken, of having compelled the Government of the Tycoon to open his dominions

to foreigners. Following in the wake of Commodore Perry's men-of-war, we concluded in 1858 a treaty under which several ports and towns have been appointed for trade. Although only in its infancy, and necessarily checked by the occurrence of civil war in the country, foreign commerce appears to have struck deep root in Japan. The English trade in goods (principally silk, cotton, and tea) at the single port of Kanagawa amounted in the year 1863 to about 2,750,000*l.* That the first relations of adventurous Europeans with a population so long trained to look upon strangers with aversion, should be attended with difficulties, was to be anticipated. Insults to foreigners were succeeded by threats, and by attacks upon the Residencies. Demands for redress were met with Asiatic duplicity and evasion. The murder of an English subject upon a highway expressly opened to Europeans, and upon which they were entitled to protection, followed. Justice from judicial tribunals, or from the Government, was not to be obtained; it became necessary, unless we would withdraw from Japan altogether, to assert our determination and our power to exact reparation. The Government of the Tycoon, within the limits of whose authority the crime had been perpetrated, paid a pecuniary compensation, but professed itself unable to reach the criminal, the retainer of a virtually independent feudal chief. That chief defied our power, and fired upon our ships. As a consequence, his flotilla having been captured, his forts were bombarded, and in the course of operations, his town of Kagosima, constructed as such towns mostly are, of paper and bamboo, was partially destroyed by fire. The exaggerated accounts of these events which first reached England led to an animated debate at the commencement of last Session. Parliament, however, while expressing in the strongest terms its desire to preserve amicable relations with the Japanese Government and with Japanese subjects, declined to condemn a course provoked by, and calculated to produce a salutary impression upon, a turbulent and overbearing aristocracy.

Since England gave to her colonies the right of internal self-government, and waived all claims to subordinate their commerce to her supposed interests, their affairs occupy far less than formerly the time and attention of Parliament. The control of the foreign policy of the dependencies being, however, reserved to the mother-country, has raised the new and perplexing question how far she is bound to provide for their military and naval defence. The House of Commons, in 1862, affirmed that the colonies, in their altered position, had claims to

Imperial aid against perils arising through Imperial policy; but that they should mainly provide for their own internal security, and ought to assist in their own external defence. The principle is obvious in the case of such colonies as the majority of those in Australia, but it is difficult of application to all the various communities composing the British Colonial Empire. At the Cape the colonists may involve Great Britain in a war with tribes whom she cannot restrain, but with whom, from motives of philanthropy, she has refused to allow the colonists to carry on an irregular border warfare. In New Zealand, natives and colonists are both subjects of the Crown, and whether the relations between them be reserved to officers responsible to the Home Government, or, as recently, handed over to local ministers, this country hesitates to abandon either to the mercies of the other. Canada, a purely European community in contact with a powerful neighbour, pleads that since we direct her foreign policy, she has a right to look to us for protection. On the other hand, the reply is ready that the connexion between this country and Canada subsists mainly at the wish and for the benefit of the latter, and that she may, therefore, be fairly expected to undertake the part, not of an auxiliary, but of a principal, in a war on her own frontiers. The subject has hitherto been more theoretically discussed than is usual in the House of Commons, but the heavy expenditure for colonial defences, the premium given to wars in which the dependencies tax the mother-country and profit by her loss, call for a termination of the present anomalous state of things and the establishment of some definite and intelligible system.* Such might be the adoption of a policy similar to that long pursued in India, and partially applied in Australia, under which the Central Government furnishes troops, on condition that the local authority provides for their pay and maintenance. Old-established colonies, requiring British garrisons for purposes of internal order or of protection against enemies on their frontiers, might thus still enjoy the advantage of a connexion with the Empire, while England would have a security that the defence of these provinces and the maintenance of costly military establishments in the colonies, should not be a charge on the British taxpayer.

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* The Imperial military expenditure for Colonial defences amounted in 1860 to . . . . . £ 1,715,246
That for naval stations, convict depôts, and other posts, maintained for objects of Imperial policy, amounted in the same year to 1,509,835
Total 3,225,081

No tale of transformation in Hindoo mythology is more wonderful than the change which has been wrought in India within the last few years. The enchanters that have worked the spell have been Peace, Justice, and Commerce. It may be added that the system, first fairly tried in the present House of Commons, of governing India through a Secretary of State directly and personally responsible to Parliament, has proved, beyond expectation, successful. The more English tone and character impressed upon the conduct of Indian affairs has been unmistakably apparent. The construction of railways and of telegraphs, the sale of waste lands, the settlement of the land-tax, the adoption of a paper currency, the extension of education, the conciliatory policy towards native princes, the admission of natives to offices of the highest trust, are all recent measures, the good effects of which have scarcely begun to be realised. Nor has English legislation been devoid of immediate utility to India. By Acts passed in 1861, the local European regiments were amalgamated with the Queen's army, and the position of the Civil Service, both covenanted and uncovenanted, was defined and settled. Under other Acts the Governor-General's Council and the High Courts of Judicature were reformed. The first of these measures provided a seat in the Council to which a financier of English experience may be appointed. Under the guidance of finance ministers sent out by the Secretary of State, the alarming deficit of the Indian exchequer, which in 1859 exceeded 14,000,000*l.*, has for the three successive budgets been converted into a surplus, which in 1863 equalled 1,800,000*l.* This result has been attained coincidentally with a large outlay upon public works of a permanent character, while the debt has, since 1862, been reduced by 9,000,000*l.* The last-named measure constituted one Sole Court of Appeal in each Presidency, in which the varied knowledge and experience of all branches of the legal profession, both at home and in India, are combined.

'This Parliament,' said Mr. Cobden, on a recent occasion, 'will be known in history as "the extravagant Parliament."' Watchfulness and criticism of the estimates have undoubtedly been neglected in an unprecedented degree by its leading members, and, as a consequence, have fallen into discredit and disuse. Vague threats of a wholesale refusal of taxes, eloquent declamations fitfully indulged in, and abstract resolutions in favour of economy, are no substitutes for less showy but more practical work. At the same time, if it be true that this House has sanctioned the highest estimates ever submitted in time of peace, it is also true that the tide of regular expenditure, which had been

continuously rising since 1852, was first turned in 1862, and has been since on the ebb.* The high level reached by the national expenditure has been mainly due to those great curses of modern civilisation, huge standing armaments. The navy estimates rose to their maximum of 12,000,000*l.* in 1860, the army estimates in 1862 amounted to 16,250,000*l.* In the words of M. Fould, 'an expenditure of emulation' has been of late carried on between the great Powers of the world. Not only have fleets and armies increased in size, but a revolution in the nature of armaments on land and on sea, as great and more sudden than any since the invention of gunpowder, has been, and still is, in progress. This country has but followed the example of others, and striven to maintain her relative strength. She did not introduce Minié muskets, rifled guns, or armour-plated ships. Nor should some of those, at least, who declaim against our 'bloated armaments,' forget that they were the foremost to urge, in headlong haste, the 'Reconstruction of 'the Navy,' and the immediate adoption of a gun which, according to the highest military authority, 'could do every-'thing but speak,' at a moment when the nation was affected by a panic which they did much to create, and contributed nothing to allay.

The question, however, we have now to consider is whether adequate results have been obtained by the money expended. Since the election of the present House of Commons our steam-navy afloat has been increased by fifty vessels. A still greater addition has been made to our maritime strength by a general augmentation of the power of machinery, and in the calibre of guns. Wooden vessels may still continue of use to patrol the seas and watch over our wide-spread commerce, but the real strength of our line-of-battle must in future consist in that iron fleet which has been created since 1859. In that year we had not one such vessel afloat, and only one in the builder's hands. We have now fourteen iron-clads in commission, or ready for commission; the current financial year will see four more completed, while nine others are in progress. Nor are these vessels mere rafts carrying a martello-tower, or Noah's Arks strengthened with iron bars, like the hastily constructed

* The total gross expenditure was, in round numbers, in 1852 . . . . . £ 54,000,000
For the year ending March 1861 . . . 73,000,000
For the year ending March 31, 1864 . . 68,000,000
Estimated for current year 67,000,000
showing a decrease of 6,000,000*l.* in the last 4 years.

Monitors and Merrimacs of America; nor are they floating batteries only fit to lie at the entrance of harbours, or creep about the mouths of rivers, but ocean-going ships, that can steam their fourteen knots an hour, and fight their guns in heavy seas.*

Nor in considering their cost must the fact be lost sight of, that the last five years have been years of continued progress. We have advanced in that time from wooden to iron-clad vessels; from vessels partially armed to vessels clad in complete armour; from vessels wearing armour calculated to resist 68-pounders and 110-pounders, to vessels destined to cope with 300-pounders and 600-pounders hurling steel shot and shells, each of the latter in itself a piece of artillery of greater power than the guns which constituted Nelson's broadsides. The best quality of iron, the proper thickness of plates and of backing, the due proportions and combination of wood and of iron, the best form of vessel, all has been, and still is, matter of experiment. That large vessels capable of carrying a great weight of armour can be produced, has been proved. The construction of a class of ships combining, what a few years ago would have been deemed the irreconcilable qualities of small tonnage, light draft of water, a great speed, with the capacity of carrying heavy armour and guns of the largest calibre, is now actively in progress. Moreover, new contrivances in regard to such matters as the generation of steam, surface-condensing, or the economy of fuel, compel constant renovation of, or improvements in, machinery, while the changes in shipbuilding have necessitated additions to dock and basin accommodation.

Six years ago Sir J. Pakington, then First Lord of the

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* *Steam-ships Afloat.*

June 30, 1859.			June 30, 1864.		
Number.	Tonnage.	Guns.	Number.	Tonnage.	Guns.
443	420,781	7,380	493	586,150	8,505

The total horse-power of vessels afloat, or in preparation, was, at the former period, 107,922, at the latter, 137,706.

Armour-plated Ships.

June 30, 1864.

	Number.	Tonnage.	Guns.	Horse-power.
Afloat . . .	17	69,068	396	21,660
Building	10	35,716	173	
Floating batteries afloat	7	12,029	106	1,250
Total .	34	116,813	675	22,910

The above return is exclusive of the two Confederate Rams recently acquired by the Government.

Admiralty, lamented the humiliating position of Great Britain, whose ships of war remained in port four, five, or even six months, unable to obtain a complement of seamen. Last year, eight or nine line-of-battle ships or frigates were commissioned in succession, all of which were ready for sea within a month, several of them within a fortnight. The explanation is, that the service has been rendered popular, and has become more attractive to merchant seamen. This favourable change is in no slight degree due to the Naval Discipline Act of 1860. By this measure, the former Articles of War, dating from 1749, but the main provisions of which were even older and utterly unsuited to modern times and ideas, have been superseded. Greater facilities for investigating complaints, and a more equitable scale of punishment, have been substituted for the Draconian severity of the old code. Thanks to a wise liberality on the part of Parliament, the pay and allowances of officers and seamen serving in the navy have been augumented; depôt ships and naval barracks have been provided, in which relaxation is afforded to men returning from abroad, without their being lost to the service. Training ships have been established in which boys are efficiently prepared for the navy, and from these nurseries about 2,500 youths, bound to serve for ten of the best years of a seaman's life, namely, from eighteen to twenty-eight, are annually supplied to the service. A new and most efficient force, the Naval Reserve, has been created within the same period. It consists at the present time of 223 officers, and 16,000 men, all of whom are thoroughly drilled gunners. A decision has also been taken to arm merchant ships, commanded and partially manned by officers and men of the Reserve, that they may carry on their drill at sea.

The improvements in both the Materiel and the Personnel of the army have been scarcely less important. Since June 1859, from 6,000 to 7,000 new pieces of ordnance, many of them rifled, all of a power and calibre far exceeding those they have superseded, have been passed into the service. The science of gunnery being still in an experimental state, great cost has been incurred in the trial of guns, of projectiles and of fuzes. The battle between guns and plates, between the attack and the defence, is waged with apparently inexhaustible ingenuity and provokingly even results. It appears still quite uncertain what system of rifling will prove the best, and whether the ultimate decision will be in favour of breech-loaders or of muzzle-loaders. This much, however, it is satisfactory to find, that we construct guns capable of enduring heavier charges of powder than those of foreign nations,

although we retain the opinion which we had occasion to express in a recent article on the Rifled Ordnance of England and France, that the progress made in the construction of heavy rifled guns is far behind the progress made in the ships which are to carry them. The sanitary condition of the army, and improvements in the position of the private soldier, have not been neglected. Reading and recreation rooms, gymnastic training, instruction in various matters useful on a campaign, have been provided. The enrolment of Volunteers has been so successfully fostered and encouraged, that that force, which the summer of 1859 found in its infancy now amounts to upwards of 164,000 men and officers, and includes no less than 415 batteries of artillery. The national character of this new army has been recognised by Parliament, and its efficiency increased at the same time by a system of capitation grants, given not merely as a premium for attendance on drill, but as a payment for results, namely, ascertained knowledge of and proficiency in military duties.*

Of all the military measures sanctioned by this Parliament, that upon which its judgment has been most impugned, and upon which it must be content to await the verdict of the future, is the fortification of the principal dockyards and arsenals. The protection of these vital points had been, as is well known, contemplated by Pitt, urged by the Duke of Wellington, and was again recommended by the Defence Commission which reported in 1859. In view of the permanent nature of the intended works it was considered just to provide for their cost by money raised upon terminable annuities. This was effected at a moderate rate of interest, and works are now in actual progress at nine different points. The value of such defences against naval attacks rests upon the plain fact that, whereas there is a limit to the weight of armour and of guns that a floating battery can carry, there is no such limit in the case of a work on solid ground. As against attacks from the land

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* Strength of the Volunteer Force on Nov. 30, 1863:—

	Enrolled.	Efficients.
Light Horse . .	731	574
Artillery . .	26,052	18,833
Engineers . .	3,757	2,326
Mounted Rifles .	548	525
Rifles . . .	130,851	90,341
Total . .	161,939	112,599

It is satisfactory to find that the force steadily increases in numbers year by year.

side they are secure from an enemy unprovided with a siege train, and they enable militia or volunteers to resist regular troops. Nor in considering now or hereafter the policy of placing these cradles of our fleets and armaments beyond the reach of those sudden blows which steam has facilitated, should the panic that prevailed only four years ago be forgotten. France, although her armaments were professedly on a peace footing, had in an incredibly short space of time invaded Italy, and broken the might of Austria; her iron-clad ships, her rifled guns, her naval conscripts, her fleet of transports, her flat-bottomed boats for landing troops, were in every mouth. The alarm was probably exaggerated, possibly altogether unfounded, still, looking to the mercantile credit, looking to the dignity of the country, it could scarcely be deemed unnecessary to guard against the recurrence of such fears.*

Although thus occupied with financial reforms and questions of Imperial policy, the House of Commons has not neglected measures of internal improvement of a less ambitious, but of a highly useful, character. In view of the importance of their subject matter we give a place in the foremost rank to the measures adopted to alleviate the distress in the cotton districts. The patient fortitude of the operatives, their intelligent appreciation of the causes of their suffering, the liberality and the judgment displayed by the associations organised for their assistance, are probably without a parallel in history.† Notwithstanding these voluntary efforts, our Poor-Law legislation was subjected to a trial of unexampled severity. In this emergency, the principle (as old as the Poor-Law of Elizabeth) of rates-in-aid was reverted to, and the burdens which must have fallen with crushing weight upon particular localities, were, by the Union Relief Aid Acts, distributed over a wider area. Additional powers were also given to Guardians to raise funds by loan. A still more important Act was the Public Works Act, by which 1,500,000*l.* was placed at the disposal of the Public

* The places at which fortifications are being erected are Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, Portland, Gravesend, Chatham, Medway and Sheerness, Dover, and Cork.

† In December 1862, when the distress was at its height, the number of persons in receipt of relief in 21 unions or townships, containing a population of less than 2,000,000, was 508,000, while the weekly loss of wages was estimated at 168,000*l.* The number in receipt of relief has since been reduced to about 120,000.

The sum raised for Relief of Distress by Relief Committees has amounted to 1,475,250*l.*; that by legal means to 1,786,900*l.*; making a total from all sources of 3,262,250*l.*

Works Loan Commissioners to be advanced for the employment of labour. Under that measure a system of public works has been organised by which the demoralisation of the poor has been checked, and the sanitary condition of the districts will be greatly improved. Its success in this last point of view is shown by the fact that upwards of sixty local authorities have undertaken works under it. Sewers extending upwards of 260 miles in length are in course of construction, and 250 miles of streets will be made or improved. Parks and pleasure-grounds are being laid out, cemeteries have been provided, and extensive works for water-supply are in progress. It is calculated that not less than 35,000 or 45,000 of the industrious classes are directly and indirectly receiving support under this measure, while it is with good reason believed that the works have prevented pauperism to an extent equalling treble the number of persons actually engaged upon them, in consequence of the employment so provided having been offered to all able-bodied applicants for relief. Important amendments have also been effected in our general Poor-Laws. The Irremovable Poor Act of 1861 has mitigated the operation of the laws of settlement and of removal. It has diminished litigation between parishes, and tended to free the labourers from the feeling that they are serfs, *adscripti glebæ*, so destructive of their spirit of self-reliance and of enterprise. No persons who have resided three years within the limits of the same Union are now liable to deportation so long as they continue there to reside. The beneficial effect of the change is apparent from the fact that already about one third of the whole number of persons who become destitute are supported in, and at the cost of, the localities which reaped the fruit of their labour when in health and in strength. At the same time, a more equitable distribution of burdens in Unions has been made by requiring the several parishes to contribute to the common-fund charges according to the value of their property, instead of, as formerly, according to their average expenditure in relief, or, as was justly said, according to their poverty. By another Act, the hardships that attended the removal of the Irish poor to their own country have been in great measure mitigated.

The slender assistance first given in the year 1839 for the erection of schools for the education of children of the labouring classes gradually increased, till in 1862, the Committee of Council had become a central bureau at the head of a system so complicated as to defy explanation. It dispensed upwards of 800,000*l.* a year; it had virtually in its pay 40,000 teachers and managers of schools, and directly influenced

a vast body interested in the work of education. The report of the Commission on this subject showed that the cost to the public had been growing, was growing, and might certainly be expected to increase to 2,000,000*l.*, and, not improbably, to 5,000,000*l.* a year; that, meanwhile, not more than one fourth of the children in the assisted schools, and not more than one ninth of the whole number of children for whose benefit the grants were designed, were adequately instructed in reading, writing, or arithmetic. A prompt and drastic remedy was manifestly required, and Mr. Lowe introduced the well-known and well-abused Revised Code, which continued the existing requirements of qualification in the teachers and fitness in the schools in other respects, but resolved all grants into a capitation grant, payable only according to the measure of proved capacity in the individual scholars. The proposal that persons who had persuaded themselves, if not others, that they had a vested interest to receive public money on exhibiting a certain machinery, should be further required to show that the machinery did its intended work, was received as might be expected. Clergy, dissenting ministers, esquires, and philanthropists, above all, school-masters, and pupil-teachers, and in many instances the very inspectors who served the department, forgot all their former feuds to join in a crusade against 'payment for results.' Notwithstanding the pressure brought to bear upon its members, Parliament, in the main, affirmed the principles of the Revised Code. It, however, in some degree modified their application, and consented that only two thirds of the proposed capitation grant should depend upon the results of examination, and that the remaining one third should be payable if inspection proved satisfactory. Although the Revised Code only came into full operation in June 1863, its effect has already been to reduce the expenditure by 100,000*l.*; it has done away with the complex system of appropriated grants, and secured to the poor more efficient instruction. The need and the efficacy of the reform are attested by the repetition of angry debates, and by the attacks on the late Vice-President and on the department itself. The recent report of a Select Committee appointed to investigate the circumstances that led to Mr. Lowe's resignation of his office, has happily disposed of the personal questions involved, and acquitted the department of misconduct; but its constitution and its functions will probably form the subject of future inquiry.

That the interests of the working-classes have not in other respects been forgotten, the Post Office Savings' Banks Act and the Government Annuities Bill of last Session sufficiently

testify. The value of the first of these Acts, and the success that has already attended it, were detailed in this Review in July last; and we have referred to the second in the article on Co-operative Societies in the present Number. Both are measures calculated to prove attractive to the labouring population, and will, there is reason to hope, encourage habits of frugality and of providence.

It is due to the industry and perseverance of the present House of Commons to acknowledge that it has passed several measures, long desired and often attempted, but which, not being of a character to win popular applause, and running counter to old-established prejudices and vested interests, were, after efforts, more or less earnest, abandoned by former legislatures.

The Bankruptcy Bill, enacted in 1861, abolished the needless distinction between bankruptcy and insolvency, and aimed at putting an end to excessive and vexatious delays and unnecessary charges in the proceedings of the courts. It was received with favour by the commercial classes, and, although shorn of some of its most valuable provisions in the House of Lords, we believe its effect to have been, that whereas persons before preferred to settle cases by the clumsy and unsatisfactory expedient of private winding up, they now do not hesitate to have recourse to the court. The Act facilitating the registration of titles and the transfer of land has only been in force since October 1862. Yet in March last, property to the value of 2,000,000*l.* had already been registered under its provisions. This result, considering the nature of the Act, must be viewed with satisfaction. It is only a permissive measure, the utility, nay the very existence of which, have yet to become generally known. It has to encounter and overcome the prejudices and interests of the father-confessors of this lawyer-ridden people, the attornies. As an instance of its beneficial character, the Lord Chancellor, in April last, exhibited to the House of Lords a certificate of title to an estate, the result of an abstract of 150 folios, contained in a single sheet of paper, and explained that a purchaser might readily ascertain for himself that the entry in the established Register corresponded with the certificate, and, at a cost of *5s.*, acquire an indefeasible title.

To the Highway District Act and its beneficial tendencies we adverted at length in a recent Number.* By an amending Act, which has lately received the Royal Assent, several of the most serious defects we pointed out in the Act of 1862 have

* 'Edinburgh Review,' April 1864.

been remedied. Acts have also been passed providing for the abolition of turnpikes in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, and indications are not wanting that similar legislation will, at no distant period, be extended to other parts of the country. An attempt has been made to remedy the defective and capricious system of assessing property to the poor-rate, the basis of the greater part of that local taxation which now amounts to 18,000,000*l.* a year. After much care and consideration, the Union Assessment Committee Act of 1862 was passed, under which the power of assessing property has been transferred from the ministerial officers of separate parishes to a competent and responsible tribunal composed of *ex-officio* and elected guardians of the union.

Among other useful measures enacted in the course of the last five years, may be named the Thames Embankment Bill, the Act enabling Local Authorities to obtain Loans for the Construction and Improvement of Harbours, the Drainage of Land Bill, the Act passed last Session giving increased facilities for the construction of railways, the several Acts for the consolidation of the Criminal Law, the Penal Servitude Amendment Act, and the measures by which some 2,000 obsolete laws, which needlessly encumbered the Statute Books, have been abolished. The Act enabling University electors to vote by means of voting papers, without personally attending the poll, and that providing a self-acting machinery for the registration of county voters in Scotland, embody principles likely to receive further extension. Nor must we omit to mention the amendment made in the law relating to endowed schools, by which the trustees of all foundations not expressly confined to a particular Church are required to admit children, irrespective of the religious denomination of their parents; or the Lord Chancellor's recent Act for the sale of small benefices, which bids fair to lead to results highly advantageous to the Church. On the whole, looking back at the legislation of the last five years, we are not surprised that it should have elicited from the candour of Lord Stanley, himself one of the most painstaking members of the House, the declaration made in June last at the Merchant Taylors' Dinner, in responding to the toast of the House of Commons: —

'When that inevitable period arrives when we shall be sent back to our constituents, I do not look forward to the prospect of being called to any severe account for any faults of omission of which we may have been guilty. In two departments at least—in law and in finance—very considerable practical improvements have been made within the last few years, and no difference of political connexion

will prevent me, and I am sure will prevent you, from doing justice to those by whom those improvements have been initiated.'

Let us, however, in mercantile phrase, 'take stock' of the work accomplished under the present Parliament. Briefly the chief results appear to be:—1. Reduced taxation. 2. Reduced debt. 3. Expenditure checked. 4. Revenue buoyant. 5. Tariff simplified. 6. Trade largely augmented. 7. Peace maintained with Europe and America. 8. India regenerated. 9. Relations established with China and Japan. 10. Efficiency of Army and Navy increased. 11. Volunteer force established and organised. 12. Arsenals and dockyards fortified. 13. Cotton crisis weathered. 14. Poor-Laws amended in the interest both of rate-payers and recipients of relief. 15. Bankruptcy laws ameliorated. 16. Dealings with land facilitated. 17. Improvement of means of communication promoted. 18. Safe and ready investments provided for the savings of industry. 19. Education cheapened and improved.

No questions have been debated at greater length, with more earnestness, or with less positive results, than those of a semi-ecclesiastical character Nor is the reason far to seek. In the autumn of 1860, Mr. Disraeli, at a loss for a cry to rally his disheartened followers, and ignoring that the Government of which he had been the leader had twice proposed Bills which surrendered the whole principle of church-rates, proclaimed himself their champion and defender. His party, professing alarm at the so-called 'revelations' made before the committee of the Lords on church-rates in 1859, and at the alleged 'discovery' that there was a party in existence desirous of severing the connexion between Church and State, roused themselves to the old war-cry of the Church in danger. The result of this new direction impressed upon party zeal and party organisation, was that the Bill for the abolition of Church-rates, carried in 1859 by a majority of 70, was in 1861, in the very same House, thrown out by the casting vote of the Speaker, and in the following year defeated by a majority of 1. The Holy War was vigorously prosecuted, and victories were obtained in 1861 and 1862, over the Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and over Mr. Bouverie's Bills for Clergy Relief, and for relaxing the Act of Uniformity. Yet easier triumphs were won over the Qualification for Offices Abolition Bill, and Sir Morton Peto's Burials Bill, which last, with curious infelicity, was as displeasing to Dissenters as to the majority of Churchmen. In 1863, the Opposition leaders, possibly with a recollection of their signal discomfiture in connexion with Mr. Stansfeld's motion on economy at the close of the preceding

Session, ventured on no party division; but concentrating all their powers against Sir John Trelawney, threw out his measure by a majority of 10. Intoxicated with this triumph over Dissent, the victors hastened to proclaim the millennium of Conservative Reaction. The Church was loudly exhorted to repeat the course she had followed with such disastrous results in the case of the Reform Bill and of Catholic Emancipation; to identify herself with a political party, to undo the work of years, and forfeit the hold she has of late recovered upon the middle and lower classes. The movement, however, in favour of a relaxation of Clerical Subscriptions, and the remarkable Petition of Oxford Fellows and Tutors against Academical Tests, presented to both Houses towards the end of the Session of 1863, came opportunely to prove that there were men, both in the Church and the University, who did not rest the security of the Established Church upon a blind adherence to antiquated forms, or the assertion of petty and disputed privileges. The success of the Bill introduced this year for relieving Oxford Churchmen from the bondage of stringent subscriptions, and admitting Dissenters to the higher degrees, without branding them as an inferior caste, affords a good omen for a future better understanding between Liberals of different denominations. That Bill was indeed defeated, but only in its very last stage by a majority of 2, after recourse had by its opponents to every stratagem and obstruction the forms of the House admit of; and the stronghold of Church Conservatism, on the showing of its champions, owes its security to a circumstance as fortuitous as that which saved the Capitol from the Gauls, or the army of Darius from destruction by the Scythians. Other symptoms are not wanting that that, which Mr. Gladstone well described as the policy of 'indiscriminate 'resistance,' has been carried in Church affairs to a length that has provoked a Liberal reaction. Lord R. Cecil's rash declaration, that none but a good Conservative could be a good Churchman, roused the just indignation of members of the Church of all shades of politics, and called forth emphatic protests from the 'Guardian' and other clerical papers. Judging from proceedings in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, and from the rumoured intentions of the Royal Commission on Clerical Subscription, we may expect to find the clergy more disposed to allow a relaxation of the tests required by the Act of Uniformity than the Conservative laity in Parliament.

The Opposition have fallen into the same error in regard to political as to ecclesiastical Reforms. They mistook fleeting

triumphs over Mr. Locke King's and Mr. Baines's Bills, introduced rather as protests in favour of Reform than with a serious hope of passing them into law, for the final overthrow of a policy of Reform. In the last debate on the subject, the language held on the Conservative side of the House was tantamount to a declaration, that those in possession of the suffrage, and satisfied with that condition of things, were, without further reason, justified in refusing the same right to those not equally fortunate with themselves. This climax of selfish exclusiveness called forth an indignant protest from so moderate a Reformer as Mr. Gladstone. In the course of a now celebrated speech, he pointed out that such a refusal was a mere insult to the applicants for the franchise, and that, although that privilege might be withheld from the many, yet it must be, not on arbitrary, but on constitutional and reasonable grounds.

The delusion of a Conservative reaction in Parliament was, however, finally dispelled by the vote on the Dano-German question. Mr. Disraeli's motion was brought forward at a moment singularly favourable to his party. The efforts of the Government to secure peace in the North of Europe had failed, while a combination of circumstances carried over to the Opposition eighteen or twenty Irish Roman Catholic votes, usually found on the Liberal side of the House. The motion had a twofold aspect; it was at once a censure of the Government and a vote of confidence in the Opposition leaders. The greater the censure, if any, which the debate proved the Government to have deserved, the more complete and the more crushing was the want of confidence which the result expressed in those who aspired to fill their places. The division in the House of Lords was a still bitterer humiliation to those who provoked it. The hereditary Peerage and the Church, as represented by those of their members present at the deliberations on the questions at issue, gave a majority against the Conservative motion. How profound was the mortification at finding that these two bodies, reckoned by the Tory party, the one a sure ally, the other a willing tool, were not to be depended upon, betrayed itself in the first burst of rage and disappointment uttered by the Conservative press.

The result of the division in the Lower House has been indefinitely to postpone the dissolution which a short time ago appeared imminent. But before May 1866 the country must be called upon to express a judgment upon this Parliament and to elect a new one. We hope and believe that the country, although disinclined to organic changes, will be found favour-

able to progressive reforms, and will strengthen the hands of the Liberal party in a new House of Commons. There are weighty and valid reasons that should so dispose it at the present time. Each of the great parties in this country has its mission to perform, and, at particular conjunctures, may, advantageously to the community, enjoy a tenure of power. But the questions now before the country, and which this Parliament will have left unsettled, are such as can only be satisfactorily dealt with under the ascendancy of the Liberal party. The day for ambitious budgets is said to have passed away, yet there are triumphs to be won by a bold Chancellor of the Exchequer; but the income-tax and the malt-duty are adversaries not to be grappled with by pigmies, but by a giant of finance. England, by example and by precept, is gradually impressing upon foreign nations the wisdom of freedom in trade. If she would multiply her converts, she must show to the world that she does not withdraw her confidence from those who launched her in that course. In the unsettled state of Europe, it should be apparent to foreign nations that England will not relapse into the old Tory policy of fellowship with the despots, and antagonism to liberty on the Continent. She should maintain that friendship with France, founded on mutual respect, which we hold to be of the first political and social consequence to both nations, and which the Emperor of the French, as well as the Ministers of the Queen, has wisely made the basis of his policy in Europe. Without committing herself to theories of intervention or of non-intervention, she should hold herself free to act or not to act at any conjuncture, as her interests and her dignity may require. In the East there is also a distinct policy to be pursued. We have to uphold our treaty rights and to protect our commerce, without permitting China or Japan to become another India, in the hands of foreign adventurers, or of an English Government. At home we have still to apply to land and to labour that freedom which has worked such marvels in the case of capital and of commerce. We have to solve the problem of admitting the more intelligent of the unenfranchised classes to a share in the representation, without giving to numbers an undue preponderance over property and education. We have to reconcile the maintenance of an Established Church with the removal, not merely of civil disabilities, but of the stigma of civil inferiority, from those who dissent. The vexed question of Church-rates calls for a settlement. That of Religious Tests admits not of neglect. Again, the anomalies and inequalities of our local taxation stand in need of correction; a system of representative government, such as is

enjoyed by the inhabitants of towns, has yet to be extended to the rate-payers in counties. The numerous laws relating to the poor, to the registration of voters, to the conduct of elections, to roads, to crime, to a variety of domestic subjects, require revision and consolidation. These last are laborious tasks little tempting to the vanity of men who have a personal reputation yet to make; above all they are tasks requiring that moral courage, which for an object of general benefit does not shrink from encountering the momentary obloquy that attaches to those who attack rooted abuses.

The Conservatives, if they remain true to their own principles, cannot work out the more important of these problems to a satisfactory solution. If they sacrifice their principles they will only carry out a Liberal policy with a worse grace, and less weight, than its authors. As a party, they are little in harmony with the prevailing feeling of the country. That they have not forgotten the traditionary war-policy, which made the greatness of the Tories in the early part of the century, betrays itself in their language in regard to Poland, to Denmark, and upon all American questions. They show themselves at every turn unable to resist the temptation of grasping at whatever promises a momentary popularity. They still continue the champions of particular interests, in contradistinction to the advantage of the community at large. Thus in the present Parliament they have been, with what benefit to their clients we will not say, the advocates of the silk-manufacturers, the ribbon-weavers, of those last of protectionists—the paper-makers, and of the builders of Confederate cruisers. The farmers alone have been unaccountably deserted by the farmers' friends, as Mr. Disraeli's hostile course in regard to the hop-duty in 1861, and the more recent votes and count-out on the malt-duty, attest. We may perhaps be reminded that the Conservative leaders have not always been so wedded to tradition as their followers. No doubt, in 1852, they sacrificed protection to agriculture, to the West Indies, to the shipping interest, on the altar of office. No doubt in 1858, having previously denounced the removal of the property qualification for members of Parliament as a revolutionary measure, they became the instruments of carrying its abolition. Having denounced the admission of Jews to the House of Commons as subversive of the Church and the Christianity of the country, they suggested and connived at their admission. They not only abandoned the principle of resistance to Reform, but themselves proposed a 10*l.* qualification for county-voters, and the removal of that distinction between the county and borough

franchise, which their chief had only a few years before declared to be 'one of the main balances of the Constitution.' Again they professed themselves ready to modify in any sense the Reform Bill they had introduced, and even intimated a willingness to reduce the franchise in boroughs. We can scarcely think, however, that these antecedents will raise them in the confidence of Conservatives, or will command the respect of Liberals; nor do we believe that the country will entrust itself to the hands of men, of whom it could in present circumstances at best hope, that the vice of their political principles might be neutralised by the laxity of their political morality.

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